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Harper's Bazar

FEBRUARY 1929

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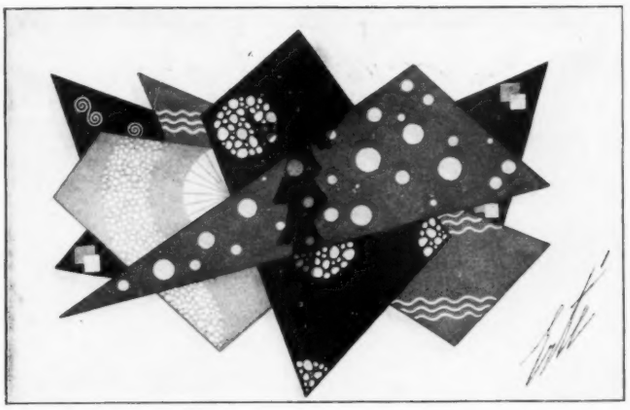

Spring Fabrics Number

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MARCH is the month to buy just the car you have always longed for, and our pages will help you to choose. . . . You might just as well be smart, even if it is raining, and we will show you some of the practical and clever things for stormy weather, available in New York shops. . . . New evening wraps and gowns will be represented, and some beautiful single rings will tempt the woman with lovely hands. . . . Paris will send its usual contribution of Baron de Meyer's photographs and Marjorie Howard's authoritative article covering the latest and most desirable clothes from the French capital. . . . A brilliant new serial, "Bright Intervals," by Nancy Hoyt, begins in the March issue.

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Let the Sampler say it !

This year . . . *do it!* On February 14th send "her" a Sampler, with its Valentine message . . . and see her eyes sparkle. Women so appreciate such thoughtfulness, yet we men so often neglect it. Send a Sampler . . . . and win a smile!

Any Whitman agency will gladly take your order and deliver or mail the Sampler so it will reach its destination on Valentine's Day.

Whitman's Chocolates

speak a language every woman understands— and loves to hear

Whitman's Sampler is America's most loved . . . most delicious box of candy. Its contents are the public's choice of favorite pieces from eleven of Whitman's packages famous since 1842. Every piece a favorite . . . the finest quality . . . *fresh!*

Each Whitman agency is selected by us. And every pound of Whitman's is shipped quickly . . . *directly* to your dealer. Hence—guaranteed fresh!

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NEW fabrics show in woolens tremendous variety tweeds, many very light weights; also many jersey weaves combining many colors. Tendency in woolens toward very light, supple materials in interesting contrast with silk tendencies toward crisper or heavier weaves. Rodier's leading novelties wool voile, thin as chiffon, called Rodelic; also new unstretchable jersey. Woven patterns taking place of printed patterns in woolen materials. Meyer specialties include silk and wool tussore, also crêpey fabric called Madiana woven with raised dot, sometimes self-colored, sometimes contrasted. Silks show many sports materials in crisper weaves; also heavier evening fabrics of this winter in satin, moire, faille, taffeta. Tendency at Bianchini, Ducharne and Coudurier to enliven dull-surfaced materials such as crêpes with small satiny broché designs in weave, then printed overall. Immense quantities printed chiffons showing large and medium designs, but at Bianchini's some tiny sports designs in chiffon are new. Also many printed crêpes, but here tiniest designs are newest. Tendency of designs closely to cover materials; noted use of same design on two materials, such as chiffon and taffeta, or chiffon and lamé, continued in prints for evening ensembles. New color schemes stress reds, then greens, then blues. Note tendency to autumnal colorings in combinations, orange, yellow, tan, black and white, unusual in spring collections. While prints excellent in chiffons, crêpes and warp-printed taffetas, personally expect very smartest women to wear many plain colored silken fabrics this summer, enlivened by interesting individual color combinations typical of the season.

FRENCH FABRIC CABLES FROM MARJORIE HOWARD

Cables and Comments

DID you know you could wear any color or shade nowadays? It all depends upon your makeup. You change it with your gown. A good rule is—the brighter the shade of the dress, the darker the powder. The darker the dress, the lighter the powder. Greens, grays, beiges, browns and most blues require quite a lot of rouge, for these kill the warm shade in your skin. Yellows, pinks, roses, reds and whites require much less. Black is your own to do with as you will, you may be either pale or rosy.

Imagine a black tulle evening gown, crisp with coq feathers at the knees, almost touching the ground in the back, worn with a huge coq feather fan and a gold lamé wrap. Thus Madame de Munoz in Paris.

In Paris, a few women who are distinctly individual in dress are wearing evening gloves loosely wrinkled on the forearm; always a gracious, feminine fashion.

Your head may be small and sleek in a beret or turban now, but later large capelines will frame your hair and eyes.

A rose velvet evening gown, with princess line, is enveloped in a wrap of quilted gray taffeta, high-shouldered with soft chinchilla.

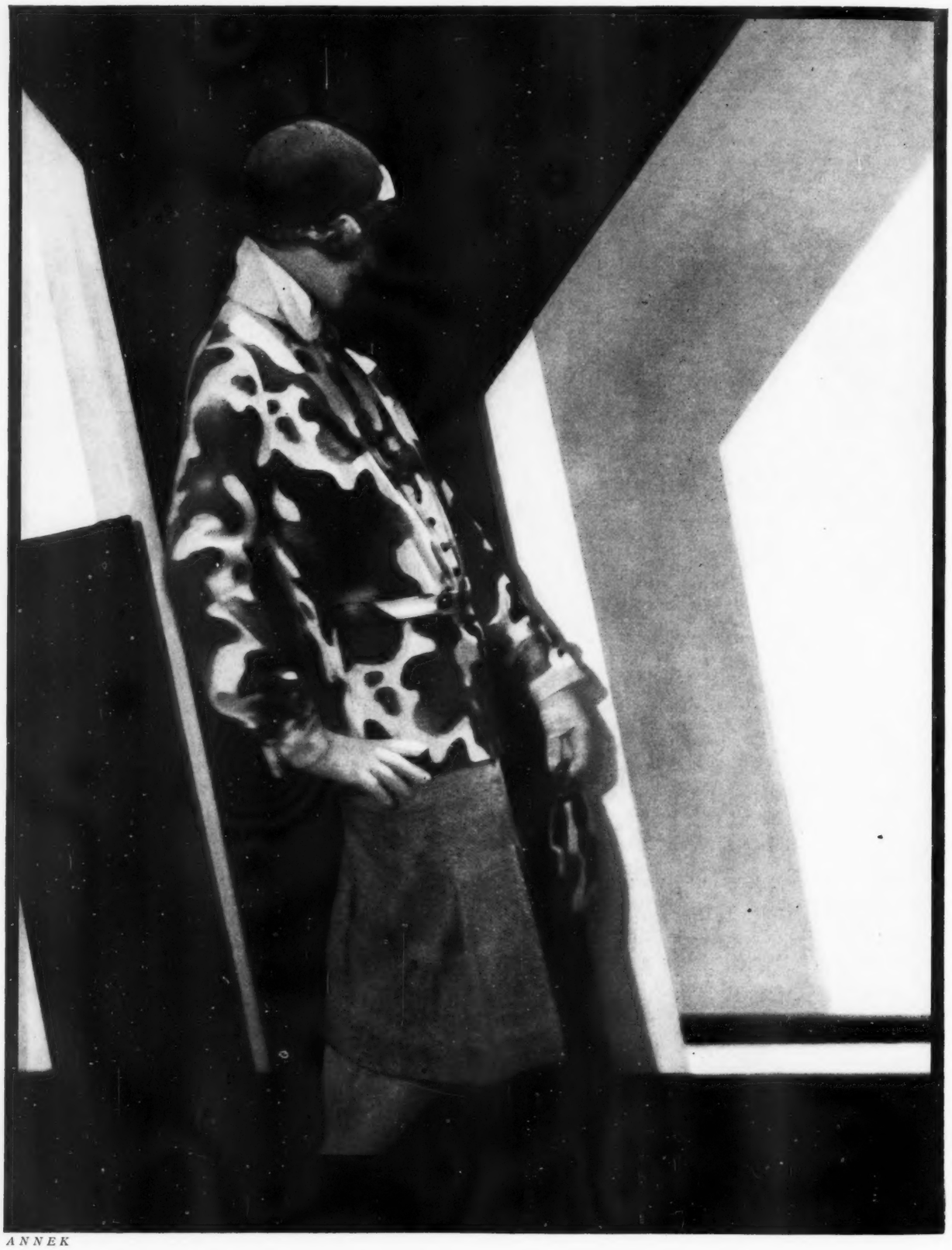
Our new spring hats will be delightfully light; horsehair cloth and new flexible straw weaves, used exactly like felt, are featured.

An evening gown of flag blue flaunts a flat splash of red and white camellias—and they are real.

Black velvet for evening, with splendid jewels blazing against its background. Diamonds dazzle in relief upon its baffling surface.

Sparkling dresses are not favored, but allover jet beads and Chanel's flat, glittering, jet ovals are chosen by some.

The newest dresses proclaim their youth by trailing long points both back and front. *K. H.*



ANNEK

Lady Abdy in a jacket of woolen material and brown and cream tweed skirt; from Annek

DE MEYER

BY *Baron de Meyer:*

Reboux makes a gray felt hat lined with black velvet for Lady Abdy.

REBOUX

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

Sartorial London Blazes a Trail in Fabrics and Design

The Claridge, London.

"HULLO! That you Baron de Meyer? Barbara Angleford speaking. Welcome to London. Glad you've arrived. Most London dressmakers are aware of your visit. It's causing quite a flutter. I have promised to persuade you to mention them *all* in Harper's Bazar. I thought your readers might be tired of everlasting Paris clothes. Why not, for once, tell them about English dressmaking? Do engage me as a guide to explain sartorial London to you."

"I'd enjoy it thoroughly."

"All right, it's a bargain."

"Let's make an appointment for to-morrow."

"My morning is taken up with fittings. I am due at Lady Victor Paget's at eleven, but I shall be free all the afternoon."

"Then come and lunch at Claridge's at one. By the way, has Lady Victor a dressmaking establishment these days?"

"I should think so! But I won't take you there to-morrow. I want you to see something more typically British first. Lady Victor's clothes are very French. She merely designs herself what cannot be found in Paris. She dresses the very young, the very slim, and the very smart—the sort of woman who is at home in Cannes, Deauville, or Biarritz, as much as at Melton or Cowes."

"What are you going to try on?"

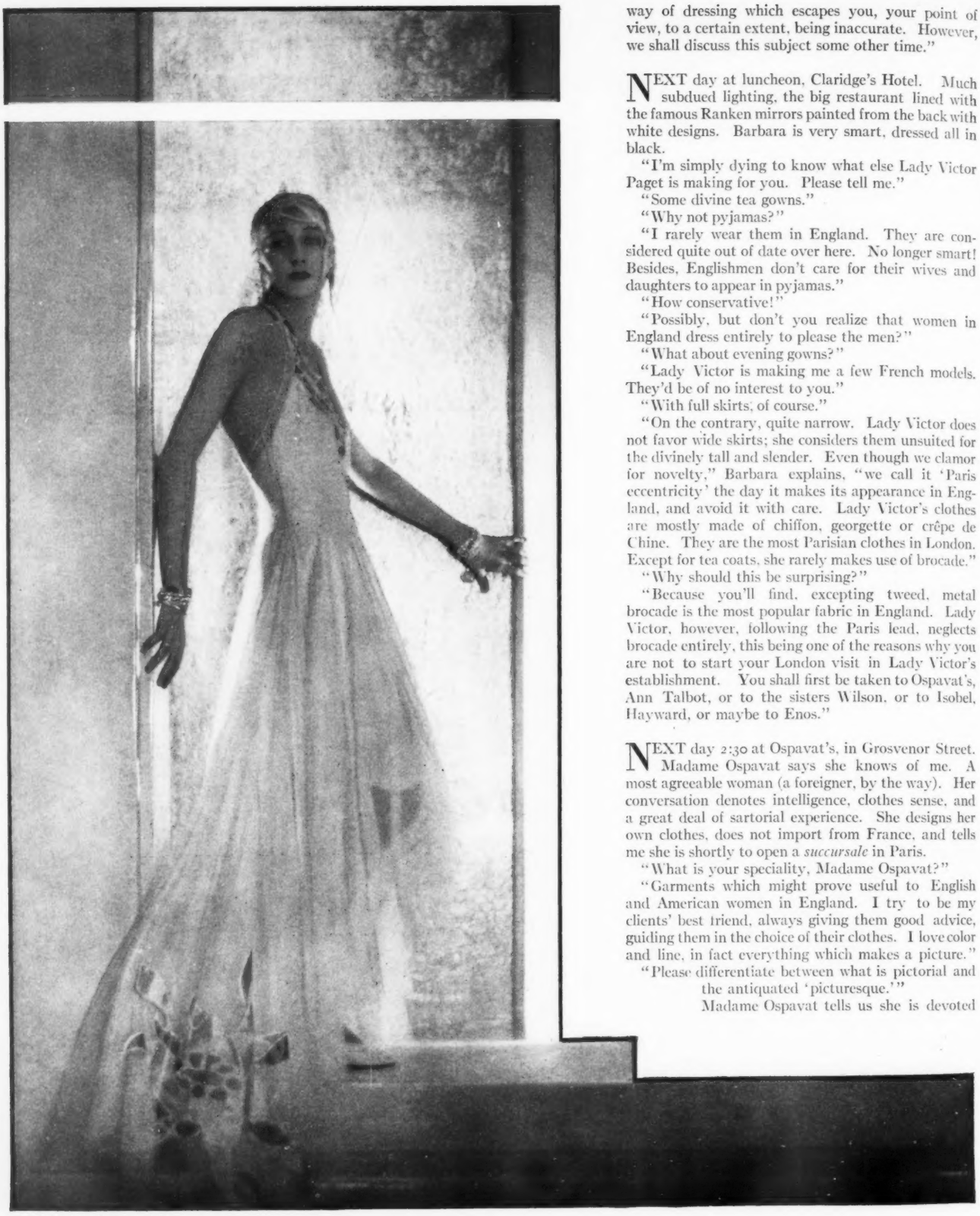
"Tweeds, of the kind one cannot get in Paris."

"And why not, if you please?"

"Because, when worn in England, French tweed clothes give the appearance of being much too dressy. As a matter of fact, golf clothes designed for the St. Cloud course invariably cause a sensation, when worn at Stoke Poges, more so even at St. Andrews, in Scotland. Remember, Englishwomen wear sports clothes merely for sports, not because they are told sports clothes are fashionable in Paris.

"It may be smart to dress up for sports abroad, but not so in England. Nothing but what is serviceable is considered chic for country pursuits. When in town we appear in real town clothes. By town, I mean London and London alone. Abroad (including Paris) we don't dress the same. We consider it unnecessary. We follow the Paris lead, dress in a darker edition of French 'sports attire,' the same as in Cannes or Biarritz."

"I am afraid, my dear Barbara, there is much in the French



REVILLE-LONDON

Reville, London, creates a dream in white net incrusted in rose and blue taffeta

way of dressing which escapes you, your point of view, to a certain extent, being inaccurate. However, we shall discuss this subject some other time."

NEXT day at luncheon, Claridge's Hotel. Much subdued lighting, the big restaurant lined with the famous Ranken mirrors painted from the back with white designs. Barbara is very smart, dressed all in black.

"I'm simply dying to know what else Lady Victor Paget is making for you. Please tell me."

"Some divine tea gowns."

"Why not pyjamas?"

"I rarely wear them in England. They are considered quite out of date over here. No longer smart! Besides, Englishmen don't care for their wives and daughters to appear in pyjamas."

"How conservative!"

"Possibly, but don't you realize that women in England dress entirely to please the men?"

"What about evening gowns?"

"Lady Victor is making me a few French models. They'd be of no interest to you."

"With full skirts, of course."

"On the contrary, quite narrow. Lady Victor does not favor wide skirts; she considers them unsuited for the divinely tall and slender. Even though we clamor for novelty," Barbara explains, "we call it 'Paris eccentricity' the day it makes its appearance in England, and avoid it with care. Lady Victor's clothes are mostly made of chiffon, georgette or crêpe de Chine. They are the most Parisian clothes in London. Except for tea coats, she rarely makes use of brocade."

"Why should this be surprising?"

"Because you'll find, excepting tweed, metal brocade is the most popular fabric in England. Lady Victor, however, following the Paris lead, neglects brocade entirely, this being one of the reasons why you are not to start your London visit in Lady Victor's establishment. You shall first be taken to Ospavat's, Ann Talbot, or to the sisters Wilson, or to Isobel, Hayward, or maybe to Enos."

NEXT day 2:30 at Ospavat's, in Grosvenor Street. Madame Ospavat says she knows of me. A most agreeable woman (a foreigner, by the way). Her conversation denotes intelligence, clothes sense, and a great deal of sartorial experience. She designs her own clothes, does not import from France, and tells me she is shortly to open a *succursale* in Paris.

"What is your speciality, Madame Ospavat?"

"Garments which might prove useful to English and American women in England. I try to be my clients' best friend, always giving them good advice, guiding them in the choice of their clothes. I love color and line, in fact everything which makes a picture."

"Please differentiate between what is pictorial and the antiquated 'picturesque.'"

Madame Ospavat tells us she is devoted

to the new kind of "soft tweed" and admits having succumbed to the British love of metal brocade. She calls out for tweed suits to be shown. These seem to vary between heather mixtures and a kind of tweed called *Hopsack*, a square-weave fabric.

The coats we are shown in this house are long and plain. Some models are combined with beltless georgette jumpers, reaching well below the hip-line, discreetly embroidered in Persian patterns of harmonizing, even if slightly lighter, shades than the tweed.

The evening dresses might almost be called Continental in their very distinctive simplicity. One of them features contrasting shades of varied reds, while another is particularly noteworthy for its long lines of black ciré lace with touches of cerise at the ends of long scarflike panels.

Madame Ospavat now shows us what she calls her "little frocks for the tea or cocktail hour," which in some instances may be worn for dinner at home and even in restaurants.

Almost all the models she shows us are of brocaded metal georgette combined with a transparent long-sleeved coat of the same texture, glowing and rich in color and treated on the lines of an up-to-date chiffon evening gown.

At this point we are interrupted by a message from Barbara. She wants us to come to the fitting-room to see her in a new gown.

Venetian red velvet is used for a two-tiered frock, the flounces flaring. Worn above it is an almost fitted jacket of the same velvet reaching just below the hips. There is a large collar and borders of blackest black fox. This beautiful model exemplifies Madame Ospavat's excellent taste.

THE Misses Wilsons' establishment is close by, on the same street. I tell Barbara I remember the ladies when they first started in business. They greet me like a long-lost friend. How pleasant to meet again after so many years!

"Nothing but what is truly (*Continued on page 60*)

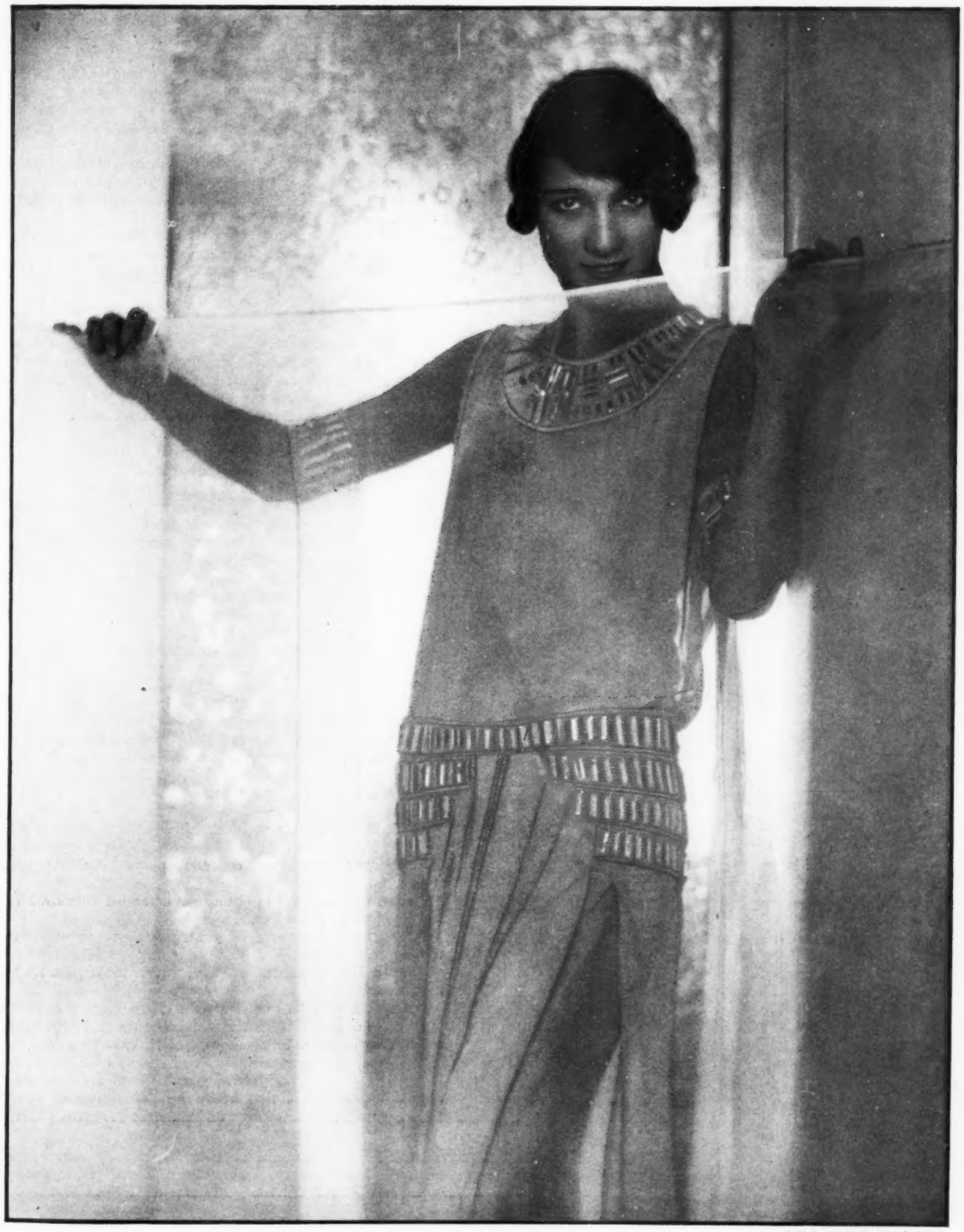
ISOBEL-LONDON

Silver gray net veils a silver sheath and is embroidered in steel. Isobel, London

MAX-LEROY

DEMEYER

A peach satin coat with peach-colored fox; from Max-Leroy



SUZANNE TALBOT

DEMEGER.

Silvered mirrors embroider white chiffon; from Suzanne Talbot

PATOU

Scarlet wool flares in a cape edged with lynx; from Jean Patou

DEMEYER

British has any interest for me," I start telling Miss Wilson. "Show me clothes for Englishwomen in England."

Both Miss Wilsons call this a problem.

"Most of our clients," they say, "being conversant with Paris fashions, clamor for everything to be French. Quite true, we occasionally have to dress a Lady Mayoress or some sheriff's wife, who refuses to wear anything designed and executed out of England, but I wouldn't care to show you, Baron de Meyer, coming from Paris, what we are obliged to design for them. I'd rather show you a Harris tweed ensemble, the tweed coat trimmed with *blaireau*, and call your attention to the chamois leather cardigan waistcoat, which is part of the suit and worn beneath the coat."

Miss Wilson points out to me the stockinette jumper under the leather gilet, which matches the tweed skirt in shade.

"And what might 'stockinette' be?" I ask. "I don't know the term."

"'Stockinette' in England is the same as tricot or jersey in Paris," Miss Wilson explains.

Remarkable is their collection of tea gowns. We are shown a slip of gold brocade veiled in black chiffon, decorated by spangled borders and many green, rose and gold tassels; another of violet chiffon over a gold tissue foundation with a life-sized bird of paradise embroidered all over the front. This is combined with a navy-blue chiffon garment with flowing angel sleeves.

"Do tell me, Miss Wilson, exactly what constitutes a really British tea gown. We know so little about it abroad."

This is what Miss Wilson has to say on the subject:

"Any kind of gown too fantastic to be worn outside one's own home, provided it has a semblance of sleeves and a fairly high neck, may serve as a tea gown. It may be a much more elaborate garment than one's most gorgeous evening gown, especially nowadays, since the simpler one's evening gown is, the smarter it is supposed to be. We consider metal brocade to be the most suitable material for tea gowns, especially when combined with another rich-looking texture for a coat, always to be worn above such a gown.

"We use heavy materials almost entirely. Why? Because our cold English country houses are known to be very draughty. Chiffon and lace? Only, possibly, in summer, because of the cold."

Miss Wilson asks both Barbara and myself to step into the Hall. She wants us to watch a bride coming down the stairs, a client rehearsing for her wedding next week. She is lovely. White satin over a net petticoat, the long train starting from one shoulder, the entire wedding-gown enveloped in clouds of net. Simplicity, combined with distinguished elegance!

LADY ANGLEFORD at lunch said to us, "Be sure and visit Ann Talbot. Her clothes are divine. She makes most of mine."

An excellent recommendation. Barbara and I decided to follow her suggestion.

Madame Talbot proves to be a most agreeable woman with brains, very much out of the ordinary!

"I rarely leave this establishment," she says. "I attend most of my clients, supervise fittings and design for 'individuality.'"

"How different from Paris," I say, "where the head of the house is mostly invisible."

Madame Talbot tells us that most of her country clothes are of stockinette or tweed. She claims to be partial to bright colors such as geranium or yellow for country clothes, even in winter.

"They are so cheery, suit our rather gloomy climate. Remember, foggy weather has a way of being depressing. Most of my tweeds are unique pieces of fabric that are made exclusively for me. Alas! the more valuable kind, woven on hand-looms, is getting increasingly

scarce. The younger generation finds hand-made goods not sufficiently profitable. Tweed, therefore, is sure to become, eventually, an exclusively machine-made material, thereby losing all its charm."

Madame Talbot wants to know if, like every one else coming from Paris, I find the average Englishwoman overdressed. I am very careful, and refuse to make any statement. She laughs and calls me a diplomat.

"Some of our Englishwomen," she says, "are undoubtedly very badly dressed, but the majority, on the contrary, are improving and are slowly getting to be as well-dressed as in Paris or New York."

I hasten to agree.

"No," says Madame Talbot, "there is no reason at all why beautiful metal brocades should not be worn, even though the younger generation, influenced by Paris, has somewhat discarded this rich material."

"Do show me some dresses for the cocktail hour." I'm told not to say "tea gown," this being no longer the correct term for such garments. Though, remember, it's to see British tea gowns I've come all the way from Paris.

"Let me point out to you," says Madame Talbot, "that besides being known for tea gowns, we are famed for cold houses, draughts and a great deal of dampness. Isn't it, therefore, wise on my part to design an additional coatee for every gown I produce? No, not necessarily in velvet and brocade. Lace and chiffon are at times a sufficient protection. Just as a transparent sleeve is better than no sleeve at all. Each evening gown, besides its coatee, has its own wrap. I call them my three-piece party ensembles.

"Here are two models, to give an example. A silver tissue gown, hardly decolleté, with its white net coat embroidered in white chenille snow-flakes and silver. The accompanying wrap of ermine is lined with silver.

"The second ensemble is a beige net gown, full-skirted over a silver foundation, combined with a three-quarter-length coat of flowered silver brocade, edged with wide bands of blue fox, the coatee beneath the wrap being of sheerest silver tissue and lace."

BARBARA now suggests taking me to Ulic's. "A first-class English *maison de couture*," she says, "Mr. Ulic being a man of great taste, and knowing just what his countrywomen are likely to need in the way of clothes."

The first thing we are told on reaching the Ulic establishment is that Mr. Ulic merely goes to Paris for recreation, never on business. "I am not an importer of French models," he says himself, "but, of course, use French materials. I buy them in England."

What he has to say on the subject of tweed is worth repeating.

Having started to tell him that tweed in Paris was no more exclusively restricted to sports purposes, I ask if London would follow suit.

"Are we likely to see tweed worn in London?"

"Hardly," he replied. "I see no reason for tweed to be transformed into something dressy, when so many other materials are so much more adapted for the purpose. So far, in London, it has its only *raison d'être* for lunch, on Saturdays before catching a train at Paddington or Waterloo. Unless, of course, like so many other typical English fashions, tweed clothes glorified and elaborated in France may find their way back to England, masquerading as the newest afternoon styles from Paris."

Barbara having told me Ulic specialized in country clothes, in fact was quite an authority on the subject, I took particular note of all he had to say. (*Continued on page 140*)

WORTH

DE MEYER

Worth makes a lettuce-green crêpe dress and a black jacket

"HAD Miss Tessie gone suddenly mad? That was the question which framed itself in Mrs. Gayle's mind as she quickened her pace in a birdlike little scamper. 'Why, Miss Tessie!' she cried, drawing near. 'Why, Miss Tessie, what in the world!'"

A Story by Irvin S. Cobb:

AT THE FEET OF THE ENEMY

A Lincoln's Day Incident which Recalls the Infinite Compassion and Understanding of the Man

Illustration by James Preston

SOMEHOW the figure of Lincoln, when done in bronze or even in marble, seems to take on a majesty and a splendor which is denied to others among our great men—contemporaries of Lincoln—who in their day and time surely were regarded as being infinitely more comely than the Rail Splitter was. Perhaps it is his tall shape, gaunt but, so they claim, not ungainly which, with its huge, powerful hands and its heavy, angular feet, lends itself so well to the sculptor's art. Not even the hideous garments of the period—the bee-gum hat, the square-toed boots and all—altogether can hide the strength of it. Or perhaps it is the long tired face in which those of his generation saw only an utter homeliness, but in which we of this generation think we see a compassion, a sweetness that makes it very glorious and very beautiful to look upon.

Still, it was so easy for the modeler in his straining after realism to exaggerate that shape and the contours of the face and the head, that one marvels not that there should be so many bad statues of Lincoln scattered about over the country, but that there should be so few of them. Now, in the particular case of the bronze statue which was done for our new State House, many of the critics agreed that the artist, whoever he was, had shown a commendable restraint. He may have emphasized his subject's features, but he had not distorted them.

Certainly it looked fine and imposing when set up on its dark pedestal at the end of the right wing of the new Capitol with the light falling from above upon it and the stone stairways flanking it. It was a gift to the State from a wealthy descendant of one of our distinguished families—a family whose members had been Unionists in the Civil War, and one of whom occupied a high place in Lincoln's political household and in Lincoln's private regard. It was, so people said, the first large statue of Lincoln to be erected south of the Ohio River. This circumstance was supposed to give the dedication a special significance. Prominent ex-Confederates served on the committee which had the ceremony in hand. If memory serves me aright, the governor who accepted it on behalf of the Commonwealth and as a gift to the Commonwealth was himself an ex-Confederate. And the speakers chosen for the formal unveiling in their orations said that this gracious act symbolized the wiping out of the last vestige of sectional bitterness among us and marked the dawning of a newer and a better day, would be a lesson to posterity and all that sort of customary thing, whereupon the assembled audience applauded generously.

Nearly all the State officials were assembled on this notable occasion and a majority of the Capitol employees as well, on down to the ground-keepers and the janitors and the black doorkeepers. But little Miss Tessie Tate, the assistant librarian, was not there—not she. All through the day, in a state of tremulous and simmering indignation, she stayed at home in her little brown cottage overlooking the river. She hadn't seen the Lincoln statue yet. Nor did she mean to see it, ever. Miss Tessie was what you Northerners would call an unreconstructed Rebel, meaning by that, one remaining unreconciled to what happened one April morning so long ago at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. There are not nearly so many such as there used to be in the South. Still, at that, you now and then will run across one of them or a group of them. Nowadays they nearly always are women—elderly women, for the most part. To them the Lost Cause is not a dead cause, or if it is, they mean to be the last of the mourners to join in burying it.

Miss Tessie was one who had never abated of her principles nor hid her feelings under a bushel. She was an outspoken, quick-stepping, high-headed little body, still pretty in a faded and weather-beaten sort of way, and still full of the quality of spunk. She was the leading spirit in the local chapter of the U. D. C.; indeed, she was its ruling spirit. She had helped to organize it and she had been its president ever since it was organized. She read papers at its meetings dealing with the character of Alexander Stephens; and with the life and achievements of Morgan or Forrest or Stonewall Jackson or Judah P. Benjamin; and with the need for the caring for the graves of those whom invariably she called either "our heroic Confederate dead," or "our gallant immortals—the Wearers of the Gray." On Memorial Day, which is in nowise to be confused with Decoration Day, she was aquiver with patriotic sentiments. The Confederate monument up on Cemetery Hill was, in a way of speaking, her own handiwork. Largely through her efforts the funds to provide it had been raised. And the largest of the "floral offerings" which annually were deposited at its foot was sure to be Miss Tessie's. Her brother's name was carved on that monument.

To her, Lincoln was not Lincoln the Martyr, nor yet Lincoln the Saviour of the Union; she believed profoundly that the Union as constituted in 1861 should not have been saved. To her he was the Yankee Clodhopper, the Leader of the Black Radicals, the Illinois Nigger-Lover, the Mudsill President. In short, this small, spry, peppery partisan of a Miss Tessie was as old-fashioned in her prejudices as she was in her way of doing her mop of curly, lovely white hair, which is to say very old-fashioned indeed.

On the day following the dedication, and with her close friend and ally, Mrs. Jasper Gayle, for a witness to it, she made what amounted to a very solemn and very sacred declaration.

"My dear," she said, "never to my dying day do I intend to set foot in the place where that statue stands. My office is in that end of the building, but going and coming, I shall walk all the way around to the farther side. I can not conceive why the Governor, and he a gallant Southron, ever consented to accept it." (Miss Tessie was the kind who would say "Southron" instead of "Southerner.")

Mrs. Gayle said: "I absolutely agree with you, Miss Tessie—absolutely. But still, you know after all, Old Abe Lincoln was a native-born of this State and perhaps he—they—felt that——"

"Was not our own persecuted and beloved Jefferson Davis a Kentuckian, too? And has anyone given a figure of him to stand in the new Capitol? No! When there is a statue of Our War President in the other wing, then it may be time for me to countenance the presence of a statue to their War President under the same roof—but not before!"

Mrs. Gayle said: "There, you've put your finger on it! And I think you're exactly right, Miss Tessie. Your sentiments are exactly what my sentiments are."

Mrs. Gayle felt that it behooved her on all occasions to prove the loyalty that was in her. Because it was a shameful fact that Mrs. Gayle's family, like so (*Concluded on page 122*)

AFTERNOON VISIT

(With apologies)

By ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

"LOVELY that sunlight on the trees!"
(What does it matter—what do I care?)
"Strange that the perfume on the breeze
Drifts like a phantom through the air."

(God! if her voice would only break
With passion or hate or bitter fear.
What's the good of this give-and-take?)
"Nice that you came to-day, my dear."

AGNÈS RODIER

Agnès has made striking use of Rodier's new all-silk jersey called "diersasoft" for this attractive little hat and scarf set. The material is woven in a fine zigzag, in three wide stripes, pale blue, dark bright blue and rich crimson. A set for informal wear.

One of Ducharne's very new printed crêpes de Chine is used by Lelong for this charming frock. The design is in black and white with the white surfaces spattered with black—a novelty of this season.

Another Lelong gown in Ducharne's printed chiffon in a modernistic leaf design and a Marie Laurencin color scheme of pink, blue and white. The gown has a slender bodice and a softly flaring skirt.

The models on pages 64 to 69 were designed especially for Harper's Bazar.

DUCHARNE
LELONG

PARIS FABRICS

Tweeds, Jerseys and Crêpey Weaves Lead the Woolens with a Tendency Toward Suppleness and Lightness. Crêpes, Chiffons, Satins and Sports Silks Lead the Silks with a Tendency Toward Greater Stiffness

BY MARJORIE HOWARD

15 rue de la Paix, Paris.

THE situation in fabrics is like the situation in fashions. Instead of plunging each season into a sea of unrelated novelties, new for the sake of newness only, they develop slowly along indicated lines. Thus, the two main groups, woolens and silks, are gradually developing in diametrically opposite directions. This tendency began some time ago, when woolens took on a flexibility and thinness hitherto found only in silks; while silks for evening wear, on the contrary, revived the heavy qualities of an earlier epoch, and revolutionized the evening mode in doing so. So, in the spring collections, we find this stiffness in silks spreading to the daytime mode, with crisper, firmer fabrics which will certainly bring about a less "floue" style of daytime frock; while woolens, in some of their new versions, are as ethereal as any silken fabric.

The tweeds, always thought of as bulky, solid materials, are appearing in feather weights, and even in the thicker versions they have gained in flexibility. They are still extremely important, and their popularity for general wear will certainly continue. Their place in the wardrobe is incontestable; at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact that this place is becoming more specialized. A few years ago, the Ritz at lunch time saw many tweed costumes worn by the smartest women. Now, though they still wear their tweeds occasionally, there is no doubt that more formal fabrics have taken the leading place.

At the present moment, beautiful furs, breitschwanz, fine dark mink, beige ermine, well-cut Persian lamb, even occasionally sable, all cut on slender smart lines, are seen in quantities on a "good" day, worn over matching gowns in silken materials, or in very thin woolens, if the weather be very cold. Sometimes the short fur jacket is worn by a younger woman, and very well it looks on a trim figure,

Taffeta, printed on the warp, is used for this gown. The fern-leaf design, by Bianchini, is in cerise on pale gray. Many of the new designs for spring make interesting use of leaves. The gown, designed by Redfern, makes the best of a stiff material, using it in flat, trailing panels.

REDFERN
BIANCHINI

not too tall. If fur coats are not worn, I see handsome ensembles in cloth, sometimes but more rarely in velveteen or velvet, black, very dark blue, fur-brown, sometimes dark green, or even red, trimmed with rich furs, flat or fluffy, blending or contrasting. The gown may match in color, or there may be a blouse of another material and color, often satin; for the blouse is undoubtedly returning to favor. White satin blouses with black coats, putty with brown or dark blue, are good. In the spring we are promised many suits of silk or satin materials with three-quarter or shorter coats, fur trimmed to begin with, and important blouses.

The jerseys and crêpey weaves in woolens are as important as tweeds. The jerseys, of course, are frequently used in combination with tweeds for morning ensembles on semi-sports and sports lines. Some of the new ones are so thin and light as to be mere films of weaving. Many of them are extremely colorful, blending as many as five shades in the same material. On the Last-Minute pages, you will see a hat and scarf from Agnès, using one of these ethereal jerseys from Rodier, called "djersa-plume," or "feather jersey."

On page 64, there is a new all-silk jersey from the same house, woven in three stripes, two blues and a crimson, which Agnès has used in a set of hat, bag and sweater. The milliners are adopting these fabrics in their search for novelty. I think Maria Guy was the first to see the millinery possibilities of the Rodier fabrics. You remember I showed a hat of hers in one of them in the September number. Among Meyer's new jerseys is a series of very fine examples, woven in tiny openwork designs, imitating old-fashioned crochet patterns. These are so light in weight, that they weigh only four ounces to the square meter.

Another important new material, which illustrated the same tendency toward extreme thinness, is Rodier's "Rodelic," a voile that is made of a thread as fine as fine cotton. Schia-

Printed chiffon promises to retain all its popularity for afternoon and evening in the spring mode. This is a new design from Coudurier, featuring the autumn colorings, a combination of orange, yellow, black, and white. Molyneux has designed the gown on his evening silhouette lines.

MOLYNEUX
COUDURIER

parelli has made a gown of this, drawn by Luza on page 69, and I hear that all the leading dressmakers have ordered it. A special process is needed to spin a woolen thread even and thin enough for such a transparent material, and it is a great technical triumph of weaving. Rodier also continues his exquisite "tuslikashas," woven like a tussore in silk and wool, almost as fine as a batiste. A striking feature of his spring collection is the use of woven designs instead of printed ones. He says that he has tried to do in weaving what has been done of late years by the simpler process of printing, and success is proved by a score of beautiful examples.

The tussore weaves are very important. Meyer's most attractive novelty is a tussore in silk and wool, which comes in an enormous range of plain colors, and also in a variety speckled in black. Speckled materials are well represented. A Rodier success is a "ziblikasha poudré," or brushed kasha with a surface spattered all over with black and white dots, like grains of salt and pepper. Agnès has made an attractive set of hat and bag in this material. On page 68 Luza has drawn a special model created by Chantal for Harper's Bazar in Meyer's tussore, which he calls "tusselya." Most of his novelties end in "lya," this year, but I feel sure that you do not care for a catalogue of French names of fabrics, hard to pronounce, and impossible to remember.

In the new crêpey woolens, we find an important Meyer novelty illustrated on page 68. Chantal designed this gown for us in Meyer's "Madiana Pointillé," a crêpey base, successful last year, which appears this spring in new forms. The most amusing is dotted all over the surface with raised woolen dots, sometimes matching, sometimes contrasting in color. Among Rodier's crêpey fabrics, there is a new crepella, called "crepellété," or summer crepella, very light and thin, with excellent draping qualities.

The mixtures of silk and wool are popular

in both these woolen collections. Often, this spring, they are woven with a frosted effect, more attractive in light than in dark colors. They all have names, but I spare you the list. You will undoubtedly see them in the new models imported after this month's openings.

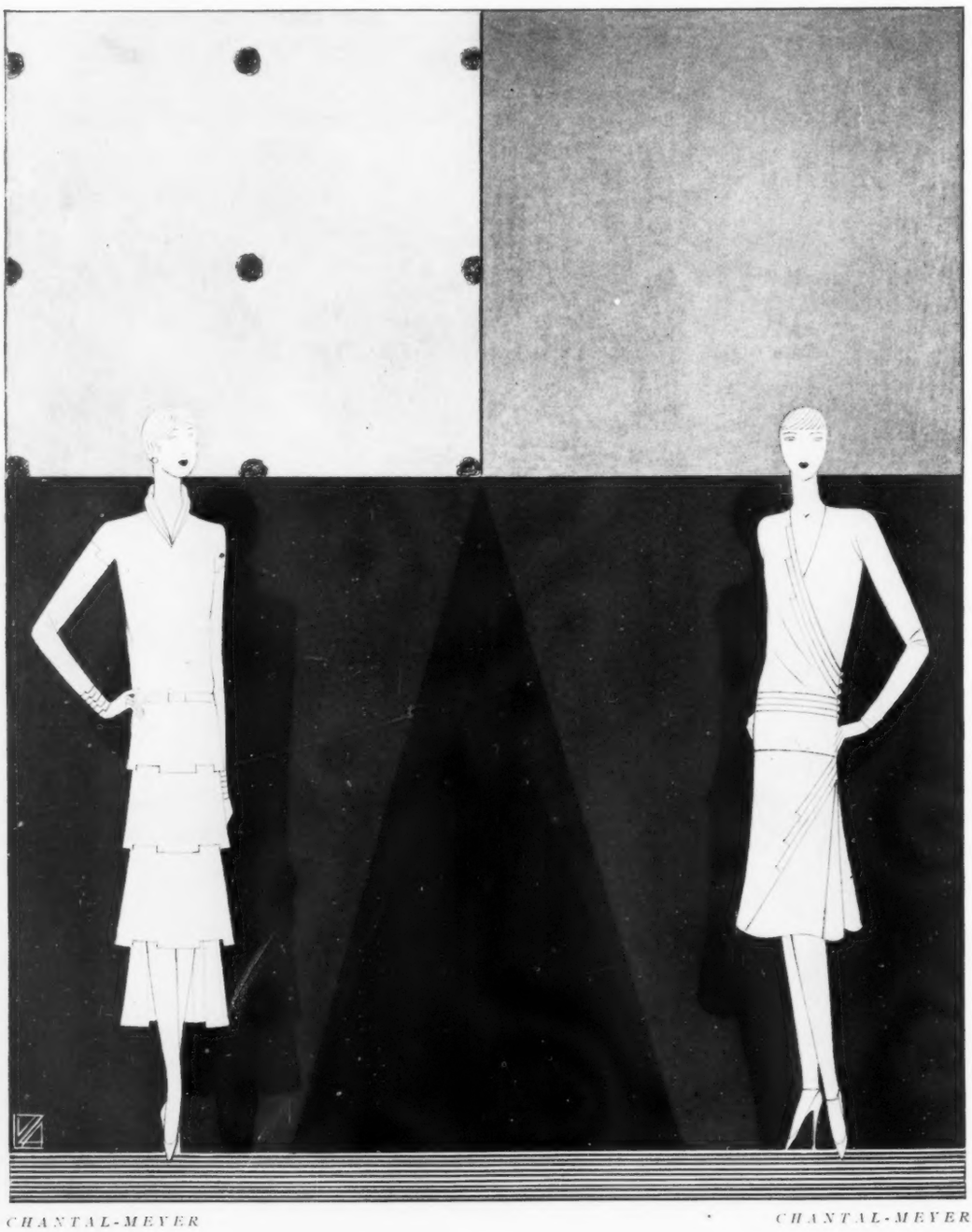
In the Rodier collection, both cottons and linens appear in new guises. Schiaparelli has designed a most attractive suit in one of the heavy linens, like an old-fashioned crash, and with it is a blouse in a new openwork linen weave, something like a linen jersey. If the clerk of the weather should favor us with a hot summer, such as we enjoyed last year, cotton and linen materials will take a quite important place in smart wardrobes.

In Rodier's collection, there are about twenty-five different weaves of cotton, printed or embroidered with new designs. Among them, is a series of heavy materials, with raised cotton velvet patterns, designed for beach wraps. Beach life has become so important, that even the greatest fabric makers are designing materials especially for it. Rodier has found a new way of printing jersey with sun and sea waterproof colors especially for bathing suits. In cotton, he has done a series of big squares, printed with toile de Jouy designs taken from the native costumes of the old provinces of France, which are perfectly delightful. In his usual helpful way, he shows these cut out and appliquéd to various materials, such as a coarse peasant linen called "toilannam," that looks extremely well.

Among the new scarfs and squares, I must mention Rodier's new yacht club pennant designs printed in frank, bold color schemes on crêpe and on tuslikasha. Some of the designers are making attractive little frocks of these squares, combining them with plain tuslikasha in an écru shade. As I am on the subject of scarfs, I will also note his little squares of Scotch plaid woolens, gay and brilliant, with twisted fringes. Agnès has made a set of hat and scarf of them on the Last-Minute pages. Scarfs, you see, are as important as ever.

Both Rodier and Meyer have some interesting ideas about spring colors. Rodier notes an interest in the yellows. Combinations of colors, beige, cream, brown, for example, are conspicuous in his collection, but even newer are the combinations of many colors, particularly in the jerseys. Pastel colors are represented, but side by side with them are gay, brilliant shades, especially some splendid reds, particularly a new terra-cotta red. There are also rich blues, and a deep strong green. Meyer mixes many of his full colors with gray or grège, giving a soft effect. Here pastel shades are good. Beige and string color are more important than gray. Black and white effects are frequent and striking.

Among the dressmakers, Meyer reports special interest in yellow, pale beiges or put-



CHANTAL-MEYER

Chantal has designed this frock of Meyer fabric, "madiana pointillé," a light-weight crêpey weave with woolen dots. It is black with black dots, the only touch of color in the scarf, half of which is Chantal pink, the other half white. Note the triple, crenelated skirt tiers. The panels of the upper tier are longer in back, forming a chopped-off train.

CHANTAL-MEYER

A Chantal model, made to simulate a frock. Fashioned of "tusselya," a Meyer fabric of silk and wool tussore in a shade of light cinnamon brown. There is both a frock and a jacket, though the jacket fits so closely that the effect of a frock only is given when the suit is worn. The only trimming is appliquéd bands of the same material set on in diagonal lines.

ties, bright red, jade-green, slate-blue, pastel blue, "iron blue," pale gray. Both American and French dressmakers have bought heavily of these colors, but America has taken more red and green than Paris. There are many neutral colored tweeds, brownish tones being popular; but some of the tweeds are in very colorful heather mixture effects. There are also olive green, a light leaf green, and a good many dark blues. Many yellows, both citron and a creamy egg-yolk-and-milk tone. Mixtures of all kinds are strongly represented.

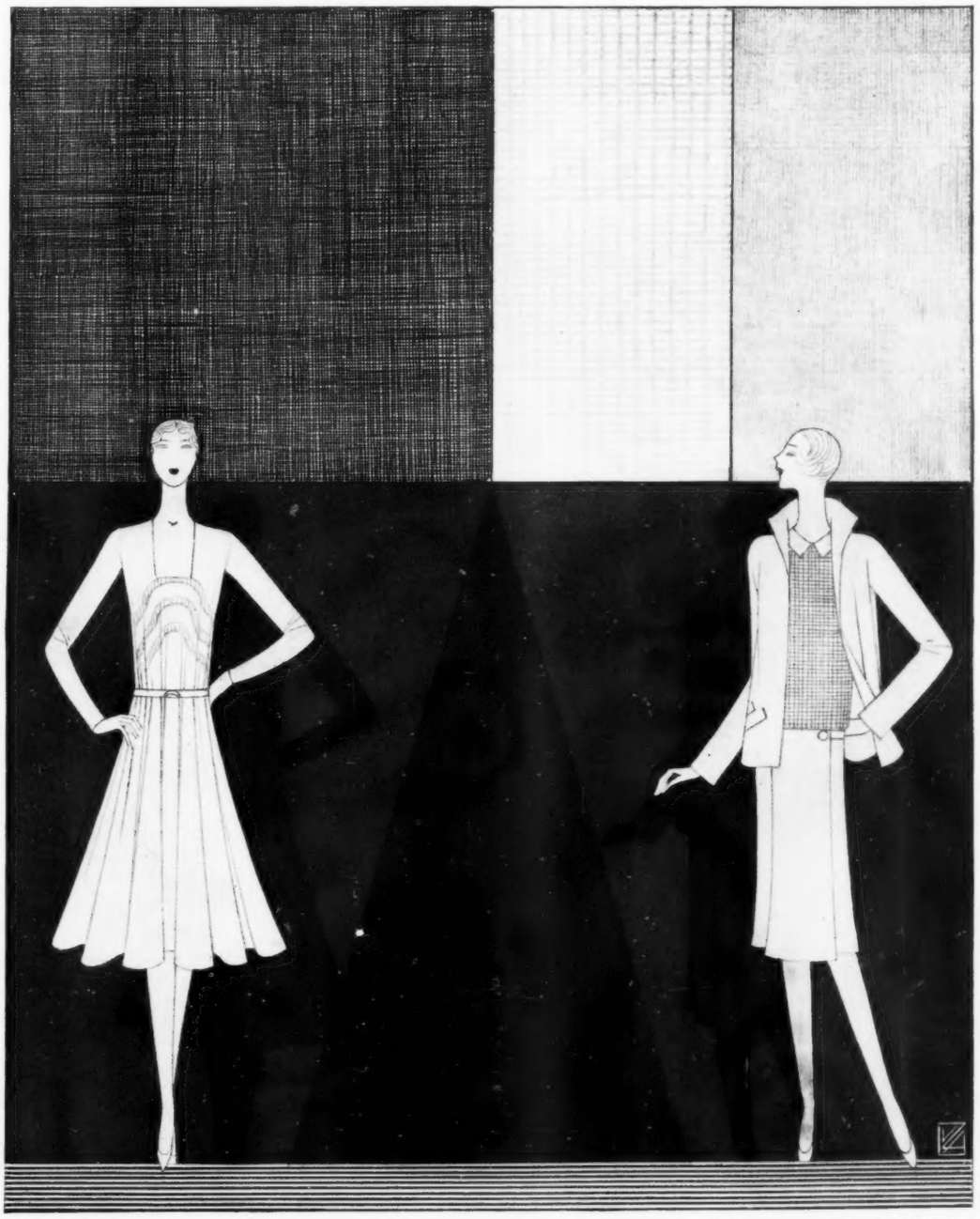
As to designs, Rodier shows many checks, some very tiny, some larger in line; moderate-sized Scotch plaids, some high colored; checks are very important here as elsewhere, and the couture is taking a great interest in them. They promise to be almost as popular as dots were last year.

Some stripes appear, especially in Roman colorings. Patterns are equally divided between flowers, conventional forms, and modernistic designs, the latter very striking.

I think the most interesting tendency in the silk collections is toward crisper, firmer materials. Akin to this is the new fashion of weaving the thinner types, crêpe de Chine, even occasionally chiffon, with a small satiny design, usually a small dot, tiny line plaid, or little Chinese broché design. This new weave gives more body to the material and at the same time brightens and enlivens its surface. When these materials are printed, the colored pattern falls on both the plain dull surface and on the satiny design, giving it an odd brilliance here and there.

At Coudurier's, among the crisper silks, we find a new tussore, called "tussore façonné," woven with a small satiny broché design. This is designed for sports and semi-sports frocks. We find also "crêpe de Chine façonné," woven with a small shiny dot scattered over the surface and then printed; "crêpe satin façonné" with shiny lines on a base of crêpe satin, printed; and "mousseline façonnée," a chiffon striped with both wide and line stripes in satin, then printed. Moire, also, is woven at this house with a small broché design this year.

At Bianchini's there are several of the firmer silks designed for sports frocks. These are not new, having appeared last year, but they are printed in new designs. They include, "surah brita," a heavy silk surah weave, especially adapted for beach wear, dyed with sun-fast colors, some being also sea waterproof. This is a vegetable silk material. "Irana" is a sort of silk alpaca woven with a wavy check. "Stuard" is a sports material in cotton and silk with a somewhat velvety surface. There is also a "tussore façonné" here, woven with a satiny broché design and then printed. In addition to these, there appears the famous "flamenga," (*Continued on page 146*)



Schiaparelli has designed with her usual skill a charming frock in Rodier's striking novelty "voile rodelic". This is a thin all-wool voile, as supple and transparent as a silk voile. It is used in two layers, black over white, and on the white are curved bands of the black which show through the semi-transparent material with an altogether striking effect.

From Schiaparelli is this smart tailored suit made of Rodier's linen crash which he calls "toile-annam". It is the natural color of the linen thread, a gravish white, and both in weight and texture lends itself beautifully to tailoring. The blouse is of a loosely woven linen, almost lacy in weave, like an open-work jersey, in the same gravish white shade.

SCHIAPARELLI-RODIER

SCHIAPARELLI-RODIER

LANVIN

LA MÈRE ET LA FILLE ET LES AMIS, OU UNE PRÉSENTATION QUI FINIRA PAR UN MARIAGE

Lanvin creates a striking contrast in these black and white costumes for mother and daughter. The mother's gown, of black tulle over satin, is very long in the back. The jacket of jet beads has elbow sleeves, finished with frills of the tulle. The daughter's frock of white chiffon has white satin triangles appliquéd around the waist and a sleeveless jacket with hanging ties of the brilliant white satin.

VIONNET

LE CICERONE IMPROVISÉ, OU LE VIEIL AMI COMPLAISANT ET LA BELLE JEUNE DAME

Vionnet made this gown of gold tissue, with long sleeves for restaurant and hotel wear, especially for Madame Agnès. The slim bodice is belted high with a band of the same fabric as the dress; the skirt is very full in front. The jewels worn with the costume are, a necklace of alternate gold and turquoise beads and bracelets of fringes of the same alternated beads. The turban, typical of Madame Agnès herself, is of golden mesh.

NOTES FROM PARIS ON FORMAL BAGS

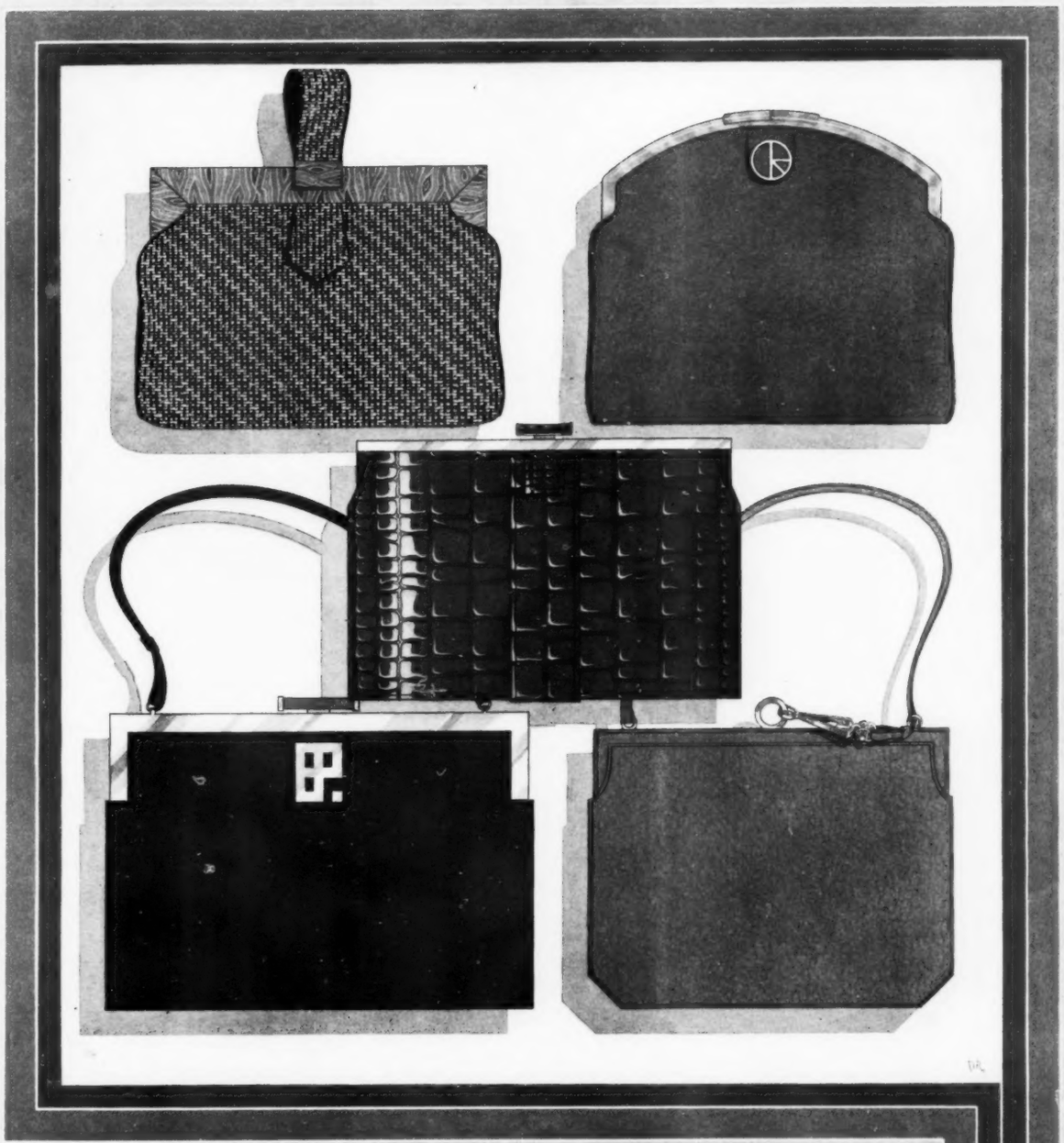
A handsome purse shape for afternoon comes from Hermès, in black reindeer, fine and satiny. It is mounted in silver, lacquered with black enamel. The initials are either marcasite or diamonds.

One of Louiseboulanger's most successful evening bags is a small model in gold metal brocade. The shape is odd, and the fastening consists of a gold cord and tassels wrapped around the bag.

A novel-shaped bag to carry with formal afternoon dress. It is of black reindeer with mounting of the same, while the rings to hold the handles and the fastening are in ivory and marcasite. Hermès.

For evening is this handleless bag, from Germaine Guerin, which closes well and keeps its contents safely. It is in a new gold tweed, called "Casoar," made of woven strips of silk and gilded leather.

Another Germaine Guerin evening bag of heavy satin broché with a tiny sprig design in either gold or silver. The satin comes in black, white, cream, putty and other pale shades to match one's gown.



Bags of fabric to match the costume are increasingly smart, especially in tweeds. This bag from London Trades is in a small design in gray, white and black. The mounting is in polished wood.

There are three leading shapes in present-day bags: the envelope, the bag with a handle, and the bag without. This Germaine Guerin bag belongs to the last group. It is of brown antelope.

Bags of reptile leather are excellent for travel or for morning. This bag from Louis Vuitton, the famous maker of smart luggage, is in brown crocodile, with fastening and mounting of gilded metal.

Also from Louis Vuitton is this bag, designed to complete an ensemble. It is made in fine seal in color to match the costume, in this case a rich dark green, with a fastening made of real jade.

Another bag with a handle, this time from Hermès, is made of gray-beige moroccan leather. The interest is in the unique handle, which is made of silver, snapped together like a dog's leash.

THE CHIC BAG MATCHES THE COSTUME

"UNAWARE of any inconsistency she stood up and stretched out her arms to the sea. 'Did I ask you to make me understand?' she said. 'I do not care to understand, I want to live . . . I want to love . . . to hate . . . to be happy!'"

A Story by Amory Hare:

SUNG IN THE STREET

There Is but one Woman in any Man's Life Who Loves Him until Death

Illustration by Addison Burbank

SHE saw him first in tweeds, with his painting kit on his back, coming along the stony path beyond the lighthouse. At their feet the Mediterranean pitched lazily at the sheer cliffs, and behind them the Pyrenees overshadowed the neat vineyards tilting their pebbly, fertile soil almost to the edges of the little inland beaches. He stood aside for her to pass, so of course she was forced to do so, but after passing she found that she had paused involuntarily and looked over her shoulder. As he had done just that himself, they both smiled, and, pulling off his cap, he said in French, "Must we go in opposite directions?"

She sat down on a rock and suppressed a laugh. And, in English, she replied, "Anything is possible at Port Vendres."

He flung off his pack and ran his hands through thick, dark hair.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked, in his native tongue.

"I see nothing iniquitous in my remark—" she began.

"I was referring to my French," he said with solemnity.

"Ah," she cried, "on the contrary! But I was merely making it known to you that your nationality was not an enigma to me."

"No?" he seated himself at her feet, and the sea sighed, for it had seen the curtain rise upon this drama since the beginning of time.

"And just what other things do you discover at a glance?" he continued.

"No, no. It is your turn."

"You have seen that I am an Englishman. My countrymen are never clairvoyants. What you are I cannot tell. I can tell you that you have brown eyes and little, tinted, conch-shell ears, and no one with both of these possessions ought to go about in Port Vendres, or any other part of France, alone. I assume that you are French, although you speak English with scarcely an accent, and I demand an explanation of what brings you to this backwater of the world."

"Explanations!" she said. "It is always so with you English. You must have the reasons for everything, foolishly forgetting that with this, the charm, the magic, flies out the window. Always you seek to secure those things which are essentially transient. Then you are sorry and angry, and become morose or cynical."

"You are wise as well as beautiful, O Queen," he said, but his voice contained a note of conjecture which she did not like. It was as if he weighed her acts in the days before they had met, which, as everybody knows, is not fair in any haphazard flirtation.

"We French know that human relationships, human feelings, are made up of fragile things," she said quickly, "like flowers which rise and bloom, and go to seed; we are wise, we accept the seasons, without bitterness. We instinctively know when a thing is gone not to return."

"Ah," he said, sitting down and lighting a pipe.

"Is it not quite, quite true?" she said at last in a small, deliberately humble voice.

"It is true that when things are gone, they are gone. It is not true that you make any less outcry against their going than we do. Desolation is desolation. The difference lies in your being temperamentally better fitted to escape it than we are."

He lapsed into complete silence, during which she felt very considerably beyond her depth.

"If you would kindly tell me what you are thinking about," she suggested.

"You mentioned the seasons, I think," he replied. "I was thinking of autumn. The hardwoods of England at that time are full of a somber beauty."

"You were thinking of trees!" she asked incredulously.

"Of trees," he said, "because, you see, in England we do rather give them a chance, whereas in France——"

"And what have they to do with that of which we were speaking?"

"Only this—that the way we regard our trees and the way you regard your trees, represents, in a way, an attitude of mind about a lot of other things."

Her eyes brightened. This was a personal, not an abstract, conversation, after all.

"Your way of taking each season's growth as it comes," he continued, "of casting it into the fire, and turning to other cuttings—how can you burn anything but fagots, really? We are damned, on the other hand, by a craving for that which will endure, and a child-like faith that it will endure, because we want it to so much. We want things to grow to a considerable size or be brought to the ground. That's why we leave our trees alone—or because of Tyne coal!" he added with a sudden smile. Then he looked up at her and said:

"At any rate, what I mean is, that what we cast into the blaze *is* bigger stuff than what you do."

"One does not think of the Anglo-Saxon as giving very greatly to his emotions. And surely you do not mean me to suppose that your countrymen make a better job of what the world calls 'morality' than mine!"

"The Anglo-Saxon makes as few conscious selections between these things as any other breed, that is, from the purely righteous standpoint. But he has a horror of appearing ridiculous which pursues him from birth to death. He is a self-conscious animal, inordinately shy. There have to be decent intervals between his inner experiences or he feels silly in his own eyes, and these intervals vary in the individual. The Anglo-Saxon was born grown up. You French never make that costly mistake. You are always children."

She laughed. "I am very curious about all your opinions," she told him. "Tell me, for one thing, why it is that your people always look so disillusioned and full of care—as if they could enjoy nothing. (*Continued on page 126*)

POST-SCRIPT

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

VERY well. Please consider the incident
An incident — and closed. . . . Much safer so.
Safety is best. For we were never meant,
Apparently, being what we are, to know
The sweet satiety that gamblers taste
Winning a flaming moment. Start your dance —
Your doll-jazz once again, the while I waste
My hours in my dutiful, safe trance.
For such as we, Spring's trumpets sound in vain;
Yes, middle-age has caught us; we are done
With the voluptuous rhythm of the rain;
The thawing, hot insistence of the sun.

I echo to your vapid plea, "'Tis Fate" —
And hate you with a sullen, lifeless hate.

Sheril Schell

Opalescent in the morning sun, Havana lies day-dreaming before the visitor.

FEBRUARY ON THE CUBAN RIVIERA

Rainbow-Tinted Havana, the Social World's Newest Winter Pleasure City

BY JOHN HERMES

WE WERE discussing excitement. How much could be jammed, with effort, into one waking, working day.

"I think I win," said Jocelyn, my niece, "with the day I flew over to Havana for the week-end. It began with toast and cocoa at Miami at nine in the morning, and ended with daiquiris next morning at four in the Montmartre atop the Metropolitan Auto Company storage garage in Havana. I lived the twenty-four hours in the life of a débutante that day.

"We flew high, wide, and handsome. The Gulf of Mexico was blue, as per schedule, and we were almost on time, reaching the vast open spaces which form the back yard of the Almendares Hotel about in time for an early lunch.

"'You're five minutes late,' said Susan.

"'Step on it, Young Thing,' said Bill. 'We're due at the bathing beach in five minutes. Your clothes will be ready for you in Susan's room at the Almendares at one. We have a luncheon date with Joe Palma and some Beautiful Young Cubans at the Jockey Club at one-thirty. Young Harkness wants you to drop over to the Polo Field about five. We have a dinner on for you at the Sevilla. To-night is the big night at the Jockey Club, and besides you'll probably want to see the Jai-Alai game, and the Casino, and we're all going in bathing again, around midnight, at the Yacht Club.'

"'I'd like to see Havana, please,' I said. 'Isn't it attractive? I've heard so. And, besides, I am hungry.'

"The motor pulled up alongside an aggregation of bathing huts that seemed to cover acres, with covered terraces, and a dance band going, and exciting young men with shoulders like bronze statues. The sun was gorgeous, the sand hot, the water warm. It took four young Cubans—what eyes and biceps!—to get me out.

"From then on I really lose track. I remember luncheon which prolonged into tea on the terrace of a sizable clubhouse in a racing enclosure with horse-racing and considerable Cuban enthusiasm outside, and eating, dancing, and betting inside. I'd rush outside to see a race, and then inside to dance. You could see the horses' hoofs all around the course—much better than Belmont. The Cuban youth are good dancers, and I am not one who dislikes suave manners. They even tried to explain the pari-mutuel machines to me.

"About four, two of the Cubans piled us all into a magnificent open car, all gleaming nickel-work, and dashed up into Havana and all around the old section. The contrast between the stolid somber Spanish Colonial architecture and new Havana was so dramatic as to be heavenly. I suddenly realized I was in a foreign city. Narrow streets, heavy, proud, overwhelming buildings, all stone and gloom, with glimpses into their wide open insides, stores with no side walls, everybody living most chummily on the sidewalk. Smart traffic policemen in blue linen uniforms, ironed to take a high polish, controlling traffic lights, automatic, electric, like those at home.

"Harkness and some of his Meadowbrook playmates were knocking a ball around the corner of the Polo Field to which I was punctiliously rushed by attendant Cubans. They said they'd see me later that evening at the Yacht Club.

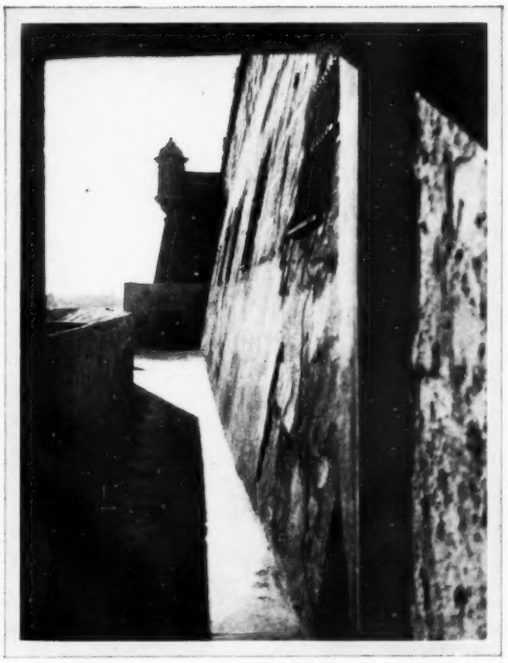
"Then to tea on the terrace of the Country

Club. Have I mentioned Planters' Punch, and the omnipresent daiquiri, also El Presidente, and the Mary Pickford? They are not really as deadly as they sound; at least they didn't seem seriously to hurt my young Cubans. Joe Kirkwood was playing that day.

"I wanted a nap when I reached the Sevilla, but Susan hustled me into our clothes, and we took the elevator to the roof, where, after running into the Bradleys in the Ladies' Bar, we entered on a little serious eating. I saw at least a dozen people I knew at the various tables. About ten we all went to see Jai-Alai. Imagine four huskies playing handball in a court the size of an armory, with long wicker extensions on their hands, which they use to catch and deliver the ball. They worked so quickly I grew dizzy trying to watch them. The balls hit the concrete with a noise like a pistol shot, the Cuban proletariat were yelling at the top of their lungs as they won or lost their bets on the players—all in all, one refined hullabaloo. It was the only place during the day where I didn't dance.

"Thence to the National Casino, where I lost some money eight different ways, tried some more dancing, ate some more food, and saw some more familiar faces, including a headwaiter from the New York Biltmore. Thence on the run to the real dance of the evening at the Jockey Club. And again thence to the Gala at the old Yacht Club and more dancing and, just after midnight, into bathing suits and the Caribbean again.

"Well . . . the water gave me and Bill a new lease of life, so sometime around two we parked Susan at the Almendares and, with our ever valiant young Cubans still tagging along, we motored out to the Pirates' Club at Cojimar Beach for another dance and the cabaret. Bill had an argument with the modest young Cubans as to what cabarets I should not be shown, and we finally wound up at the Montmartre where, about four, —I think it was four—I suddenly realized there was probably a good bed waiting for me.



Along the ramparts of Morro, where Romance still divides sentry-go with the Cuban garrison.

"A delegation of the young Cubans with whom I had danced helped Susan and Bill put me into the northbound plane that afternoon. I believe I had ninety dances in ninety different places, ate sterlet caviar forty-five times, and was told, several times, what a really attractive young girl I was . . . I've never been so scientifically rushed in my life."

Jocelyn's day in Havana may be taken as symbolic of what one with her enthusiasm for rapid motion may accomplish. It represents one point of view. A very popular point of view among Americans socially and financially equipped to follow the seasons to where they may be enjoyed most efficiently with others of one's own kind. At one time or another during the Havana season, which runs from New Year's to Easter, you will see at the race-track, on the floor at the Casino Naçional, in the surf at La Playa, on the terrace of the Country Club, everybody you know or have heard of, from Will Rogers to the Duchess of Sutherland.

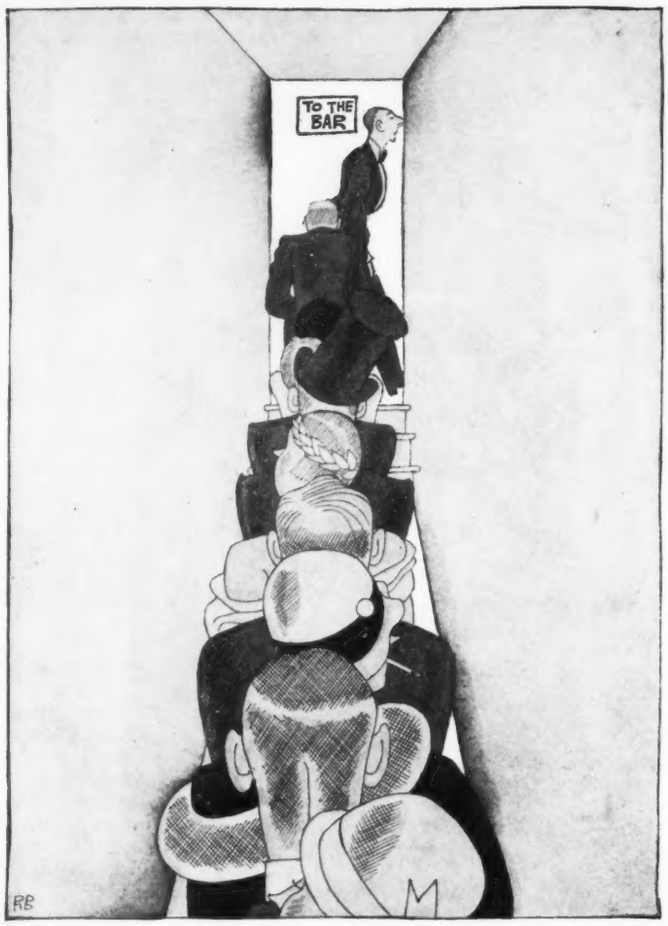
Jocelyn's day may also be taken as the reason why one of the most astute of hotel and real estate entrepreneurs, Mr. John McEntee Bowman, is developing a combination Tuxedo Park-Monte Carlo in the general playground section of Havana which starts at the Almendares River, where the Malecon Drive ends, and runs west until it strikes the jungle. Mr. Charles Francis Flynn, sometime of Boston, later of Florida, and one of the five claimants to the title of Czar of Cuba, is in charge of operations.

The Cuban deprecates old Havana. There is an utterly unexpected streak of efficiency in the Cuban business man. One of the surprises of a first visit to Havana is to discover in how many shops are displayed the insignia of a Rotary member. The average Cuban citizen (*Continued on page 116*)

Morro Castle, the fort on the port side of the narrow bottle-neck harbor entrance, is a spectacular survival of a seventeenth-century type.

Cathedral Square—with the old cathedral seen picturesquely through the pillars of the high portico of a Spanish Colonial palace.

Old Havana is filled with homes centering upon an open patio with green foliage and cool shadows to offset the brilliant tropical sun.



On the road to the Savoy Bar, London.

By Frederick L. Collins:

DINING DE LUXE

The Secret of Ordering Well Seems to be One Long Series of "Don'ts"

Ralph Barton drew the Pictures

COCKTAILS? Certainly. But not in this golden place. Cocktails should be drunk in a small, low, dark, stuffy room. If possible, in great discomfort.

I have tried the other method: at Como, in the twilight splendors of the Villa d'Este; in the Bois, below the sunset waters of The Cascades; at Bertolini's, above Naples, with Vesuvius smoking lazily across the bay; in Algiers, on the sun-warmed flaggings in the hill-top garden of the St. George; in Cairo, on Shepheard's immortal terrace. And I tell you: it won't do.

The great bars in history, with few exceptions, have been in cellars or back rooms. Prohibitionists may draw a moral from the fact. I don't. All I know is that the Hotel Cecil in London commands the Thames. So does its neighbor, the Savoy. The Cecil has a large, well-ventilated bar, comfortable chairs and tables, an excellent bartender, and at least six large windows opening on the historic river. And one drinks alone at the Cecil. The Savoy has a bar down a narrow passage, beyond an unused reading-room, in a little black pocket that has hardly any windows at all. And the Savoy bar is the most crowded bar in the world!

So to-night we'll drink our cocktails in "the Cambon end" of the Paris Ritz, in that little, low-ceilinged, heavy-aired cell which is sometimes called "The Black Hole of Calcutta." Frank shall make them for us—the same blond, pink, urbane Frank who used to stand so nobly behind the high mahogany at the old Hoffman House in Madison Square. No fruit juices, no extract of sugar, no creams, no flavorings, no disguises. Just cocktails. Just two. And very cold.

And over the cocktails we'll decide "what" and "where."

Of course, there is no good reason why we should stay in Paris for our dinner. Gourmets have wings and are never afraid to use them. Only the other day, I overheard a conversation between three experienced Americans, who were trying to agree on the best way to get to Italy from New York. The first man preferred the Mediterranean route. He liked the big new Italian liners that run to Naples and Genoa. The second objected to the nine-day trip. He intended to stick to Cherbourg or Havre; and, afterward, the Rome Express.

"You're both wrong," announced the third man. "The best way to go is to hop a Dutch boat and stop off in Holland for dinner."

He was indubitably right. The Restaurant Royal at The Hague is the best restaurant in the world. I would defend that statement with my life. In fact, I have already done so—on many occasions. For dining at the Royal, especially if the menu includes that startling array of Dutch *hors d'œuvres*, is a strain which only the strong survive.

Every country has its Restaurant Royal, its restaurant *par excellence*. I have eaten notable meals at Biffi's in the Gallery at Milan; at Helder's and the Savoy in Brussels; at Tournie's in Madrid; at the Paris in Havana; at Antoine's in New Orleans; at the St. Francis in San Francisco; in the Everglades Club and at the Whitehall in Palm Beach; in Des Ambassadeurs at Cannes;

Theodore taking the soup's temperature before it is served.

at the Imperial in Vienna; in many Ritzes manywheres; and at Pierre's, Sherry's, Voisin's, the Colony, the Marguery and the Embassy Club in New York.

But since we *are* in Paris—

Well, anywhere but the Bois.

I admit that it would be celestial on a night like this in the fragrant old garden of the Château Madrid. Edmond is a skilful waiter. He would try faithfully to make us happy. But after cold cocktails, we must have hot soup. And hot soup must *not* be served in the open air.

Cocktails require discomfort. Soup requires temperature. I have seen bus-boys at Foyot's fairly gallop across the narrow hallway that separates the kitchen from the restaurant just in time to slip the great steaming crock under the upraised ladle of the waiting *maître d'hôtel*. I have seen Theodore Titze, that little giant of the New York restaurants, run his soft white hand along the smooth surface of a steaming soup-crock before he would allow its contents to be served to an important guest. And I know few adventures of the table more exciting than the serving and eating of a plate of Maryland gumbo in the sedate dining-room at the Belvidere in Baltimore. The crock is glistening with heat. The soup plates are comfortably warm, and deep enough to hold the aroma. The manner of the old colored servant is respectful toward you and worshipful toward your food. The result is that a very simple okra-thickened soup-stock, into which a few crab-flakes have been thrown, becomes a gastronomic poem.

So we'll be very careful about our soup and the way it is served. We won't have *bortch* or *bouilla-baisse*, or that fascinating mixture of eggs, milk, flour, and mystery which the good people of Limoges call *clafoutis*. We'll be conservative and have a simple *petite marmite*. But we'll have it hot!

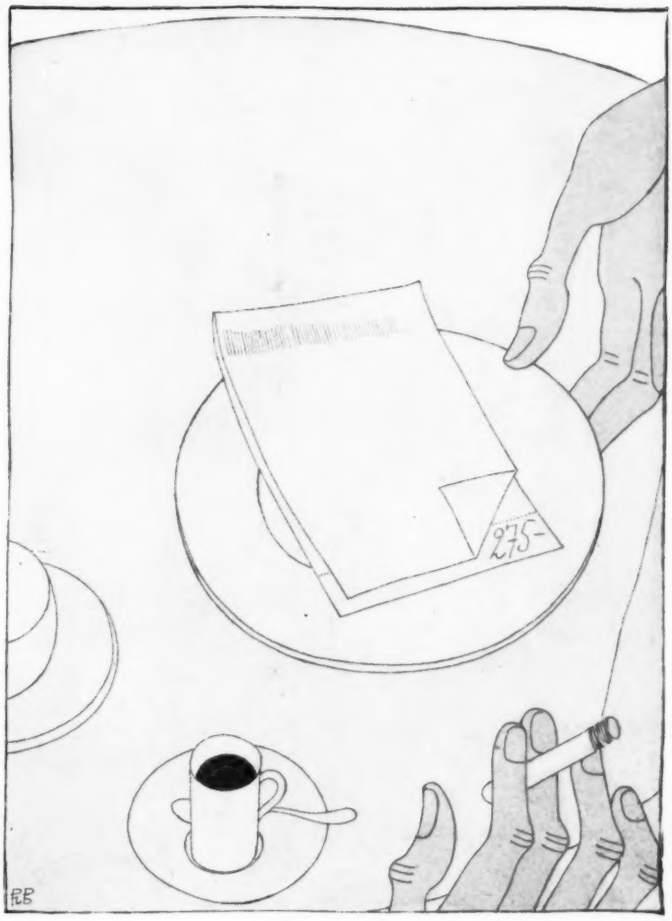
Cocktails—very cold.

Soup—very hot.

And now, fish—very clean.

I'll guarantee that a cold cocktail, a hot soup and a clean fish—perhaps the adjective "plain" is more appetizing—will bring you up to the entrée *hungry*. And that, after all, is what you should wish to be. But now that we have had a bite together, and maybe drunk a glass of pale sherry with our *marmite* and another glass of *haut Barsac* with our trout, I might as well confess that there isn't going to be any entrée in *our* dinner.

It may have been a cute trick for Philip the Good to sit down to an all-day repast of one hundred and ninety-two dishes. It may have pleased Catherine de Medici to "taste everything"—as a chronicler of the period recorded that she did—at a dinner whose main course alone consisted of pheasants, swans, capons, peacocks, herons, pigs, pigeons, rabbits, deer, hare, geese, quails, cranes, and bustards. It may have consorted with the fasting ideas of an early Archbishop of Paris, to sit himself down to a Lenten repast of "4 large fresh salmon, 10 turbot, 12 lobsters, 50 pounds of whale, 200 tripes of cod, a basket of mussels, 9 fresh shad, 18 trout, 17 pike, 62 carp, 18 lampreys, 200 large prawns, 200 white herrings, 200 sour herrings, 80 salted salmon, 18 plaice, 3 baskets of whitebait, and 600 frogs." But in these thyroid times, we must be more careful of our figures!



After dinner—l'addition.

A dinner, to our modern way of thinking, is an exercise in "teasing." Each course is like an act in a play. All the acts, except the final one, should arouse interest, stimulate anticipation. Only the last act should satisfy. To serve too much too early in the meal is like trying to play the big scene and the final curtain in the first few minutes of a show. So the most popular dinner routes at the moment lead directly from the fish through lamb to the very small bird—a tiny woodcock or a fat little partridge; or through chicken, guinea hen, or young turkey to a distinctive salad like alligator pear, to artichokes, to asparagus, or to *aubergines*.

It is impossible to go wrong over either of these well-worn gastronomic highways. I took the first road with excellent results last summer, on the open terrace overlooking the Lichtenthaler Allee at Baden-Baden, and I have taken the second many times on the lantern-hung roof of the New York Ritz.

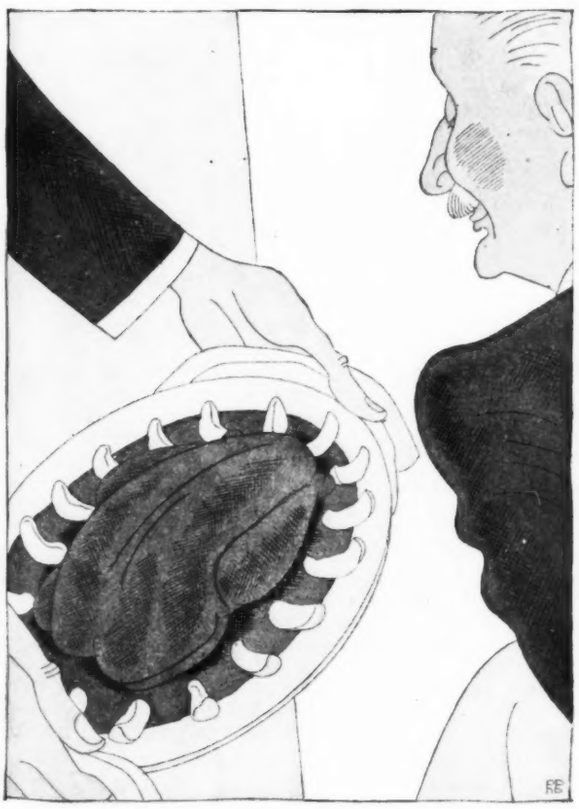
But to-night, we will take neither.

We will have duck.

At Frederic's? If you insist. But there is no more need of going to the Tour d'Argent for duck than there is for going to Prunier's for oysters or to the Pharimond in the Halls for tripe. The chef at Foyot's makes a duck, roasted, with oranges in the platter and golden brown *pommes Anna* on the side, that is infinitely more appetizing than Frederic's squeezed-out, soggy "mess."

And afterward, a salad? Orange and romaine, I think, after the duck; or lettuce plain, with a wafer-thin slice of Westphalia ham.

But—Rome is not burning. We'll eat again. (*Concluded on page 129*)



The chef at Foyot's serves an appetizing duck with oranges.

By St. John Ervine:

Arthur Murrough O'Neill

Hope Williams became a star almost overnight. Last season she appeared in "Paris Bound" in a minor rôle. Philip Barry immediately wrote a comedy for her—"Holiday." It was an instantaneous success.

YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

In Which a Distinguished British Critic Tells of our Artistic Differences

THE habit of generalizing about men and institutions is becoming commoner and stupider, and youths and maidens and even elderly persons, after a trip around the world lasting for anything from six to nine months, will boldly dispose of the races of the earth in a sentence apiece. The Americans are this, the English are that, the French are something else, and the Russians are either everything or nothing. The Americans are hustling money-grubbers, the English are humorless hypocrites, the French are immoral frog-eaters, and the Russians are mystical murderers. A lady lately attempted to dispose of the nations of the world in bright, brief and breezy paragraphs on their legs. It appeared that each nation has one sort of female leg—masculine legs were not mentioned—which may instantly be recognized as the leg of that race. In my ignorance, I had imagined that legs everywhere were various, male legs being as mixed and assorted as female legs, but the lady in her article assured me that there is one leg which is American, another leg which is English and a third which is French. Nor can the first be mistaken for the third, or the second for anything but its fat self. Connoisseurs, seemingly, taking one peep at a woman's leg, can instantly tell that she was born and raised in the vicinity of Varengeville in Normandy, or Kettering in England or about seven miles from Montauk Point on Long Island.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is modern science as acquired from the Herren Freud and Jung. It makes me yawn. And yawn. And yawn. I envy anyone who is able to write a little label and affix it to a nation as who should say, "There, I've got you nicely sized up! There's not much more than that to be said about you!" But I have my doubts. I suspect that there is a great deal more to be said about any race than has yet been said or ever will be said. And so, although I am about to indulge in some generalizations myself, I beg my readers to believe that I do not consider that I am a sort of Moses bringing Tables of the Law down from any mountain. Infallibility is not my strong suit. I am, heaven help me, a weak and erring man, capable of making mistakes; capable, too, of being completely wrong.

When I am asked, therefore, to describe the differences between your theatre and ours, meaning by that, the American and the English theatres, I begin by replying that my knowledge of the English theatre is more extensive than my knowledge of the American theatre, and that there are great gaps in my information about your theatre. When the New York *World* invited me to visit New York for six months to criticize the American drama, it could not foresee that I should arrive in America in time to see one of the worst seasons that has afflicted Broadway in many years. Had I arrived in New York in the season of 1927-28, I should have seen a remarkable number of fine plays. If I were to leave America with no other knowledge of its theatre than I have acquired during my present visit, I might go in a state of great gloom about its future. Notoriously, the New York theatre has had a bad time, not only in the quality of the plays that have been produced, but in the matter of money. Broadway has been badly hit, and plays have been collapsing in heaps. At one theatre, on one evening, the total takings were fifty dollars. There were twenty people "down-stairs" at one performance in another theatre. The running expenses of a third play are seven thousand dollars in excess of the actual receipts. Enormous sums of money have been squandered on trash since September, 1928, and panic-stricken producers are pacing (*Continued on page 144*)

Koshiba

LADY MENDL

After a visit in New York, Lady Mendl has just returned to Paris to open her new apartment in the Avenue d'Iéna. Since her marriage to Sir Charles Mendl, who is connected with the British Embassy in Paris, the former Miss Elsie de Wolfe has spent the greater part of each year abroad. Her enchanting Villa Trianon, at Versailles, is a meeting-place for the cosmopolitan world in Europe. Lady Mendl is shown here in a smart coat designed for her by Louiseboulanger. It is of pale beige breitschwanz, and its cuffs and bow are beige and brown crêpe.

"In an instant the light and gaiety and charm had returned to Sylvia. 'Darling,' she said, and her arms were flung round his neck and her face was lifted, laughing into his."

A Story by Alec Waugh:

EXILED

In which a Husband Learns a new Meaning of the old Saying, "All that Glitters Is not Gold"

Illustrated by John LaGatta

"IT'S a nice necklace; say it's a nice necklace, darling."

"Oh, yes," he admitted grudgingly. "It's nice enough."

"And it is worth five thousand dollars, isn't it? And you're pleased I've bought it? And it makes me look the cunningest thing, now doesn't it?"

And jumping across to the looking-glass she bent forward, the necklace held out in front of her. "It's a peach," she murmured. "I know you couldn't have borne the idea of anybody else wearing it?"

Dick Vinning laughed. Yes, it was a peach all right, and she was, this wilful, irresponsible wife of his, the cunningest thing, assuredly. Nevertheless, five thousand dollars. . . .

"It's worthy of you, Sylvia. I can't say more. And it's a notable triumph that you should have wrested it from competition. All the same, as Pyrrhus remarked after a costly battle, a few more such victories and we are ruined."

In an instant she was at his side, and her arms, her cool, soft arms, were about his neck, and the scented velvet of her cheek was against his hair, and her lips were pouted murmuringly against his cheek.

"Precious, you're not grudging me five thousand dollars? Not when those canneries shares have gone up all that much. You told me only yesterday that you'd cleared. . . ."

"But I was thinking . . ." he expostulated.

She laid a refraining finger across his mouth. "You were thinking," she said, "how nice it would be to make your wife a nice present with all that money. And I knew you were thinking that, so I thought I'd be kind and thoughtful and save you all the trouble of choosing. And now that you've seen how happy it's made me, you'll want to work fearfully hard so that you'll be able to get some more things for me. Won't you, precious?"

And he nodded, and yes, he told her, that was exactly what he would be wanting. But it was not a question of wanting, but of having to. Every year he made more money, and every year his finances were more involved. He was always living upon a shoe-string with bills to be paid, instalments to be met. He never knew quite how it happened. He was always telling himself that in a short time, when this had been settled and the other thing, he would be able to ease off a little, take afternoons off, work fewer hours, and then, always just before the time arrived, some fresh complication would turn up. A new car, jewelry for Sylvia, a new issue of bonds, an investment in real estate rushed into because he just happened to have handy the money for the first instalment, so that he would have to work harder than ever to meet his obligations. When the canneries investment had turned out so fortunately he had promised himself a holiday. A fortnight's golf at Del Monte possibly, or a horseback trip through Arizona. But now here was Sylvia with that five-thousand-dollar necklace. . . .

Not that he grudged it her. She was a peach. And he wasn't afraid of work, he was fit and thirty. And, anyhow, there he was the next morning, on the day which he had hoped would see him driving along the Californian cliffs, southward to Carmel and Monterey, seated in the San Francisco offices of Martin and McKie's shipping agency, his desk piled high with correspondence and the telephone ringing and cables coming in; quotations for coffee crops from Mexico, for sugar from Hawaii, canned goods from California and timber and cement from Norway; and orders for copra from the North, and jute and rubber from the East. And he bought and sold and shipped and stocked, insured and underwrote. And someone would bring in a card, and the representative of some firm would be announced, and there would be an "I'm real glad to meet you, Mr. Vinning. It's certainly good of you to find the time." And they would laugh and swap a joke, and in ten minutes he would get the fellow on his way to the elevator, with all that was necessary to be said, said; and the general impression given that they were regular fellows, both of them. And the telephone would continue to ring and cables to arrive; and before he had realized that an hour had passed, it was lunch time, and he was out in Market Street on his way up to the Club, and there was a cheery crowd of fellows in the smoking-room, and, "You're going to help us empty this gin bottle, aren't you?" they called out. But no, he told them, he would come and sit with them but he wouldn't drink.

"If I have one," he said, "I'll have a dozen."

"And why not," they answered, "why not a dozen?"

"Because I've got to work this afternoon."

They roared at that.

"Cut it out!" they said. "You can chuck work for one day. We're all going to. You stay with us and then we'll have a round of golf and that'll pull you straight. To-morrow you'll be so fit they won't know you at the office. Why not, now?"

And, indeed, it was very tempting. It was one of those February afternoons when California justifies everything that has been said about her climate. The sun was shining and the sky was blue, the air dry and warm. It would be jolly to sit here with these jolly fellows, and afterward, warmed with the glow of conviviality, to drive out toward Golden Gate and the green sward of the links, to an afternoon of clean air and healthful exercise. It was very tempting.

"Come along," they urged him; "at any rate sit down and have a drink with us."

But he knew that if he were to take one drink, he would take more than one; and that afterward he would be unable to resist the temptation to idle away the afternoon in pleasant company. And he mustn't; he knew he mustn't. He'd got (*Continued on page 130*)

MOON-MAGIC

By HARRY KEMP

THREE silver birches wait outside my door,
All-lovely in the silent evening air
That sunset and its following star make fair:
Yet something still they seem to tarry for,
In this strange hush, expectant everywhere
Of some new foot of wonder on night's stair,
Something till now the lords of dusk forbore—
As if, once lent, no beauty could be more!

Three haunted slender birches wait outside
My door, and shadowy-lovely are the three—
And lovelier still, the first great stars that shine!
Then in those birches stands the moon,—and she,
The amorous eve's enchanted, silver bride,
Takes night with single wonder, and divine!

The Function of Needlepoint in the Modern Home

BY CURTIS PATTERSON

"IN ALL those hours that were not given to better employment she wrought with her own hands; and sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and looked like a sight, to see a queen work so many hours a day." So wrote Bishop Burnet about Queen Mary II., the mother of needlepoint in England. It is one of the curiosities of history that a Stuart should have become so transmuted by her marriage to a Dutchman that she was neither profligate nor absolutist, but pure housewife. Elizabeth had dabbled in needlepoint, so had Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn, whose bed-tester embroidered by Anne herself for her husband's bed is one of the pathetic memories of Henry VIII.'s reign; but it was not until William and Mary, and, later, Queen Anne, that needlepoint, the only practicable form of embroidery as a furniture covering, came to perfection. Owing to the industrious example of Queen Mary, daughter of the exiled James II., needlepoint became so popular in England that all the Ladies of the Nobility vied with each other in creating coverings for the parlor furniture. Queen Mary herself covered most of the chairs, love seats, and settees in the royal apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

It should be borne in mind that when Queen Mary came to England with William in 1688, and even when Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, almost all upper-class England dwelt in the dark wood interiors installed by Tudor, Elizabethan, or Jacobean ancestors. The baroque tradition, with the robustious individualism of Elizabethan and Cromwellian times, prevailed. It was still an age full of movement and of color, requiring strongly individualized furniture to bear up against the mental and physical background. This function needlepoint upholstery, with its blaze of colors, its insistence upon catching and holding the attention, was most adroitly fitted to perform.

Those vast Palladian monuments of dignity, frigidity, and formalism so characteristic of eighteenth-century England, and demanding formal, impersonal furniture, were yet to build. Blenheim was being decorated about 1720, Castle Howard and Chatsworth, a few years earlier. It takes at least one generation to absorb a style, to make its acceptance general. By the age of Chippendale, the mid-eighteenth century, needlepoint had, generally, ceased of creation; by that time the old wood walls were being painted or papered over, and sedater chairs of the cabinet-maker period were in order. A Chippendale chair or settee upholstered in needlepoint is not a rarity; but it concludes the chapter. (*Concluded on page 148*)

Charles of London has used early eighteenth-century English needlepoint, on fireside chairs, as accents in this dark oak room. Vigorously colored in primary yellows, reds, greens, and blues, they fit with singular appropriateness into the baroque feeling of the background, and also serve to make the room eminently livable. The room is authentic James I. (1603-1625) and is an unusually perfect example of the flamboyant Jacobean school.

"St. George and the Dragon," typical English Queen Anne needlepoint, from Vernay.

"The Four Seasons," French early eighteenth century, from Kirkham and Hall.

Two needlepoint-covered chairs and a wall-picture are used by Vernay to give life and animation to an oak room of the Carolean period. The chairs are in the vivid flower patterns, reflecting the Queen Anne taste for floriculture.

The special enrichment which a liberal use of needlepoint may bring to a sumptuous but sombre room may be studied in the treatment of this room assembled in the galleries of Frank Partridge. The forcefulness, the full coloring, the movement of the needlework pieces make an otherwise dark monotone setting glow like a jewel casket. The making and the use of needlepoint wall-pictures was characteristic of the late seventeenth century.

Photographs by Drix Duryea

A Novel by Arthur Tuckerman:

"'At least we may keep this matter to ourselves,' said O'Reilly."

HIGH WALLS

Continuing the Adventure of a Girl who Dared To be True to Herself

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead

A Résumé of the Story:

MRS. CASS-EVANS and her daughter, Greta, wandered from one European cure to another, living in depressingly respectable hotels out of season and rarely ever returning to America. Greta was a combination nurse and companion, and never had the opportunity to go about with people her own age.

Then Mrs. Cass-Evans decided to sail for America, and after several months in New York she arranged a tour of the West Indies for herself and Greta. In the hope of furthering the suit of Charles Winbridge, a smug young man of the world whom she favored for Greta's hand, she invited Charles and May Tenby, Greta's cousin, to accompany them. Greta, in desperation, prevailed upon Alexander Todd, a bachelor friend of fifty-four, to come along.

At Panama City, Greta, May, Alexander and Charles went ashore for dinner in a notorious place called "Spotted Mike's," which, however, they found disappointing. At the next table were two half-drunken natives who fixed their eyes on Greta's blonde beauty and finally one of them asked her to dance. She refused gracefully, saying she was not dancing at all. Charles imprudently seized her arm and dragged her out on the floor. At this foolish act, a tall, dark man who had been watching from a nearby table came over and urged them to leave before there was trouble. As they stood in the street waiting for a cab, the two natives followed them, jostled past them and climbed into the cab, while Charles stood by helpless. At that moment, a white bulk shot past, leaped into the cab, and sent the natives scrambling. It was the tall South American who had warned them of danger.

When Alexander turned to help Greta into the cab, he stopped, arrested by her beauty and by her trembling emotion as she gazed at the stranger, who, in turn, was staring at her with a look of honest amazement and admiration. Seated beside Greta, as they drove back to the ship, Alexander became aware of the faint, quick pulsations of her heart. . . .

By three the next afternoon, they were back on board the *Orinoco*, and they heard once again the swish of waves as the ship steamed

toward the open sea. "And that's the end of Panama," said May. "Now, Charles, get out your book and tell us some interesting facts about our next port of call."

Part Three:

CHARLES, opening the guide-book, embarked upon a half-hearted effort.

"'Natividad, the capital of the South American republic of Calagua,'" he read, "'was sighted by Christopher Columbus on his second voyage. At that time he believed that he had reached India—'"

"Every time he saw land he believed that," May interrupted. Alexander paid little attention to the reading, or the interruption. He was in too drowsy a mood. . . . And then, suddenly, he was aware of a shadow between his chair and the bright blue panel of the sea. A tremendous figure stood before him.

May gave a little gasp. "Isn't he picturesque?" she whispered ecstatically.

Clad in straw-colored pongee, bareheaded, a wide-brimmed hat of plaited straw in his hand, their acquaintance of the night before stood facing them. The tropic sun shone down upon a pair of massive shoulders, upon bronzed and aquiline features as incisive, virile, as the profile upon some old Roman coin. Alexander's first impression of an imperious and dominating nature was softened, mitigated, by the unexpectedly soft gray eyes. They had in them the light of compassion, of an understanding spirit. They were the eyes of a man who had known untold depths of suffering, who would always comprehend and pity the eternal struggle of human souls. . . . He stood there before them, a gentle, hesitant giant, as if nervously uncertain of the welcome he might receive.

Mrs. Cass-Evans awakened from a nap. "Who is this?" she whispered crossly to Alexander. And it immediately occurred to him that not one of them knew the man's name. May, while he was hesitating, saved the situation.

"We met this gentleman last night, Aunt Hilda. He gave us some very interesting sidelights on Panama, and for that reason we're greatly indebted to him."

She flashed a swift glance at the man. He looked at Mrs. Cass-Evans, bowed, gave May an almost imperceptible but reassuring nod of comprehension—a nod more mental than physical, as May afterwards remarked. With just the appropriate degree of formality, of implied homage, that would please her, he said: "Permit me to present myself, Madame: Ramon O'Reilly. To meet these young people last night was, for a lonely man, the greatest of pleasures."

Greta said timidly: "But you didn't tell us you were sailing on the *Orinoco*."

His eyes met hers. Alexander saw his great brown hands tremble; clutch the pliable straw brim of his hat in a crushing grip.

"I decided to—this morning," he replied. "I go only a short way. To Natividad, the next port, where I resume my duties as American Vice-Consul. I have been in Panama on a little vacation."

Charles roused himself, and surveyed the other with a disagreeable scrutiny.

"But, surely," he drawled, "you're not an American?"

O'Reilly replied with a gentle dignity: "I was born an American citizen, sir. My father was Irish-American, my mother a Calaguan lady." He paused, with a slight and provocative smile, as though he were asking Charles: Is there any more information that I can supply you concerning myself?

Charles said airily: "I was in the Foreign Service myself, for several years. Do you happen to know Halstead at Bogota? Or Bendix at Caracas? Poor fellows. . . . Slaves. Eventually I had the sense to give it up, you see. I found it a thankless, undersized task with few prospects."

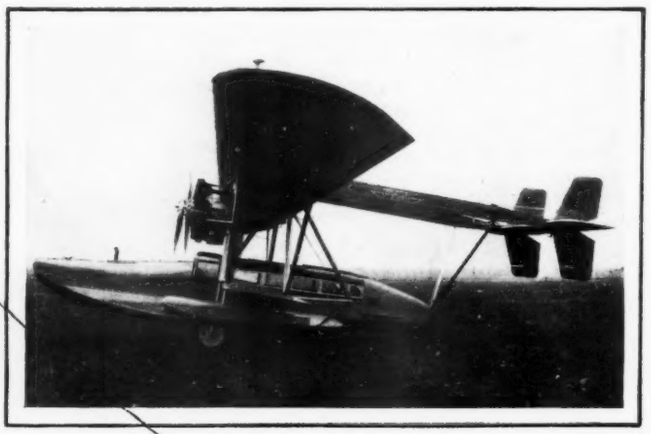
With admirable politeness the other answered: "That is only too true—but there are, unfortunately, a great many tasks in this pitiable scheme of things called civilization which require considerable perseverance and which gather very little glory. Somebody must accomplish them. . . . Isn't that so?"

Charles, somewhat red in the face, looked for a moment as if he wasn't sure whether he should take exception to the statement; and ultimately decided to ignore it. Half turning his back upon O'Reilly he suggested to Greta: "Shall we take a stroll?" Greta, with a friendly little nod to (*Continued on page 150*)

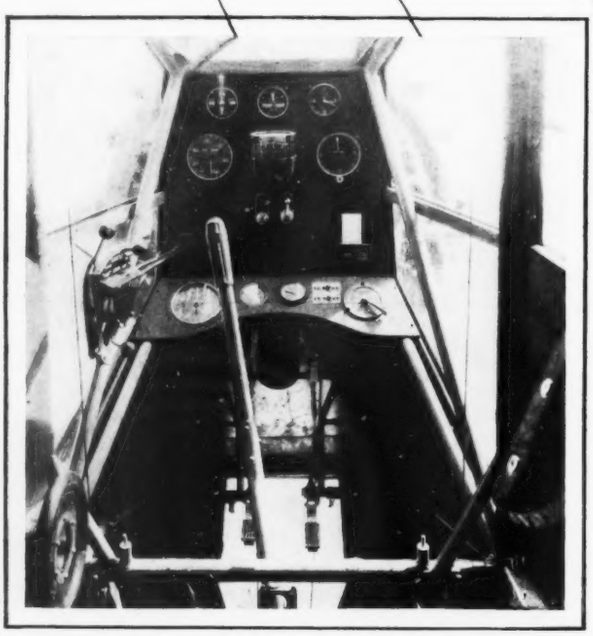
"Here, amid a tangle of lifeboats and ventilators, were Greta and Ramon O'Reilly, engaged in earnest, subdued conversation."

CALL OF THE AIR

Two-seater open cockpit Simplex sports monoplane, the type destined to be the most popular with the younger set who fly pour le sport.



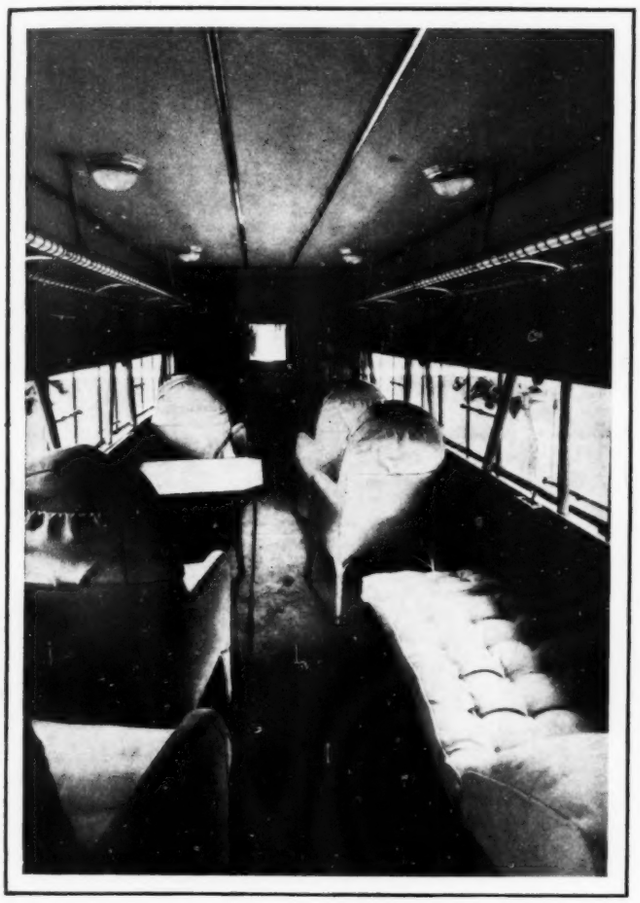
Curtiss Flying Boat of the type used on the Miami-Havana run of the Pan-American Airways. The twelve passengers wear their usual clothes in a protected cabin.



The simplicity of achieved practicality marks the instrument board of the Fairchild—no multiplicity of gadgets or controls. The "stick" is the main difference between the driver's seat in a car, and the pilot's in a plane.

What the pilot faces as he flies this Curtiss Robin will look reassuringly familiar to anyone who has ever sat behind the windshield of an auto. There is even an engine hood in front to make the tyro feel at ease.

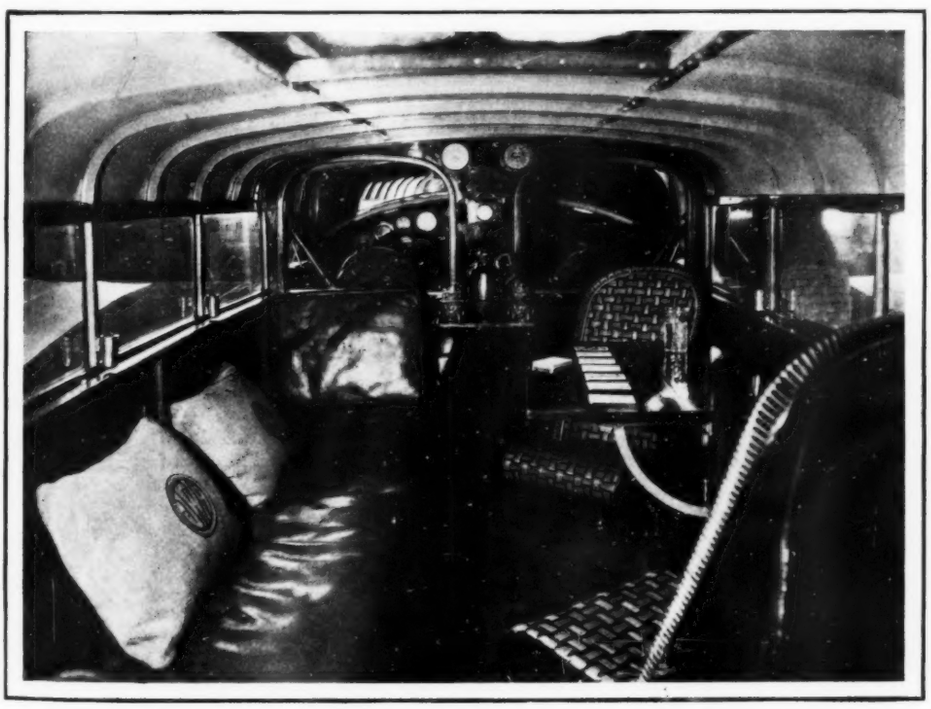
1929 Answers by Making Air Travel Simple, Practical, Comfortable, Luxurious



Could anything be more comfortable than this cabin of a Fokker plane, fully equipped and with room enough to move around in?

If you are dégagé enough to become bored with the landscape, just lie down in your bunk, or read; this in a Ford.

Lady Heath tries for altitude in an open cockpit and dresses for the part, sensibly and effectively, in helmet, boots, coats, and gauntlet gloves of leather and beaver fur.



That air travel has ceased to be a thing of hardship, a complicated endurance test, is evidenced in the cabin of the air yacht Pegasus, built for Mr. John Hay Whitney of New York by Sikorsky. The accessories extend even to carafe and ashtrays. An air yacht is designed in its fitments to owner's specifications precisely as is its senior sister for marine use.

Arthur Murrough O'Neill

The coming season has issued an insistent demand for color for evening, and the fabric-makers have responded with an endless variety of prints, imaginative and colorful enough to make any evening gathering a vivid spectacle. At the top is a gay piece of Stehli hand-blocked ninon in red, white and ink. Below it is a Cheney design of yellow-green chiffon of Sea Ferns on a blue background, intertwined in lines that have a slenderizing effect. Velvet, of course, retains its importance, and this exquisite piece in purple aster from the Shelton Looms is representative of the noncrushable velvets that are adding luster to evening affairs. Haas Brothers have a lovely chiffon print in dull and pale greens on a black ground.

Printed chiffon gown and jacket, Jay Thorpe.

FABRICS FOR EVENING

Most of the new prints are in chiffon, georgette and ninon, but many new textiles are also seen, among them those from the Celanese Corporation of America. At the top of the page is an example of Celanese printed ninon, in a pattern of yellow, orange and purple dahlias on a pale pink background. Below it, nasturtium-red daisies, green leaves and graceful wheat-stalks on a brown background form a lovely georgette print from Schwarzenbach-Huber. Next is one of the many beautiful Mallinson silks, an exquisite chiffon in shades of beige, purple and orange. The modern note appears in an unusual pattern in black, white and gray ninon which could be used for day or evening wear. Made by Migel.

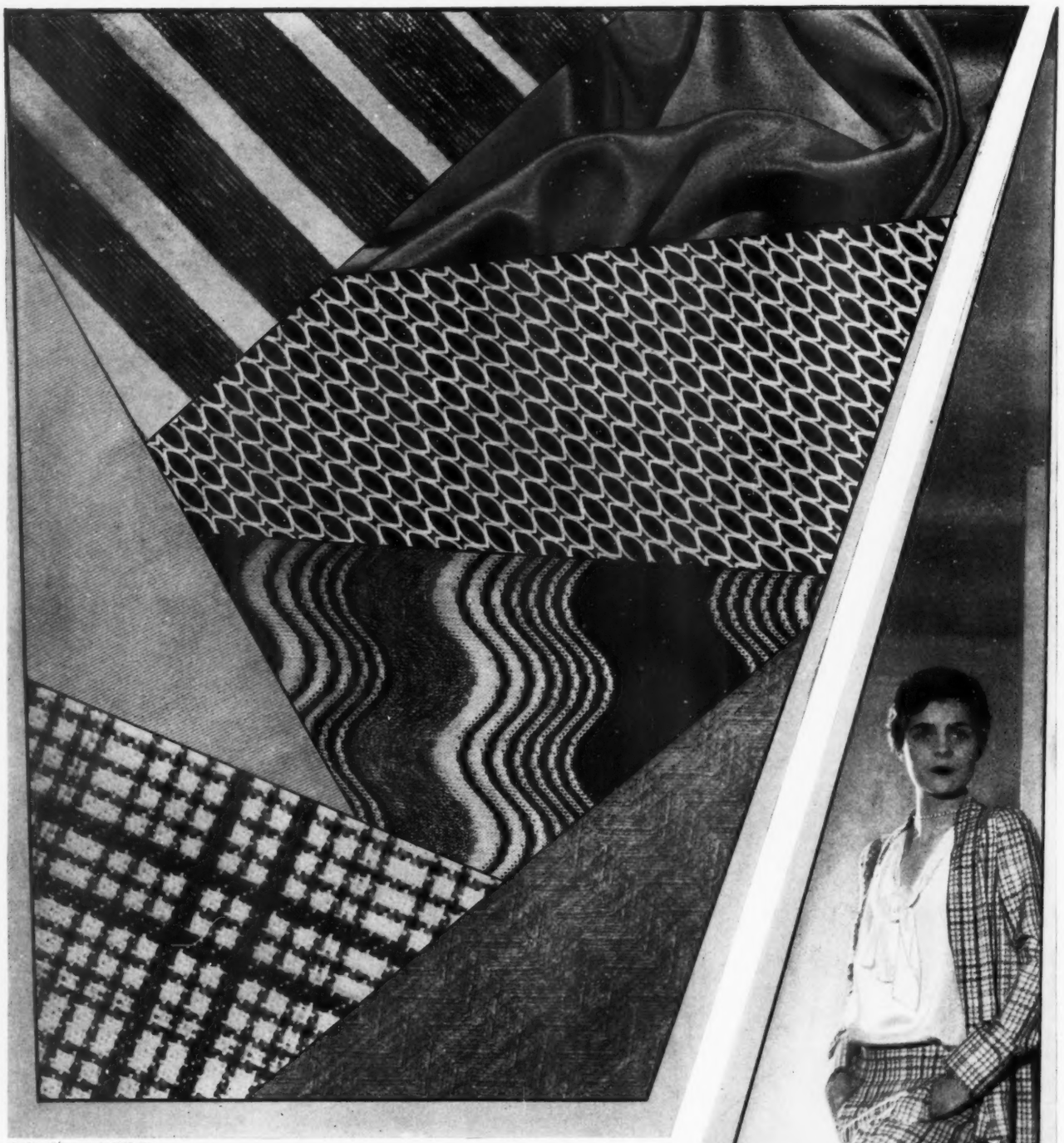
Drix Duryea

PRINTS FOR DAYTIME

Frock of printed silk; from Bonwit Teller.

The designer's ingenuity has had full play in the new printed silks for daytime wear. Marshall Field include some original prints in their Speed Age series, one of which, shown above, is called "Tire Treads." In spite of the muddy implication of its name, it is a print of corn-yellow and white on a rosy pink background. Cheney's twin design is a pussy-willow print of daisies in blue, white and scarlet and is also made in a smaller pattern to be combined in the same frock or developed into the ensemble. Schwarzenbach-Huber make an interesting beige, green and yellow leaf pattern on black crêpe. One of Cheney Brothers' Peasant Prints is this interesting design of vari-colored flowers on a background of beige crêpe.

From the house of Corticelli comes a lovely print in an effective blending of red, pink and rose in a tracery of leaves. Haas Brothers combine the new mustard yellow with black in a striking printed crêpe. One unusual feature of many of the new prints is the duplication of the same design in crêpe and chiffon or taffeta and chiffon, so that the two materials may be combined in an ensemble. An example of this combination comes from Corticelli in a design of greens, yellows, reds and white on a black background. The distinguishing feature of an attractive brown and cream crêpe print from the Onondaga Silk Company is a futuristic border in chartreuse and dull orange, forming a swirling pattern.

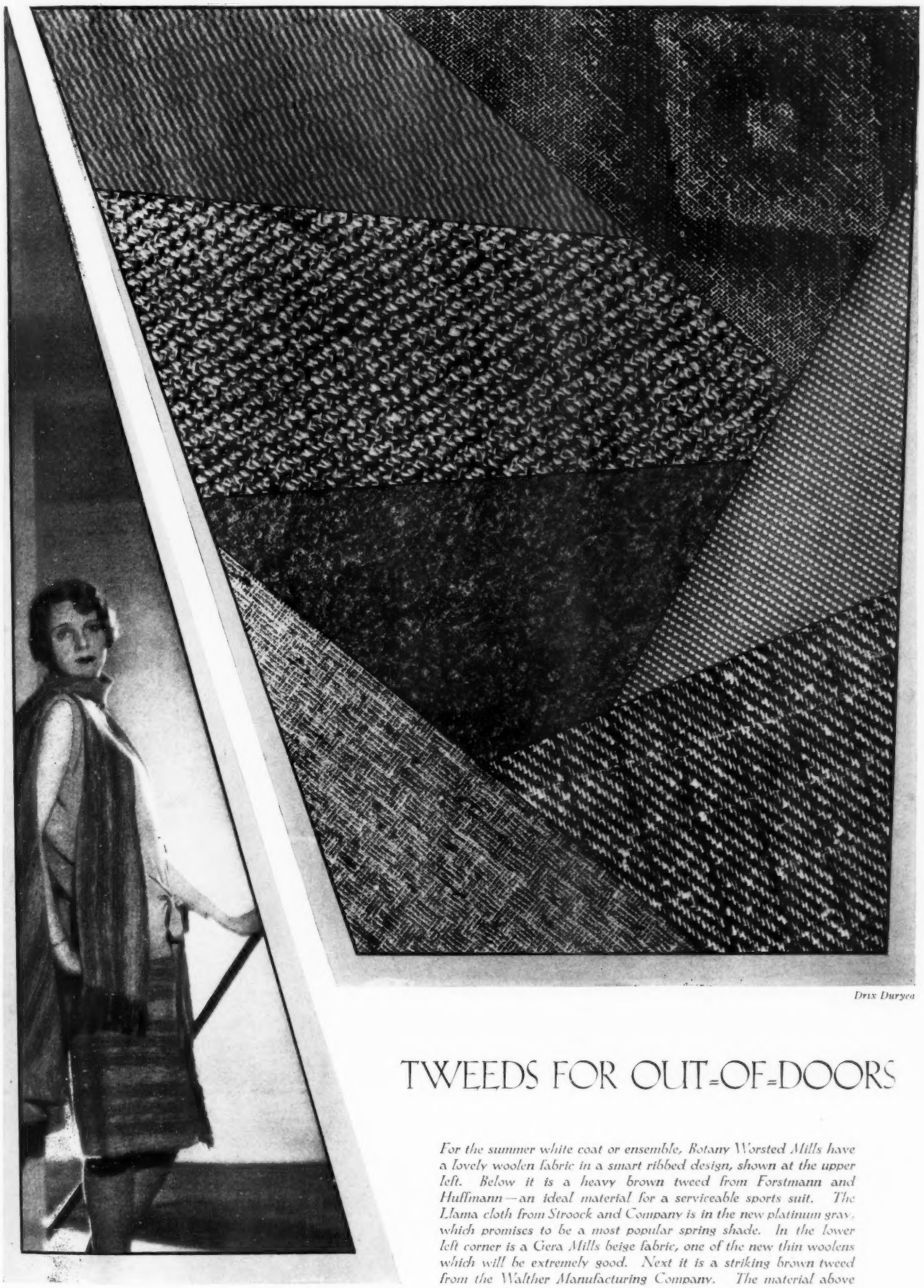


Arthur Murrough O'Neill

FABRICS FOR SPORTS WEAR

For sports or morning wear, the well-dressed woman has a choice of a wide variety of heavy silks, woolens and kashas. The black and white wool material from Lombardi Knitcraft, shown at the top of the page, is especially adapted for sports ensembles. Below it is Haas Brothers lustrous silk piqué, a material which shows every indication of becoming one of the leading summer fabrics. Cheney Brothers are proud of their "Debonair," a broken-check silk in brown, yellow, white and black. Next to it is a beautiful piece of natural-color kasha from the Botany Worsted Mills. Above it is the Security Mills "Ondulé" pattern, a graceful design in a knitted material. Stehli Silks have a quaint pattern called "Cloisonné," and the lovely flat crêpe from Skinner, shown here, is in a new shade called "Brioche."

Model of Debonair silk; from J. J. Jonas.



Drix Duryea

TWEEDS FOR OUT-OF-DOORS

For the summer white coat or ensemble, Botany Worsted Mills have a lovely woolen fabric in a smart ribbed design, shown at the upper left. Below it is a heavy brown tweed from Forstmann and Huffmann—an ideal material for a serviceable sports suit. The Llama cloth from Stroock and Company is in the new platinum gray, which promises to be a most popular spring shade. In the lower left corner is a Cera Mills beige fabric, one of the new thin woolens which will be extremely good. Next it is a striking brown tweed from the Walther Manufacturing Company. The material above it is a light brown jersey combined with rayon, manufactured by the Lebanon Mill Company. At the top is another Forstmann and Huffmann tweed, in green with the design in a darker shade.

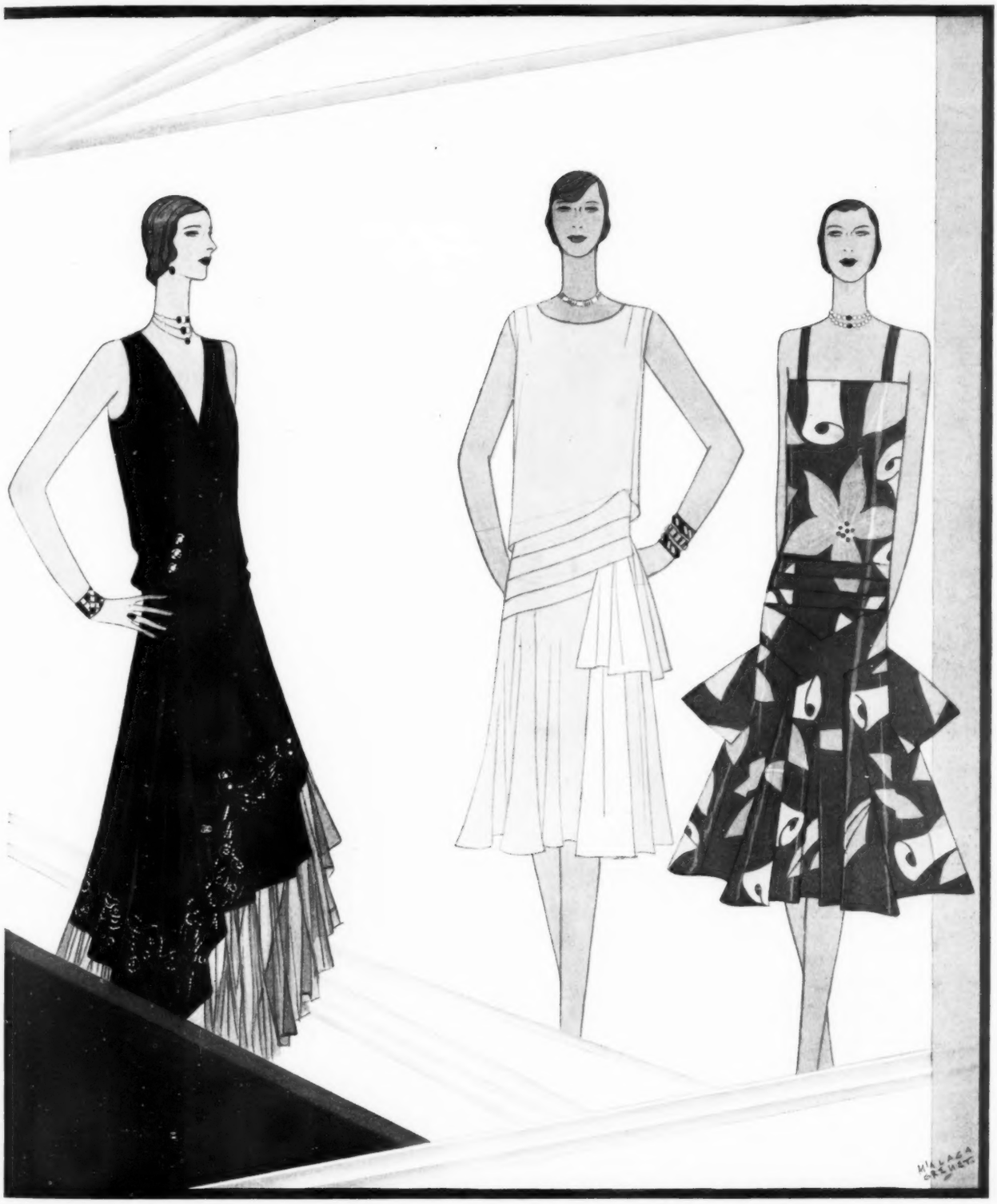
Tweed cape costume; from Bergdorf Goodman.

TRAILING DRAPERIES LEND ELEGANCE

Extremely simple but flattering in line is an evening ensemble from Bergdorf Goodman, of buff crêpe Elizabeth. The circular cape on the coatee, which may be gathered around the neck into a crush collar, is banded with soft beige fox in an exactly matching tone.

Louiseboulanger uses a gorgeously flowered silk lamé for the medium of a charming evening frock, placing a hip bow at the left in her own inimitable manner. Side panels, one longer than the other, achieve the desired unevenness of the hem-line. Jay Thorpe.

Very elongated side drapes characterize this Vionnet gown of dragée blue crêpe Elizabeth, an import from Lord and Taylor. The slightly decolleté diagonal neck-line at the front gives no hint of the low line in the back which extends in a deep V almost to the waist.



TAFFETA'S BOUFFANT LINE IS YOUNG

A black taffeta dress, with princess back, from Hattie Carnegie, is both bouffant and crisp. The skirt, short on one side, barely escapes the floor on the other. Flat tulle flounces are used on the skirt, joined under a band of seed pearls and tiny mirrors.

Lanvin makes a charming evening frock of two shades of flat crêpe, an ideal dancing frock for the young girl. Apple green is used for the body of the dress, with inset and loose panel on the left side of contrasting Nile green. Imported by B. Altman and Co.

An effective floral design in Bianchini warp printed taffeta, featuring slate blue and gray, makes this dancing frock from Franklin Simon. The circular side panels achieve a delightfully youthful silhouette; the bands on the bodice suggest a high waist.

ONE MAY SHOW HER EYEBROWS WITH IMPUNITY

This large, floppy hat for spring has the deep sou'wester back. A Patou creation of greenish gray from Saks-Fifth Avenue, it is bound in matching grosgrain ribbon with a bow posed at the brim's edge.

This black felt hat from Reboux is worn quite high on the forehead. A scalloped cuff brim, inset with black straw, turns back. From Altman.

A dark blue felt, poke shape, from Reboux, lifts in a sharp arc over the brow, banded in three violet tones of velvet ribbon. Imported by Bonwit Teller.

Agnès varies her conventional beige tricot turban by a crown of black satin, placing two ears amusingly at the top. From Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Interest centers at the left of this rosy beige felt from Knox, with elongated brim and small strips of felt forming cross bars and tight rolls.

BY AN EQUALIZING PROCESS BACKS GROW LONGER

A black felt close-fitting cap from Rollee called "Chauve Souris". The brim is slashed clean off across the front with ends drawn back and tied at the back, forming flaps over the ears.

Saks-Fifth Avenue imports a black felt hat from Marie Christiane with bands of soleil outlining one point over the eye, another at the back.

A green felt hat from Mignon lifts in a point over the brow. One quill lacquered in darker green extends off the brim, another crosses the crown.

In a henna soleil from Marimay, Agnès cuts a straight line across the brow. The brim droops sharply downward from the front over the ears.

Reboux lifts the brim high on the crown of a black soleil hat from N. Gibson Clark, pulling a felt bow through the crown at the right side.

The charm of intricate French workmanship is evident in this black satin daytime ensemble from Yvonne Carette, imported by Bergdorf Goodman. The loose coat has a scarf attached; the blouse of absinthe green satin has stitched bands radiating from the center. The Suzanne Talbot hat of felt with straw brim imported by Kurzman.

Lanvin makes an afternoon ensemble of sheer black crêpe romain, edging the sleeveless coat and bell sleeves of the frock with bands of ermine. Fine hand-tucking forms a band on the sleeves, another on the bodice, while the whole of the full circular skirt is tucked. A higher waist-line is suggested by the tucking. Saks-Fifth Avenue.

The slenderizing V line is much accented in a charming rose-brown crêpe de Chine frock for afternoon, from London Trades. Deep inlaid plaits subtly furnish fulness to the skirt front. A belt of the crêpe, leather-lined, suggests the normal waist-line. A smart little bow is pulled through slashes on the front of the bodice. Wanamaker.

AFTERNOON GOWNS OF OUTSTANDING CHIC

Lord and Taylor import a delightful sports ensemble from Louiseboulanger. The frock of wool jersey in a lacy weave has a yoke back and front, which sets rather high on the neck. The unlined coat is of tan and brown checked tweed. The belt, wide at the back, is bound with leather at the edges and joined with a narrow band of suède.

Jay Thorpe import an intriguing sports ensemble from Suzanne Talbot, the skirt of navy blue kasha, the blouse of chartreuse green jersey. Narrow pointed bands form the skirt front. The loose coat has an attached scarf collar and interesting shaped pockets. A gob hat of navy blue felt with stitched cuff completes the outfit.

A navy blue crêpe ondemoussa frock from London Trades, imported by Best, shows intricate fabric manipulation and the very important new princess line. The turnover collar, cuffs and flower are of stiffly glazed white linen. The narrow belt is of the material of the dress, lined with leather. The hat is of dark navy blue balibuntl.

THIN WOOLENS HAVE BEAUTY AND CHARM

Something quite new and different in accessories is the fan with evening sandals to match. This set from I. Miller is of gaily flowered lamé with rich gold background. The sticks of the fan are gold color; the shoes have a gold kid saddle and heel. An evening purse of excellent design is this envelope of silver lamé with carved jade buckle, lined and fitted with green moire. From N. Gibson Clark.

Bonwit Teller imports a soft vagabond hand-bag in black antelope with a turn clasp of a jade-green semi-precious stone set in marcasite. On top of the glove pile is a Worth gauntlet in two shades of beige, with five buttons and godets at the wrist. Imported by Saks-Fifth Avenue. Underneath are two pairs of beige pull-on suède, imported by Bonwit Teller, one from Alexandrine, with black stitching, the other from Powell's. The stockings from B. Altman are distinctive for their fish-net stripes, and come in all the new sunburn tones. The sulphur-green bandana for sports wear is ingeniously cut to tie snugly about the head, with two smoked crystal rings to pull the ends through. From Saks-Fifth Avenue. The triple strand necklace, from B. Altman, is made of lustrous Richelieu pearls, in pale pink tint, with platinum and diamond clasp. These new flowers in all the pale shades are being seen all over Paris. Of silk, with finely fluted edges, they belong distinctly to the carnation family. Imported by Jay Thorpe. Bonwit Teller imports an exquisite necklace of rare flawed emeralds, the graduated stones joined by four strands of seed pearls. Something entirely new in bathing jewelry is this solitary earring of gold and turquoise, from Nowitzky, which, when worn by the bather, renders her safe in the water, so the legend goes. Imported by Jay Thorpe.

COMPLEMENTARY CHIC

Arthur Murrough O'Neill

This black silk umbrella from Lord and Taylor has an especially good-looking handle of dark, egg-shell enamel, with alternating strips of black, and a black ferrule. Jay Thorpe imports a Lelong hand-bag in wood-brown calf, made entirely of leather thongs in a latticed weave. A scarf of silk and wool shantung has a border of mustard on beige, brown and red. Franklin Simon.

Best and Company import a pouch hand-bag from Worth of fine black antelope in a quite new shape. One large gold ball marks the apex of the bag, another acts as slide for the flexible gold chain of the handle to slip through. Most ingenious, extremely practical and quite new is a collapsible umbrella of brown and blue plaid silk. It folds compactly and fits into its own compartment in a commodious bag of brown calf. From Saks-Fifth Avenue. B. Altman imports from Marcel Rochas an unusual oblong purse of silk tapestry, with belt to match, in which three bright shades are effectively combined in the cubistic block design: burnt orange, brown and red. A silver watch with oblong face and enameled ends is conveniently placed in the leather handle of a hand-bag of blue and white check tweed; an ingenious device from Worth imported by Franklin Simon. In these two necklaces of semi-precious stones imported by Bonwit Teller, the soft blue of chalcedony forms an interesting color contrast with the pale pink of rose quartz. In the one at the right, small square-cut stones of rose quartz alternate charmingly with pointed stones of chalcedony. At the left, the large square cabochon of chalcedony set in marcasite forms an effective ornament for the chain of small blue stones and carved pink rosebuds. It is just such creations as these which have glorified costume jewelry.

Drix Duryea

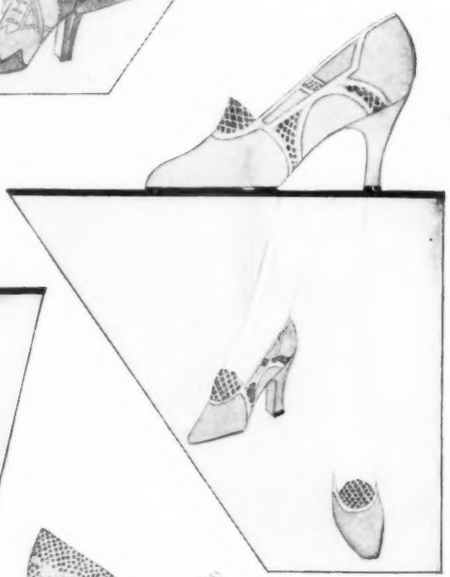
IMPORTANT NOVELTIES

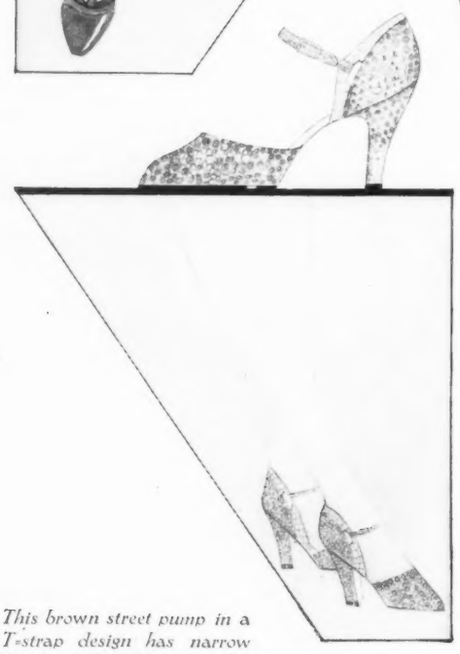
ADVANCED TYPES OF NEW SPRING FOOTWEAR

Delman makes this opera pump of pink sequin brocade, with bands and heel of silver, and overlay of pink satin kid. It is a simple and charming type of evening shoe and deservedly popular.

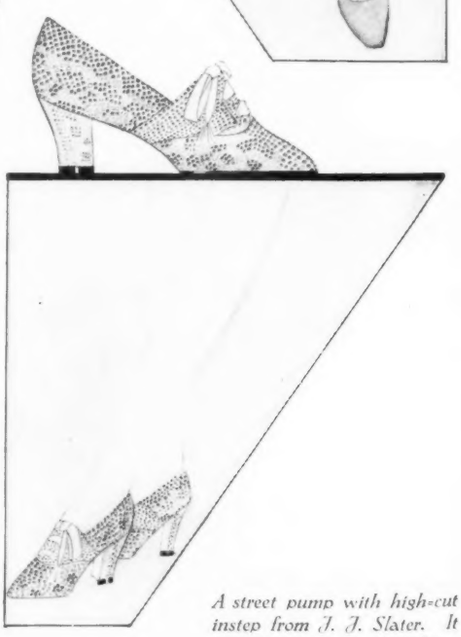
An excellent sort of shoe with solid leather heel, suitable for tweeds and day clothes, of brown suède. Saks-Fifth Ave.

Beige suède forms the body of this street oxford, which has tip and saddle of lizard in the same shade, and the smart solid leather heel. Delman.





A stunning daytime sandal of black and white lizard, trimmed with strappings of pure white lizard. This type of reptilian is smart with all light-colored sports clothes. From Henning.

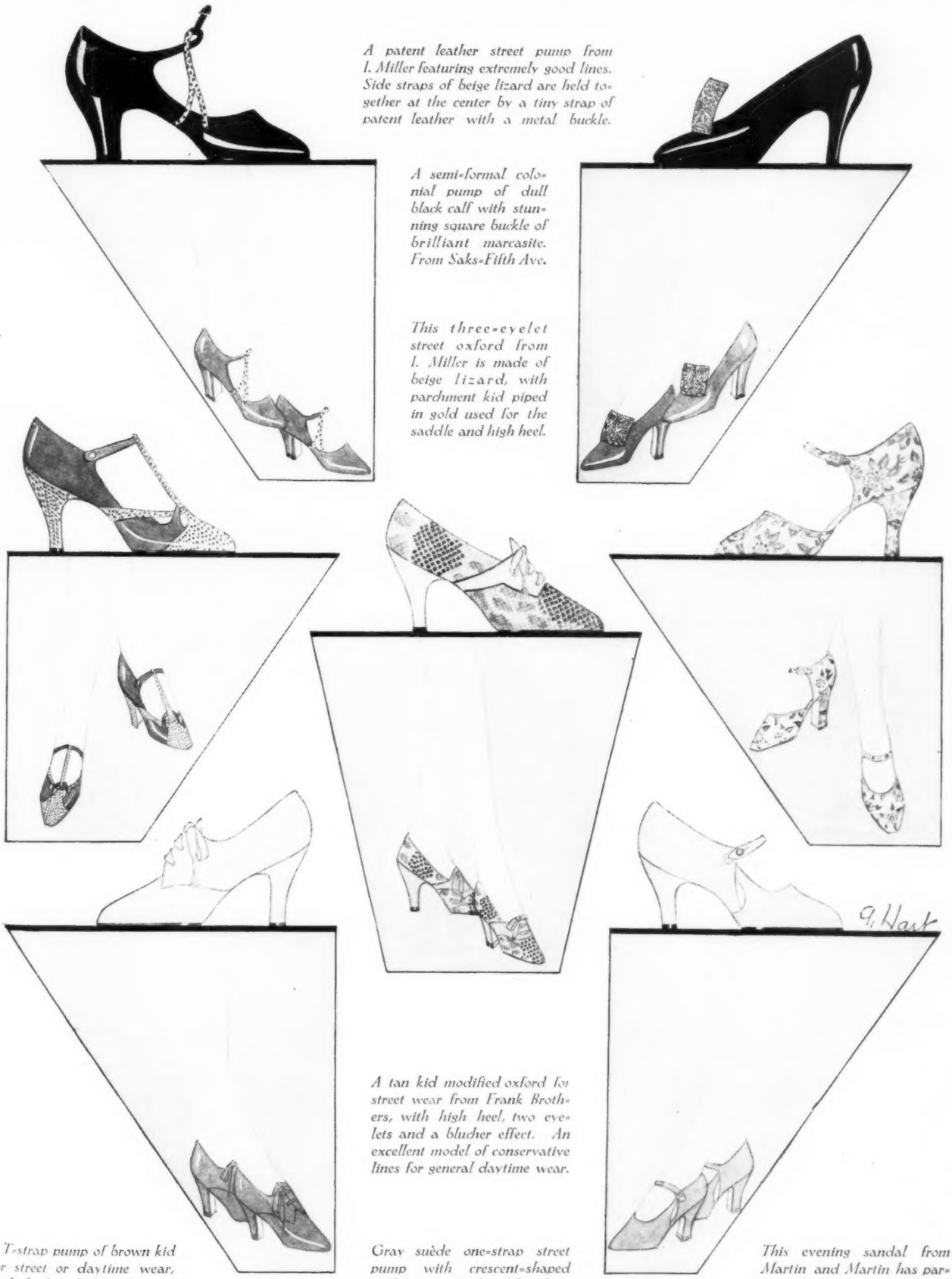


This brown street pump in a T-strap design has narrow bandings of darker brown kid accentuated by narrow pipings of black patent leather on all the edges. From Henning.

A practical type of shoe for street or sports wear is this gray lizard from J. J. Slater. It is a three-eyelet modified oxford with the moderately low heel which is so very practical.

A street pump with high-cut instep from J. J. Slater. It is of antelope in a deep beige shade with high heel and shaped insets of brown lizard at both the front and sides.

SHOES THAT WILL GRACE SMART GATHERINGS



A patent leather street pump from I. Miller featuring extremely good lines. Side straps of beige lizard are held together at the center by a tiny strap of patent leather with a metal buckle.

A semi-formal colonial pump of dull black calf with stunning square buckle of brilliant marcasite. From Saks-Fifth Ave.

This three-eyelet street oxford from I. Miller is made of beige lizard, with parchment kid piped in gold used for the saddle and high heel.

A tan kid modified oxford for street wear from Frank Brothers, with high heel, two eyelets and a blucher effect. An excellent model of conservative lines for general daytime wear.

A T-strap pump of brown kid for street or daytime wear, with heel and strappings of matching brown lizard from Frank Brothers. The T-strap is a universally becoming type.

Gray suède one-strap street pump with crescent-shaped perforation at the sides from Martin and Martin. The gray shoe is an excellent complement to the all-gray costume.

This evening sandal from Martin and Martin has particularly becoming lines. Of gold and cerise flowered brocade, it is trimmed with narrow pipings of gold leather.

By Stephen Vincent Benét:

THE KING OF THE CATS

An Eerie Tale by the Famous Author Of "John Brown's Body"

Illustration by Chris Marie Meeker

"BUT, my *dear*," said Mrs. Culverin, with a tiny gasp, "you can't actually mean—a *tail!*"

Mrs. Dingle nodded impressively. "Exactly. I've seen him. Twice. Paris, of course, and then, a command appearance at Rome—we were in the Royal box. He conducted—my dear, you've never heard such effects from an orchestra—and, my dear," she hesitated slightly, "he conducted *with it.*"

"How perfectly, fascinatingly too horrid for words!" said Mrs. Culverin in a dazed but greedy voice. "We *must* have him to dinner as soon as he comes over—he is coming over, isn't he?"

"The twelfth," said Mrs. Dingle with a gleam in her eyes. "The New Symphony people have asked him to be guest-conductor for three special concerts—I do hope you can dine with *us* some night while he's here—he'll be very busy, of course—but he's promised to give us what time he can spare—"

"Oh, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Culverin, abstractedly, her last raid upon Mrs. Dingle's pet British novelist still fresh in her mind. "You're always so delightfully hospitable—but you mustn't wear yourself out—the rest of us must do *our* part—I know Harry and myself would be only too glad to—"

"That's very sweet of you, darling." Mrs. Dingle also remembered the larceny of the British novelist. "But we're just going to give Monsieur Tibault—sweet name, isn't it! They say he's descended from the Tybalt in 'Romeo and Juliet' and that's why he doesn't like Shakespeare—we're just going to give Monsieur Tibault the simplest sort of time—a little reception after his first concert, perhaps. He hates," she looked around the table, "large, mixed parties. And then, of course, his—er—little idiosyncrasy—" she coughed delicately. "It makes him feel a trifle shy with strangers."

"But I don't understand yet, Aunt Emily," said Tommy Brooks, Mrs. Dingle's nephew. "Do you really mean this Tibault bozo has a tail? Like a monkey and everything?"

"Tommy dear," said Mrs. Culverin, crushingly, "in the first place Monsieur Tibault is not a bozo—he is a very distinguished musician—the finest conductor in Europe. And in the second place—"

"He has," Mrs. Dingle was firm. "He has a tail. He conducts with it."

"Oh, but honestly!" said Tommy, his ears pinkening, "I mean—of course, if you say so, Aunt Emily, I'm sure he has—but still, it sounds pretty steep, if you know what I mean! How about it, Professor Tatto?"

Professor Tatto cleared his throat. "Tck," he said, putting his fingertips together cautiously, "I shall be very anxious to see this Monsieur Tibault. For myself, I have never observed a genuine specimen of *homo caudatus*, so I should be inclined to doubt, and yet . . . In the Middle Ages, for instance, the belief in men—er—tailed or with caudal appendages of some sort, was both widespread and, as far as we can gather, well-founded. As late as the Eighteenth Century, a Dutch sea-captain with some character for veracity, recounts the discovery of a pair of such creatures in the island of Formosa. They were in a low state of civilization, I believe, but the appendages in question were quite distinct. And in 1860, Dr. Grimbrook, the English surgeon, claims to have treated no less than three African natives with short but evident tails—though his testimony rests upon his unsupported word. After all, the thing is not impossible, though doubtless unusual. Web feet—rudimentary gills—these occur with some frequency. The appendix we have with us always. The chain of our descent from the ape-like form is by no means complete. For that matter," he beamed around the table, "what can we call the last few vertebræ of the normal spine but the beginnings of a concealed and rudimentary tail? Oh, yes—yes—it's possible—quite—that in an extraordinary case—a reversion to type—a survival—though, of course—"

"I told you so," said Mrs. Dingle triumphantly. "*Isn't* it fascinating? Isn't it, Princess?"

The Princess Vivrakanarda's eyes, blue as a field of larkspur, fathomless as the center of heaven, rested lightly for a moment on Mrs. Dingle's excited countenance.

"Ve-ry fascinating," she said, in a voice like stroked, golden velvet. "I should like—I should like ve-ry much to meet this Monsieur Tibault."

"Well, *I* hope he breaks his neck!" said Tommy Brooks, under his breath—but nobody ever paid much attention to Tommy.

Nevertheless, as the time for M. Tibault's arrival in these States drew nearer and nearer, people in general began to wonder whether the Princess had spoken quite truthfully—for there was no doubt of the fact that, up till then, she had been the unique sensation of the season—and you know what social lions and lionesses are.

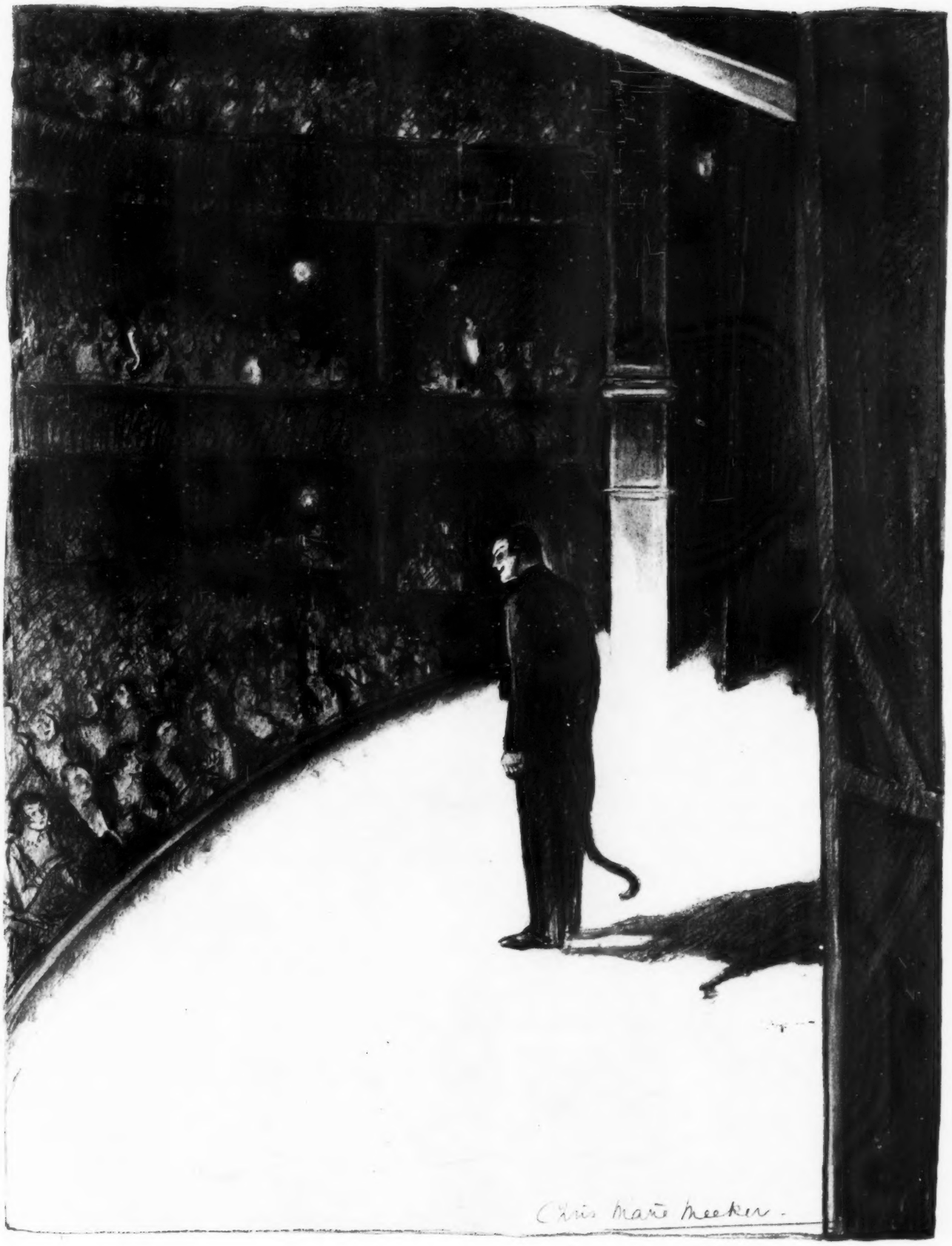
It was, if you remember, a Siamese season, and genuine Siamese were at quite as much of a premium as Russian accents had been in the quaint old days when the Chauve-Souris was a novelty. The Siamese Art Theatre, imported at terrific expense, was playing to packed houses at the Century Theatre. "Gushuptzgu," an epic novel of Siamese farm life, in nineteen closely-printed volumes, had just been awarded the Nobel prize. Prominent pet-and-newt dealers reported no cessation in the appalling demand for Siamese cats. And upon the crest of this wave of interest in things Siamese, the Princess Vivrakanarda poised with the elegant nonchalance of a Hawaiian water-baby upon his surfboard. She was indispensable. She was incomparable. She was everywhere.

Youthful, enormously wealthy, allied on one hand to the Royal Family of Siam and on the other to the Cabots (and yet with the first eighteen of her twenty-one years shrouded from speculation in a golden zone of mystery), the mingling of races in her had produced an exotic beauty as distinguished as it was strange. She moved with a feline, effortless grace, and her skin was as if it had been gently powdered with tiny grains of the purest gold—yet the blueness of her eyes, set just (*Continued on page 110*)

TO A LADY'S COUNTENANCE

One of ELINOR WYLIE'S Last Poems

THIS unphilosophic sight,
This silly mask of silken white,
This thing which has, to hide its grief,
Less than a rose's lesser leaf,
This web a spider might have spun
With patience and precision,
This veil concealing sorrow's face,
Arranged with elegance and grace,
Which shall remain, when all is said,
After sorrow itself is dead,
In color, a camellia flower,
In shape, a whim of the glass-blower,
The mind's eye hollowed and made blind,
But not the brow above the mind,
And, whatsoever may be starved,
The little lips uncut, uncarved,
God's power has disdained to mould
This clay so delicate and cold.
Perchance he took it for the flesh
Of mushrooms, or the silkworm's mesh,
Stuff too slight to bear the fine
Fingertip of the divine
In lines of noble heritage,
And so, you do not show your age.



"THEY called him theatric — but how well he understood the uses of theatricalism! Dressed in unrelieved black from head to foot, he did not walk on, he strolled, leisurely, easily, aloofly — the glittering darkness of his eyes unmoved by any surprise or elation."

Last-Minute Sketches from Paris

Louise Boulanger

Worn on the stag by Spinelly. Tussore costume in red and blue

Jane Regny

Pastel blue broadcloth, very thin, with white cuffs of broadcloth

Drecoll-Beer

Amethyst crêpe de chine with bolero effect and jabot revers

Lanvin

White cheviot coat and red crepella frock. Tie in black and white. Red shoes

Jean Latour

Pale pink tussore with large black tie and lace collar and cuffs

Tollmann

White stiff satin evening gown, skirt and large bow lined with orange

Jenny

Spring coat in yellow wool reps with cape effect in back and beaver collar

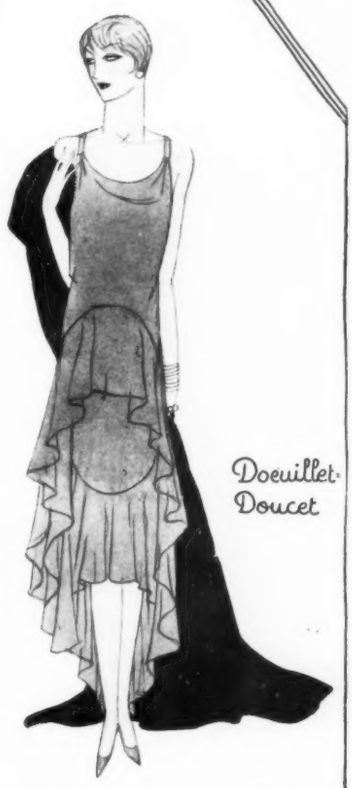
Agnès-Rodier
Hat with Scotch plaid wool scarf in red blue, green, white and yellow

Agnès-Rodier
Hat and scarf in Djersaplume. Hat of rust felt. Jersey in grey, white, brown and rust

Tollmann
Sports ensemble in two shades of rose wool jersey

Lanvin

Black faille gown with motif in silver beads



Doeuillet-Doucet

Evening frock of midnight blue chiffon Double skirt long in the back

OUR ENTERTAINERS

Let the Jester Be His Spontaneous Self!

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Drawing by Hans Flato

THIS is a plea for "I Pagliacci," our mountebanks and mimes, not of the opera variety who tunefully wring our hearts across the vastnesses of the Metropolitan, but for those members of society "in our own set" whom Fate, perhaps unkindly, has invested with something of the antique taste for motley. We all know the type, so standardized that it is described in phrases which have become *clichés*. It is he who is counted on to be "the life of the party"; his are the witticisms supposed to "set the table in a roar!" It is this obligation to be amusing which makes him, frequently, an object to be pitied.

We write seriously, for we have studied these kindly clowns. We are, perhaps, one of them; at least, we feel for them.

Time was when the jester was an institution, embodied usually by a crack-brained unfortunate whose irrationality was esteemed mirthful. Loved by few, derided by many, he was the sport of king and court. Does not something of this mixed estate cling to those who currently play the fool? And yet, how ruthlessly Society hunts them, corners them, and bids them stand and deliver!

It is amazing how quickly a reputation for "being funny" attaches itself to these hapless individuals, how devastatingly they are exposed to the demands of committees and chairmen, how constantly they are besought to make speeches, act in plays, or auction off kewpie dolls. Be their daily work ever so serious, they are never without the menace of a call from some lovely and disarming lady who says sweetly, "You are *just* the man, and you mustn't disappoint us!" A highly developed technique, born of the instinct for self-defense, enables the victim to wriggle out of many of these office and telephone importunities. But what can be said of their private appearances at social functions, dinners and supper-parties, where they are expected to "do their stuff" whether or not they are in the mood! Unfairly enough, it is their very social status, their "amateur standing," which makes a refusal seem ungrateful if not actually discourteous. The professional is protected by his box-office contract; the social contract knows no such mercies. Indeed, there is no sight more pitiful than that of a reluctant "entertainer" in the hands of an adamantine hostess.

For the most part this is an unconscious cruelty. The mental make-up of the parlor "pantaloon" is rarely understood. He is often so gay, so debonair, so light-hearted, that he is assumed to be so always. But he is, after all, human. Not to put too tragic a face on it, he has his moments of mental fatigue and dulness, even of depression. Probably his very ability to sparkle, on occasions, springs from a sensitiveness which makes him peculiarly the prey to mood. Too infrequently this sensitiveness is neither recognized nor respected. He must rise to the occasion and "be as funny as he can" when his inner impulse is to shriek a rude imprecation at his audience and flee into the night.

There are, of course, two sides to this question of society's attitude toward its entertainers. There are performers whom nothing can down, and it has been justly said that there is nothing more terrible than "a bird that can't sing, but will." But these we may dismiss. They are not of the true guild of amateur artists who really entertain: they are merely bores. Yet the sufferings of both audiences and actors could easily be done away with by the simple expedient of dispensing entirely with prearranged diversion, with "set-pieces," so to speak, leaving the delight or dolefulness of one's guests solely to spontaneity.

This, we confess, would not be as simple as it sounds, or, if simple, might well result in an evening of pontifical solemnity. This, however, is a contingency of which we stand in far too great awe. An evening may well be solemnly serious and yet vastly entertaining. We recall with delight Addison's comment on his coffee-house companions whom he cultivated not because they amused him but because they were "a gentle preparation for sleep."

But it is safe, we believe, to assume that, given to any social group a fair proportion of entertaining "talent," and assuming, likewise, a cheerful do-it-or-not attitude on the part of the hostess, the party will not be a failure. A charming matron confided to us that she "never asked anyone to do anything and they always did!" Though involved, we got her meaning.

This is a sage suggestion. For our blithe jesters do love their work, especially when it springs from within, unprompted save by such subtle influences as we have mentioned. Then their gay songs, recitations, impersonations and other social "stunts" are essentially expressions of gratitude, an indirect but very real way of saying, "I'm glad I'm here!"

X

Philadelphia Pepper Pot

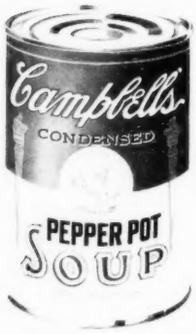
What a soup for hungry men!

There's a pungent invitation to good eating, a hearty savor and sound body about real Philadelphia Pepper Pot that promises good cheer and grateful satisfaction to robust appetites.

No wonder that in Philadelphia, where Pepper Pot originated, it is still a great, popular dish. Once you, too, taste it, you'll readily understand why. It's a soup your appetite remembers!

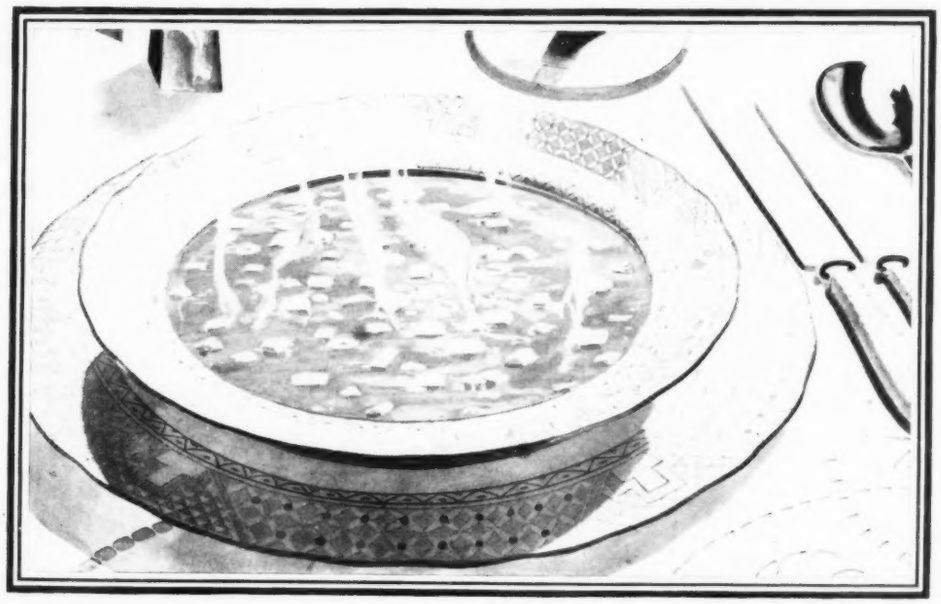
For no other soup is quite like Pepper Pot —no other soup can be! A rich stock, velvety smooth and bland, brimming with pieces of delicious meat, diced potatoes and carrots. Seasoned to a nicety with ground black peppercorns, savory thyme and marjoram, fresh parsley, sweet pimientos. And further generously endowed with wholesome macaroni dumplings.

What a soup indeed for hungry men! Serve Philadelphia Pepper Pot as Campbell's make it for you from a famous old colonial recipe. Once you and yours taste its unique savor, its piquancy and zest—you will want to serve it often. Your grocer has it. 12 cents a can.



A Man's Soup

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE KING OF THE CATS

(Continued from page 104)

a trifle slantingly, was as pure and startling as the sea on the rocks of Maine. Her brown hair fell to her knees—she had been offered extraordinary sums by the Master Barbers' Protective Association to have it shingled. Straight as a waterfall tumbling over brown rocks, it had a vague perfume of sandalwood and suave spices and held tints of rust and the sun. She did not talk very much—but then she did not have to—her voice had an odd, small, melodious huskiness that haunted the mind. She lived alone and was reputed to be very lazy—at least it was known that she slept during most of the day—but at night she bloomed like a moonflower and a depth came into her eyes.

It was no wonder that Tommy Brooks fell in love with her. The wonder was that she let him. There was nothing exotic or distinguished about Tommy—he was just one of those pleasant, normal young men who seem created to carry on the bond business by reading the newspapers in the University Club during most of the day, and can always be relied upon at night to fill an unexpected hole in a dinner-party. It is true that the Princess could hardly be said to do more than tolerate any of her suitors—no one had ever seen those aloofly arrogant eyes enliven at the entrance of any male. But she seemed to be able to tolerate Tommy a little more than the rest—and that young man's infatuated day-dreams were beginning to be beset by smart solitaires and imaginary apartments on Park Avenue, when the famous M. Tibault conducted his first concert at Carnegie Hall.

TOMMY BROOKS sat beside the Princess. The eyes he turned upon her were eyes of longing and love, but her face was as impassive as a Benda mask, and the only remark she made during the preliminary bustlings was that there seemed to be a number of people in the audience. But Tommy was relieved, if anything, to find her even a little more aloof than usual, for, ever since Mrs. Culverin's dinner-party, a vague disquiet as to the possible impression which this Tibault creature might make upon her, had been growing in his mind. It shows his devotion that he was present at all. To a man whose simple Princetonian nature found in "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," the quintessence of musical art, the average symphony was a positive torture, and he looked forward to the evening's program itself with a grim, brave smile.

"Ssh!" said Mrs. Dingle, breathlessly. "He's coming!" It seemed to the startled Tommy as if he were suddenly back in the trenches under a heavy barrage, as M. Tibault made his entrance to a perfect bombardment of applause.

Then the enthusiastic noise was sliced off in the middle and a gasp took its place—a vast, windy sigh, as if every person in that multitude had suddenly said "Ah." For the papers had not lied about him. The tail was there.

They called him theatric—but how well he understood the uses of theatricalism! Dressed in unrelieved black from head to foot (the black dress-shirt had been a special token of Mussolini's esteem), he did not walk on, he strolled, leisurely, easily, aloofly, the famous tail curled nonchalantly about one wrist—a suave, black panther lounging through a summer garden with that little mysterious weave of the head that panthers have when they pad behind bars—the glittering darkness of his eyes unmoved by any surprise or elation. He nodded, twice, in regal acknowledgment, as the clapping reached an apogee of frenzy. To Tommy there was something dreadfully reminiscent of the Princess in the way he nodded. Then he turned to his orchestra.

A second and louder gasp went up from the audience at this point, for, as he turned, the tip of that incredible tail twined with dainty carelessness into some hidden pocket and produced a black baton. But Tommy did not even notice. He was looking at the Princess instead.

She had not even bothered to clap, at first, but now— He had never seen her moved like this, never. She was not applauding, her hands were clenched in her lap, but her whole body was rigid, rigid as a steel bar, and the blue flowers of her eyes were bent upon the figure of M. Tibault in a terrible concentration. The pose of her entire figure was so still and intense that for an instant Tommy had the lunatic idea that any moment she might leap from her seat beside him as lightly as a moth, and land, with no sound, at M. Tibault's side to—yes—to rub her proud head against his coat in worship. Even Mrs. Dingle would notice in a moment.

"Princess—" he said, in a horrified whisper, "Princess——"

Slowly the tenseness of her body relaxed, her eyes veiled again, she grew calm.

"Yes, Tommy?" she said, in her usual voice, but there was still something about her . . .

"Nothing, only—oh, hang—he's starting!" said Tommy, as M. Tibault, his hands loosely clasped before him, turned and *faced* the audience. His eyes dropped, his tail switched once impressively, then gave three little preliminary taps with his baton on the floor.

SELDOM has Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie in Aulis" received such an ovation. But it was not until the Eighth Symphony that the hysteria of the audience reached its climax. Never before had the New Symphony been played so superbly—and certainly never before had it been led with such genius. Three prominent conductors in the audience were sobbing with the despairing admiration of envious children toward the close, and one at least was heard to offer wildly ten thousand dollars to a well-known facial surgeon there present for a shred of evidence that tails of some variety could by any stretch of science be grafted upon a normally decaudate form. There was no doubt about it—no mortal hand and arm, be they ever so dexterous, could combine the delicate élan and powerful grace displayed in every gesture of M. Tibault's tail.

A sable staff, it dominated the brasses like a flicker of black lightning; an ebon, elusive whip, it drew the last exquisite breath of melody from the woodwinds and ruled the stormy strings like a magician's rod. M. Tibault bowed and bowed again—roar after roar of frenzied admiration shook the hall to its foundations—and when he finally staggered, exhausted, from the platform, the president of the Wednesday Sonata Club was only restrained by force from flinging her ninety-thousand-dollar string of pearls after him in an excess of esthetic appreciation. New York had come and seen—and New York was conquered. Mrs. Dingle was immediately besieged by reporters, and Tommy Brooks looked forward to the "little party" at which he was to meet the new hero of the hour with feelings only a little less lugubrious than those that would have come to him just before taking his seat in the electric chair.

THE meeting between his Princess and M. Tibault was worse and better than he expected. Better because, after all, they did not say much to each other—and worse because it seemed to him, somehow, that some curious kinship of mind between them made words unnecessary. They were certainly the most distinguished-looking couple in the room, as he bent over her hand. "So darlingly foreign, both of them, and yet so different," babbled Mrs. Dingle—but Tommy couldn't agree.

They were different, yes—the dark, lithe stranger with that bizarre appendage tucked carelessly in his pocket, and the blue-eyed, brown-haired girl. But that difference only accentuated what they had in common—something in the way they moved, in the suavity of their gestures, in the set of their eyes. Something deeper, even, than race. He tried to puzzle it out—then, looking around at the others, he had a flash of revelation. It was as if that couple were foreign, indeed—not only to New York but to all common humanity. As if they were polite guests from a different star.

Tommy did not have a very happy evening, on the whole. But his mind worked slowly, and it was not until much later that the mad suspicion came upon him in full force.

Perhaps he is not to be blamed for his lack of immediate comprehension. The next few weeks were weeks of bewildered misery for him. It was not that the Princess's attitude toward him had changed—she was just as tolerant of him as before, but M. Tibault was always there. He had a faculty of appearing as out of thin air—he walked, for all his height, as lightly as a butterfly—and Tommy grew to hate that faintest shuffle on the carpet that announced his presence as he had never hated the pound of the guns.

And then, hang it all, the man was so smooth, so infernally, unrufflably smooth! He was never out of temper, never embarrassed. He treated Tommy with the extreme of urbanity, and yet his eyes mocked, deep-down, and Tommy could do nothing. And, gradually, the Princess became more and more drawn to this stranger, in a soundless communion that found little need for speech—and that, too, Tommy saw and hated, and that, too, he could not mend.

He began to be haunted not only by M. Tibault in the flesh but by M. Tibault in the spirit. He slept badly, and when he slept, he dreamed—of M. Tibault, a man no longer, but a shadow, a specter, the limber ghost of an animal whose words came purringly between sharp little pointed teeth. There was certainly something odd about the whole shape of the fellow—his fluid ease, the mold of his head, even the cut of his fingernails—but just what it was escaped Tommy's intensest cogitation. And when he did put his finger on it at length, at first he refused to believe.

A pair of petty incidents decided him, finally, against all reason. He had gone to Mrs. Dingle's, one winter afternoon, hoping to find the Princess. She was out with his aunt, but was expected back for tea, and he wandered idly into the library to wait. He was just about to switch on the lights, for the library was always dark even in summer, when he heard a sound of light breathing that seemed to come from the leather couch in the corner. He approached it cautiously and dimly made out the form of M. Tibault, curled up on the couch, peacefully asleep.

THE sight annoyed Tommy so that he swore under his breath and was back near the door on his way out, when the feeling we all know and hate, the feeling that eyes we cannot see are watching us, arrested him. He turned back—M. Tibault had not moved a muscle of his body to all appearance—but his eyes were open now. And those eyes were black and human no longer. They were green—Tommy could have sworn it—and he could have sworn that they had no bottom and gleamed like little emeralds in the dark. It only lasted a moment, for Tommy pressed the light-button automatically—and there was M. Tibault, his normal self, yawning a little but urbanely apologetic, but it gave Tommy time to think. Nor did what happened a trifle later increase his peace of mind.

They had lit a fire and were talking in front of it—by now, Tommy hated M. Tibault so thoroughly that he felt that odd yearning for his company that often occurs in such cases. M. Tibault was telling some anecdote and Tommy was hating him worse than ever for basking with such obvious enjoyment in the heat of the flames and the ripple of his own voice.

Then they heard the street-door open, and M. Tibault jumped up—and jumping, caught one sock on a sharp corner of the brass fire-rail and tore it open in a jagged flap. Tommy looked down mechanically at the tear—a second's glance, but enough—for M. Tibault, for the first time in Tommy's experience, lost his temper completely. He swore violently in some spitting, foreign tongue—his face distorted suddenly—he clapped his hand over his sock. Then, glaring furiously at Tommy, he fairly sprang from the room, and Tommy could hear him scaling the stairs in long, agile bounds.

Tommy sank into a chair, careless for once of the fact that he heard the Princess's light laugh in the hall. He didn't want to see the Princess. He didn't want to see anybody. There had been something revealed when M. Tibault had torn that hole in his sock—and it was not the skin of a man. Tommy had caught a glimpse of—black plush. Black velvet. And then had come M. Tibault's sudden explosion of fury. Good *Lord*—did the man wear black velvet stockings under his ordinary socks? Or could he—could he—but here Tommy held his fevered head in his hands.

HE WENT to Professor Tatto that evening with a series of hypothetical questions, but as he did not dare confide his real suspicions to the Professor, the hypothetical answers he received served only to confuse him the more. Then he thought of Billy Strang. Billy was a good sort, and his mind had a turn for the bizarre. Billy might be able to help.

He couldn't get hold of Billy for three days and lived through the interval in a fever of impatience. But finally they had dinner together at Billy's apartment, where his queer books were, and Tommy was able to blurt out the whole disordered jumble of his suspicions.

Billy listened without interrupting until Tommy was quite through. Then he pulled at his pipe. "But, my dear *man*—" he said, protestingly.

"Oh, I know—I know—" said Tommy, and waved his hands, "I know I'm crazy—you needn't tell me that—but I tell you, the man's a cat all the same—no, I don't see how he could be, but he is—why, hang it, in the first place, everybody knows he's got a *tail!*"

"Even so," said Billy, puffing. "Oh, my dear Tommy, I don't doubt you saw, or think you saw, everything you say. But, even so—" He shook his head.

"But what about those other birds, werwolves and things?" said Tommy.

Billy looked dubious. "We-ll," he admitted, "you've got me there, of course. At least—a tailed man *is* possible. And the yarns about werwolves go back far enough, so that—well, *I* wouldn't say there aren't or haven't been werwolves—but then I'm willing to believe more things than most people. But a wer-cat—or a man that's a cat and a cat that's a man—honestly, Tommy——"

"If I don't get some real advice I'll go clean off my hinge. For Heaven's sake, tell me something to *do!*"

"Lemme think," said Billy. "First, you're pizen-sure this man is——"

"A cat. Yeah," and Tommy nodded violently.

"Check. And second—if it doesn't hurt your feelings, Tommy—you're afraid this girl you're in love with has—er—at least a streak of—felinity—in her—and so she's drawn to him?"

"Oh, Lord, Billy, if I only knew!"

"Well—er—suppose she really is, too, you know—would you still be keen on her?"

"I'd marry her if she turned into a dragon every Wednesday!" said Tommy, fervently.

Billy smiled. "H'm," he said, "then the obvious thing to do is to get rid of this M. Tibault. Lemme think."

He thought about two pipes full, while Tommy sat on pins and needles. Then, finally, he burst out laughing.

"What's so darn funny?" said Tommy, aggrievedly.

"Nothing, Tommy, only I've just thought of a stunt—something so blooming crazy—but if he is—h'm—what you think he is—it *might* work——" And, going to the bookcase, he took down a book.

"If you think you're going to quiet my nerves by reading me a bedtime story——"

"Shut up, Tommy, and listen to this—if you really want to get rid of your feline friend."

"What is it?"

"Book of Agnes Repplier's. About cats. Listen.

(Continued on page 114)

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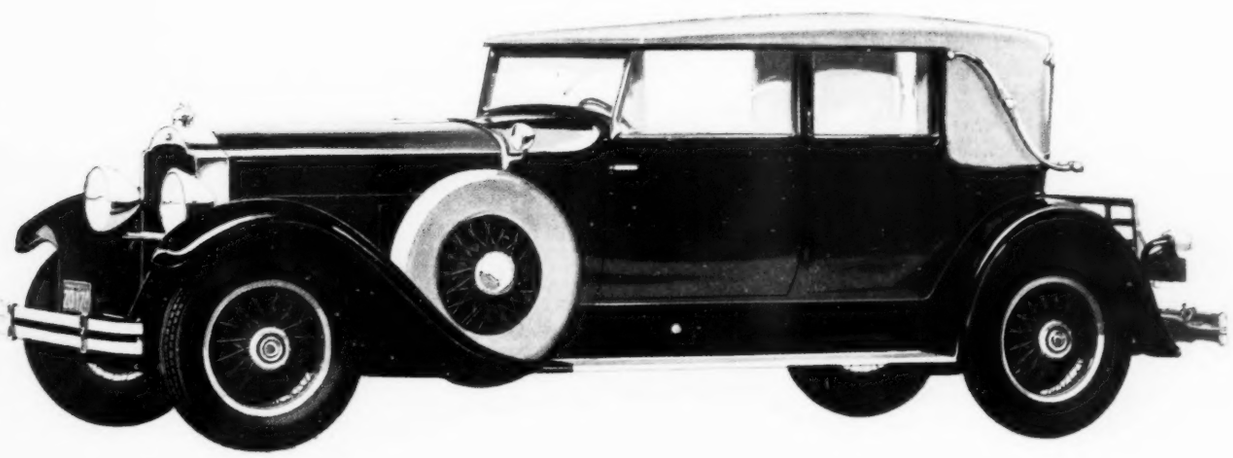
ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



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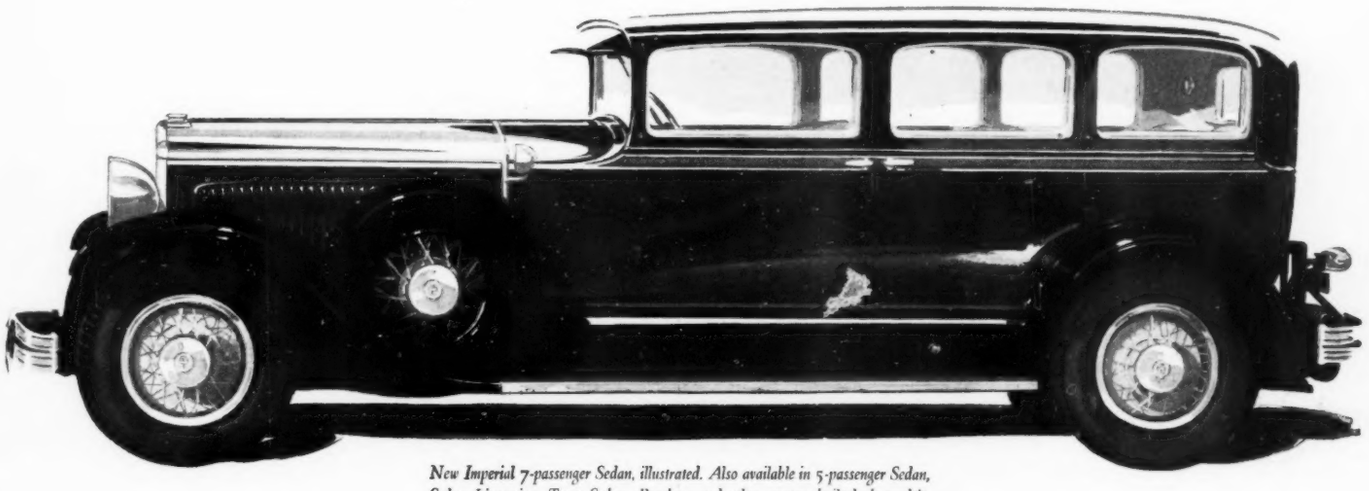

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has added Pond's "delicious" Freshener and "exquisite" Tissues to her daily régime

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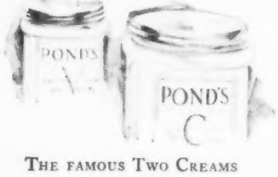

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THE KING OF THE CATS

(Continued from page 110)

"'There is also a Scandinavian version of the ever famous story which Sir Walter Scott told to Washington Irving, which Monk Lewis told to Shelley and which, in one form or another, we find embodied in the folklore of every land'—now, Tommy, pay attention—'the story of the traveler who saw within a ruined abbey, a procession of cats, lowering into a grave a little coffin with a crown upon it. Filled with horror, he hastened from the spot; but when he had reached his destination, he could not forbear relating to a friend the wonder he had seen. Scarcely had the tale been told when his friend's cat, who lay curled up tranquilly by the fire, sprang to its feet, cried out, "Then I am the King of the Cats!" and disappeared in a flash up the chimney.'

"Well?" said Billy, shutting the book.

"By gum!" said Tommy, staring. "By gum! Do you think there's a chance?"

"*I* think we're both in the booby-hatch. But if you want to try it——"

"Try it! I'll spring it on him the next time I see him. But—listen—I can't make it a ruined abbey——"

"Oh, use your imagination! Make it Central Park—anywhere. Tell it as if it happened to you—seeing the funeral procession and all that. You can lead into it somehow—let's see—some general line—oh, yes—'Strange, isn't it, how fact so often copies fiction. Why, only yesterday——' See?"

"Strange, isn't it, how fact so often copies fiction," repeated Tommy dutifully, "Why, only yesterday——"

"I happened to be strolling through Central Park when I saw something very odd."

"I happened to be strolling through—here, gimme that book!" said Tommy, "I want to learn the rest of it by heart!"

MRS. DINGLE'S farewell dinner to the famous Monsieur Tibault, on the occasion of his departure for his Western tour, was looked forward to with the greatest expectations. Not only would everybody be there, including the Princess Vivrakanarda, but Mrs. Dingle, a hinter if there ever was one, had let it be known that at this dinner an announcement of very unusual interest to Society might be made. So everyone, for once, was almost on time, except for Tommy. He was at least fifteen minutes early, for he wanted to have speech with his aunt alone. Unfortunately, however, he had hardly taken off his overcoat when she was whispering some news in his ear so rapidly that he found it difficult to understand a word of it.

"And you mustn't breathe it to a soul!" she ended, beaming. "That is, not before the announcement—I think we'll have *that* with the salad—people never pay very much attention to salad——"

"Breathe what, Aunt Emily?" said Tommy, confused.

"The Princess, darling—the dear Princess and Monsieur Tibault—they just got engaged this afternoon, dear things! Isn't it *fascinating?*"

"Yeah," said Tommy, and started to walk blindly through the nearest door. His aunt restrained him.

"Not there, dear—not in the library. You can congratulate them later. They're just having a sweet little moment alone there now——" And she turned away to harry the butler, leaving Tommy stunned.

But his chin came up after a moment. He wasn't beaten yet.

"Strange, isn't it, how often fact copies fiction?" he repeated to himself in dull mnemonics, and, as he did so, he shook his fist at the library door.

Mrs. Dingle was wrong, as usual. The Princess and M. Tibault were not in the library—they were in the conservatory, as Tommy discovered when he wandered aimlessly past the glass doors.

He didn't mean to look, and after a second he turned away. But that second was enough.

Tibault was seated in a chair and she was crouched on a stool at his side, while his hand, softly, smoothly, stroked her brown hair. Black cat and Siamese kitten. Her face was hidden from Tommy, but he could see Tibault's face. And he could hear.

They were not talking, but there was a sound between them. A warm and contented sound like the murmur of giant bees in a hollow tree—a golden, musical rumble, deep-throated, that came from Tibault's lips and was answered by hers—a golden purr.

TOMMY found himself back in the drawing-room, shaking hands with Mrs. Culverin, who said, frankly, that she had seldom seen him look so pale.

The first two courses of the dinner passed Tommy like dreams, but Mrs. Dingle's cellar was notable, and by the middle of the meat course, he began to come to himself. He had only one resolve now.

For the next few moments he tried desperately to break into the conversation, but Mrs. Dingle was talking, and even Gabriel will have a time interrupting Mrs. Dingle. At last though, she paused for breath and Tommy saw his chance.

"Speaking of that," said Tommy, piercingly, without knowing in the least what he was referring to, "Speaking of that——"

"As I was saying," said Professor Tatto. But Tommy would not yield. The plates were being taken away. It was time for salad.

"Speaking of that," he said again, so loudly and strangely that Mrs. Culverin jumped and an awkward hush fell over the table. "Strange, isn't it, how often fact copies fiction?" There, he was started. His voice rose even higher. "Why, only to-day I was strolling through——" and, word for word, he repeated his lesson. He could see Tibault's eyes glowing at him, as he described the funeral. He could see the Princess, tense.

He could not have said what he had expected might happen when he came to the end. But it was not bored silence, everywhere, to be followed by Mrs. Dingle's acrid, "Well, Tommy, is that *quite* all?"

He slumped back in his chair, sick at heart. He was a fool and his last resource had failed. Dimly he heard his aunt's voice, saying, "Well, then——" and realized that she was about to make the fatal announcement.

But just then Monsieur Tibault spoke. "One moment, Mrs. Dingle," he said, with extreme politeness, and she was silent. He turned to Tommy.

"You are—positive, I suppose, of what you saw this afternoon, Brooks?" he said, in tones of light mockery.

"Absolutely," said Tommy sullenly. "Do you think I'd——"

"Oh, no, no, no," Monsieur Tibault waved the implication aside, "but—such an interesting story—one likes to be sure of the details—and, of course, you *are* sure—*quite* sure—that the kind of crown you describe was on the coffin?"

"Of course," said Tommy, wondering, "but——"

"Then I'm the King of the Cats!" cried Monsieur Tibault in a voice of thunder, and, even as he cried it, the house-lights blinked—there was the soft thud of an explosion that seemed muffled in cotton-wool from the minstrel gallery—and the scene was lit for a second by an obliterating and painful burst of light that vanished in an instant and was succeeded by heavy, blinding clouds of white, pungent smoke.

"Oh, those *horrid* photographers," came Mrs. Dingle's voice in a melodious wail. "I *told* them not to take the flashlight picture till dinner was over, and now they've taken it *just* as I was nibbling lettuce!"

Someone tittered a little nervously. Someone coughed. Then, gradually the veils of smoke dislimned and the green-and-black spots in front of Tommy's eyes died away.

They were blinking at each other like people who have just come out of a cave into brilliant sun. Even yet their eyes stung with the fierceness of that abrupt illumination and Tommy found it

(Concluded on page 118)

"Oh, it's a Parsee coat I picked up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of this becoming frock, gorgeously embroidered in the hues that best set off her beauty. She designed it herself, like the debonair caped highwayman's coat worn with the chic small Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.

"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. "There is charm in smooth white skin!" This dramatic Lanvin model of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of Mrs. Iselin's neck and arms. A magenta girdle and slippers with magenta heels are worn.

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DOBBS
FIFTH AVENUE AT 57TH ST.

FEBRUARY ON THE CUBAN RIVIERA

(*Continued from page 77*)

has precisely the attitude toward the future of his city as the booster member of a Mid-West town. He regards old Havana with the same air of bored tolerance that the Mid-Westerner displays toward his slums. On the other hand he is immeasurably proud of the new suburban development.

STRIKE Havana armed with letters of introduction to a native Cuban, and he will spend precious hours piloting you through the parklike suburbs centering on the Avenida Carlos Miguel de Céspedes. His pride in this wide boulevard may be judged from the fact that he nicknames it Fifth Avenue. It is bordered on each side to an extent of some five miles by stone and stucco villas with tiled roofs in the thoroughly familiar American seaside resort manner. To an American it is just unremarkable. To a Cuban it is a district exquisite and set apart. It is to him the romance of progress. He fails utterly to understand the American who has come to Havana seeking the romance of the past.

One of the minor amusements of being shown around Havana by a native is the interchange of enthusiasm and polite boredom. The Cuban's weariness with Cathedral Square and the way his eye lights up when he shows you the ornate, Italianate villa of Sarra, the chain drug-store proprietor, in the Vedado suburb, is amusingly balanced by the uh-huh attitude of the American before the gaudiest of his suburban palaces and his reverence before a picturesque Spanish Colonial remain.

The Céspedes, in whose honor the main street of the Vedado and the various repartos of the suburbs is named, is the Minister of Public Works, one of the most accessible, most agreeable, most dynamic men on the island and, in the opinion of his friends, another claimant to the rank, privileges and responsibilities of being Czar of Cuba. (Every visitor is allowed to pick his own.) He represents better than any one man the native enthusiasm which has made possible those five miles. At the western end of Céspedes Avenue is the Marianao District which contains two good Havana clubs, the Country Club and the Yacht Club, private organizations both. Immediately surrounding them are the Playa de la Marianao, the Casino Naçional, where Cuban laws countenance public gambling, and the Oriental Park race-course containing the clubhouse of the Havana-American Jockey Club. These last are all owned by the Cuban National Syndicate. Just beyond and surrounding the institutions just mentioned (and "institution" is used advisedly) the National Syndicate has created the reservation of the Havana-Biltmore Yacht and Country Club, with a clubhouse opening this season, a projected hotel, a private bathing beach, a golf course, and sites for private residences.

Havana is not Paris, of which there is only one. There is a naïveté about the gaiety of Havana which is as unlike the quality of the brutal and brilliant city on the Seine as may well be. That both cities have open-air cafés does not make them similar in mental quality. Havana, however, does offer opportunities for going into gala that are unobtainable elsewhere in the Western hemisphere. Number one hotels, a temperature of 81 degrees F. in January, and the Latin temperament are a choice combination, and they do their combining most adroitly for the socially minded visiting American in the Marianao District.

There is another Havana, however, a shy, remote city, best seen alone, a city of narrow, silent streets, of open, sun-drenched and deserted squares, of dismantled ramparts. Stand in a seaward embrasure of La Fuerza and you can hear the clank of de Soto's armor as he takes farewell forever of Madame de Soto before he set out to die in Florida. They say the ghost of Donna Isabella still walks the seaward wall waiting for de Soto's return; one at least likes to believe she did die of a broken heart. In front of the modern Presidential Palace, stark and alone in the midst of an open square, like a huge wedge of cake, is an angle of the old city wall, with its stone sentry-box. One must stand there and shiver with the young Spanish rookie just out from the Catalonian Hills and on his first sentry-go as he hears, borne in on the night air across the mists of the harbor, the tom-toms of runaway slaves. That backfire of an automobile in the Street of the Angels may be the rattle of musketry as the home guards mount the barricades to meet the annual visits of French and English buccaneers.

Romance is a very fragile creature. She needs tender watching and sympathy or she melts in the hand like a piece of sea-foam. But if there was ever a city where romance stalked unabashed and unashamed through the streets it is in old Havana.

When the Spaniards built, the Colonial Spaniards of the eighteenth century, they built well. That stiff, silent, proud race built stern and proud buildings. Stand some morning in Cathedral Square about eleven, when the sun is strong enough to make black shadows underneath the porticoes of the old Colonial palaces on each side of the square. Fallen from their original estate to being combination tenements and warehouses, they yet have even in decay, unmistakable grandeur. Amply proportioned, with strong hint of Tuscan pillars, huge doors and barred windows, they were planned, though this be treason, to a more generous scale of living, a more settled social background than any contemporaneous buildings of the adjacent American Continent.

IF YOU have only seen Havana in photographs, you have not seen it at all, because you have totally missed its color sensation. There is a local ordinance to-day that all buildings (which are automatically of stucco) must be painted in shades either of gray or buff. During the eighteenth century, however, they were painted practically any color which struck the owner's fancy, not only the pastel shades, but the vital, unabashed colors one would see on a stand of vegetables, aubergine, pumpkin-yellow, spinach-green, potato-brown. It was also a tradition of that period never to repaint a house the same color.

As I stood in front of the house on the east side of Cathedral Square it was possible to trace, owing to the weathering and bad repair of the walls and columns, the various layers of paint: gray, magenta, pink, sky-blue and buff in irregular patches; the walls up to shoulder height looked like a garden of hollyhocks. Above the pale buff led up to a beamed roof (as we were standing inside the arcade) of royal blue, faded but positive.

What with its antiquity and its modernity one does tend at times to become confused in Havana. They are a very clever people, the Cubans. If you seek romance they leave you alone to seek it, which is highly intelligent thing to do. If you want modernity, they give it to you in large chunks, which may be seen in the arrangements for taking care of the visitor's thirst and of his desire to spend.

One of the world's three best-known bar-rooms is Sloppy Joe's in Havana. It ranks with Zelli's in Paris and The Raffles in Singapore. Most visitors to Havana go there once. It is a perfect ordinary American bar-room, filled with Americans. Incidentally, during the season there is a force of sixteen "white helmet" policemen who speak English and are prepared by official instruction and endowed by natural disposition to be tactfully efficient in solving the problems of visiting Americans. One seems to see on perpetual peg-post duty outside Sloppy Joe's.

Havana, on the other hand, is, for certain limited matters, a remarkable shopping center. Chiefly, of course, for Spanish shawls and for French perfumes. Owing to the liberal attitude of the Cuban Government in the matter of taxes it is, incredible as it sounds, possible

(*Concluded on page 118*)

THERE IS BEAUTY IN THE NAME

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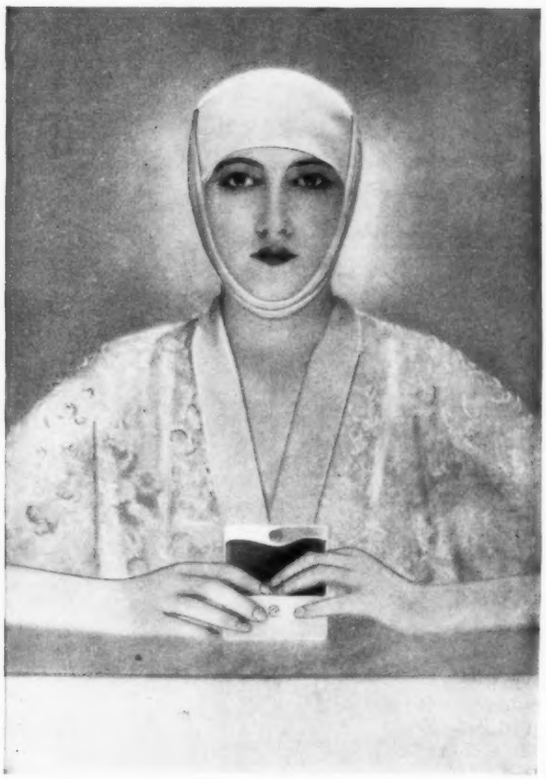
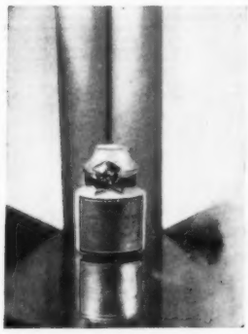
SPECIAL ASTRINGENT





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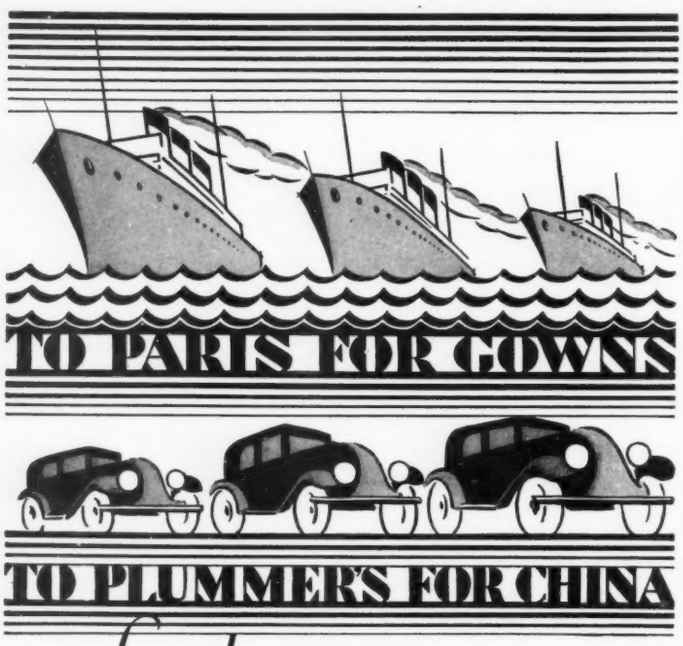

for the same reason

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FEBRUARY ON THE CUBAN RIVIERA

(*Concluded from page 116*)

to sell both of these articles in Havana cheaper than it is in Madrid or in Paris. The jewelry stores in Havana are also unusually good, as there is no tax on diamonds in Cuba. Embroidered linens, especially those originating in the Canary Islands, are both abundant, good and cheap. Either owing to a certain native intelligence, or government supervision, the larger department stores in Havana are every bit as reliable as those in an American City. Havana is interested in repeat orders. She wants a customer to go back and tell other people in the States what a bargain she got in order that next year two customers may come instead of one—and so on in geometric progression.

One store in particular, El Encanto, makes a special bid for American trade. Most of the clerks, men and women, wear labels reading, "I speak English." They sell dresses they have purchased themselves in Paris, together with all imaginable feminine accessories, and English golf and sports equipment. They will, psychological touch, supply you, "promptly," with a photograph of yourself, draped in a Spanish shawl or costume, from the store collection, *pour epater la bourgeoisie* in your local community.

THE quickest way to get to Havana from New York is in thirty-nine hours, by rail to Miami and air to Havana. The next quickest is two days flat by rail to Key West and ferry to Havana. Last year there was one train daily. This year there are six, three from New York, and three from Chicago, St. Louis, and the Middle West.

For persons with more leisure, there is the sea trip. All ships engaged regularly in the coast to coast, South American, and West Indies trade stop at Havana. Of the eighty-three or more cruises scheduled for this winter to leave New York, some sixty go to the West Indies or South America and stop at Havana, as do also all four of the round the world cruises. The growing importance of Cuba has been recognized even by the transatlantic steamship companies, which this year have delegated regular tran atlantic liners to the regular run Havana during the season.

I made my first trip by boat, a arranged to be on one that approache Havana Harbor before daybreak. you choose this method, have yo steward rouse you with a cup of coffe just as the light begins to break. Sl on a bath-robe and go up on the forwa deck. If you've been very nice wit the chief officer, he will, though this strictly contrary to company's regula tions, let you duck into a corner of th bridge. There is just a faint, far glimme of dawn against a background green black, the color of axle grease. A singl light stands high in the air on the por side, a scattered necklace of street lamp far off on the starboard. The green-blac begins to change to purple, a shapeles mass on the left assumes contour as dramatic and menacing fortress, the in distinctness on the right takes form as string of low-lying, dull-colored houses— looking like the back-drop of a stage set The screws begin to throb, and the shi points its nose slowly toward the darkes spot in the landscape, the bottle-neck harbor entrance. Already the purple ha kaleidoscoped to brown, to brown-drab to gray. The honk of a solitary bu comes faintly from the right, which i now seen in the rapidly gathering ligh to be a wide sea-bordering boulevard with waves dashing against it. Th jangle of a trolley car seems absurd against the bastions and moats of Morro Castle which has its full daylight color mottled gray with pink overtones. I less than three-quarters of an hour yo have been in the midst of one of nature most theatrical transformation scenes the sun is full up, Morro and Cabana Castle are passed, and the anchor i dropped opposite the big seventeenth-century iron gateways of the Custom House. It is strange. It is stirring. I quickens the pulse. It sets it in temp with the past. It prepares you for th romance of Havana. It is a spectacularly perfect introduction to our neares foreign city.

THE KING OF THE CATS

(*Concluded from page 114*)

hard to make out the faces across the table from him.

Mrs. Dingle took command of the half-blinded company with her accustomed poise. She rose, glass in hand. "And now, dear friends," she said in a clear voice, "I'm sure all of us are very happy to—" Then she stopped, open-mouthed, an expression of incredulous horror on her features. The lifted glass began to spill its contents on the tablecloth in a little stream of amber. As she spoke, she had turned directly to Monsieur Tibault's place at the table—and Monsieur Tibault was no longer there.

Some say there was a bursting flash of fire that disappeared up the chimney—some say it was a giant cat that leaped through the window at a bound, without breaking the glass. Professor Tatto puts it down to a mysterious chemical disturbance operating only over M. Tibault's chair. The butler, who is pious, believes the devil in person flew away with him, and Mrs. Dingle hesitates between witchcraft and a malicious ectoplasm dematerializing on the wrong cosmic plane. But be that as it may, one thing is certain—in the instant of fictive darkness which followed the glare of the flashlight, Monsieur Tibault, the great conductor, disappeared forever from mortal sight, tail and all.

Mrs. Culverin swears he was an international burglar and that she was just about to unmask him, when he slipped away under cover of the flashlight smoke, but no one else who sat at that historic dinner-table believes her. No, there are no sound explanations, but Tommy think he knows, and he will never be able t pass a cat again without wondering.

Mrs. Tommy is quite of her husband' mind regarding cats—she was Gretche Woolwine, of Chicago (*you* know th Woolwines!)—for Tommy told her hi whole story, and while she doesn't be lieve a great deal of it, there is no doub in her heart that one person concerne in the affair was a *perfect* cat. Doubtless it would have been more romantic to re late how Tommy's daring finally won hi his Princess—but, unfortunately, it woul not be veracious. For the Princess Vivra kanarda, also, is with us no longer. He nerves, shattered by the spectacular dénouement of Mrs. Dingle's dinner, re quired a sea-voyage, and from that voyag she has never returned to America.

Of course, there are the usual stories— one hears of her, a nun in a Siames convent, or a masked dancer at Le Jardi de ma Sœur—one hears that she has bee murdered in Patagonia or married i Trebizon—but, as far as can be ascer tained, not one of these gaudy fables ha the slightest basis in fact. I believe tha Tommy, in his heart of hearts, is quit convinced that the sea-voyage was onl a pretext, and that by some unheard-o means, she has managed to rejoin th formidable Monsieur Tibault, wherever i the world of the visible or the invisibl he may be—in fact, that in some ruine city or subterranean palace they reig together now, King and Queen of all th mysterious Kingdom of Cats. But tha of course, is quite impossible.

FOR THE SPRING

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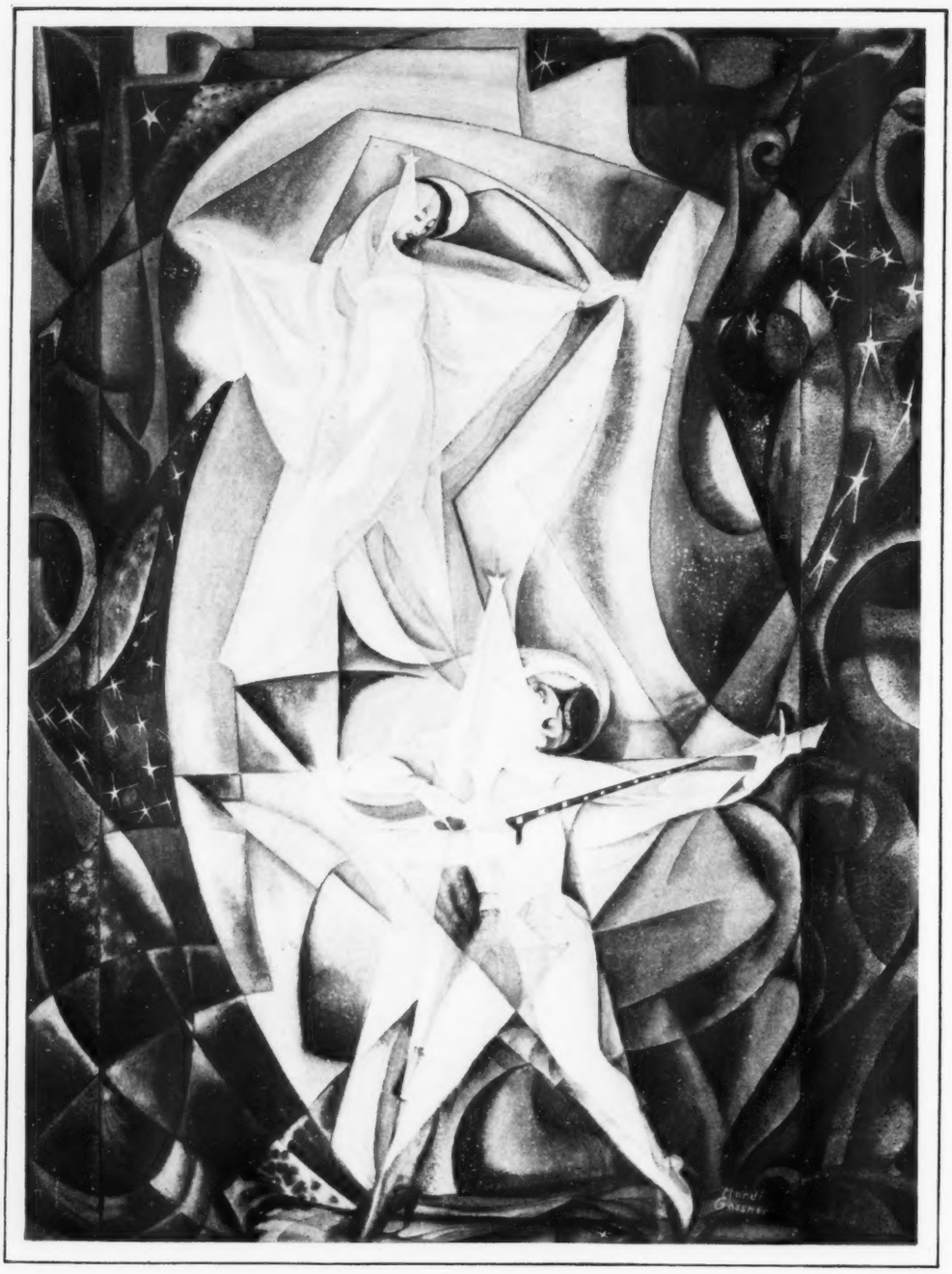


MOONLIT GLAMOUR *in a silver box*

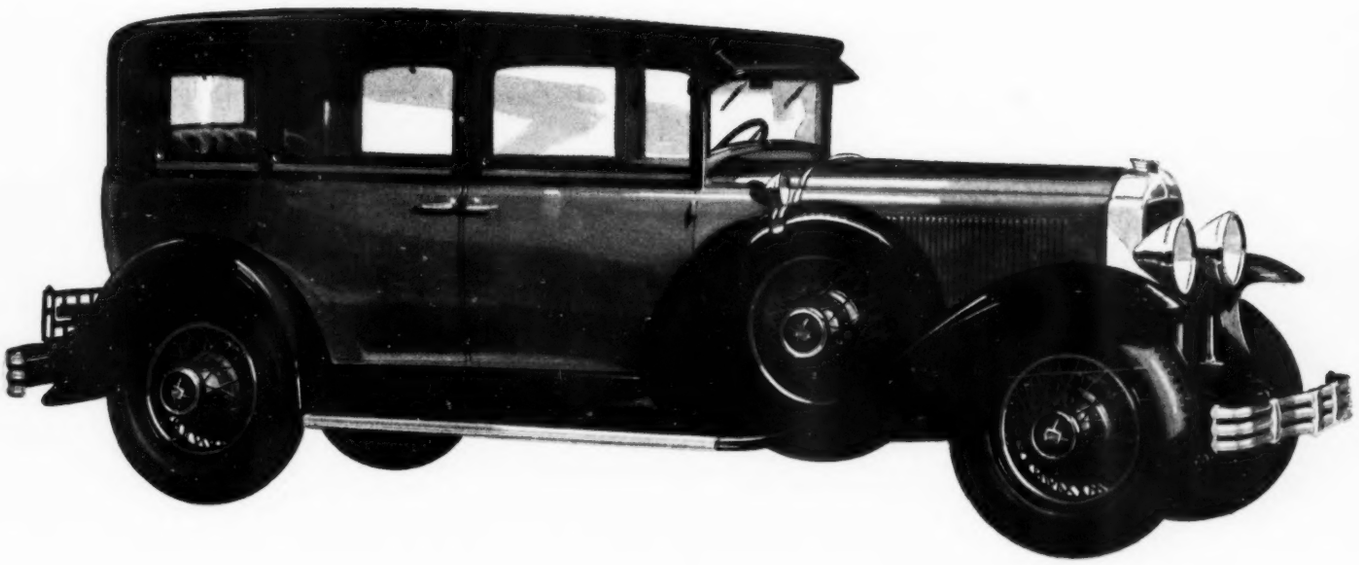
Le Pirate—a daring, ardent perfume by Lenthéric echoes its moonlight magic in an enchanting companion—a face powder—the very secret of beauty in a silver box. *Not* scented with a dull, unfaithful adaptation of this poetic fragrance, but miraculously *Le Pirate* itself, a triumph of powder-making and perfume art . . . Poudre Le Pirate smooths itself upon a lovely skin—lightly and caressingly, and by its clinging fineness, its delicate tones, gracefully complements

Nature . . . Every woman may find a Lenthéric powder to accent her loveliness . . . there are 8 shades cleverly toned to beautify any coloring. Every woman, too, will be enchanted to discover that each box holds its own soft, velvety puff—and that she can buy *Le Pirate* at a price lower than any comparable powder.

Lenthéric, *Paris*

Parfums FIFTH AVENUE AND 58TH ST., NEW YORK
245 RUE SAINT HONORÉ, PARIS, FRANCE

THE *Smartest* PEOPLE DEMAND *Dependability* WITH BEAUTY · · · BUICK OFFERS BOTH !



Like A. A. Milne's king, who liked a "bit of butter to his bread," truly smart men and women demand fine appearance *plus* fine performance in a motor car. ✣ ✣ They know the value of surface things and fundamental things; and they choose Buick because it provides the fullest measure of these two important qualities—beauty *and* dependability.

BUICK

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Celanese adds Washability to the smartness of MOIRÉ

Celanese moirés present a beauty that is altogether modern...*and they are washable!* They introduce effects that are refreshingly novel...striking combinations of moiré with woven designs... moiré with embossed patterns... plain watered effects, large or small, simple or sumptuous... *and all are washable!* Lovely to the eye, lovely to the touch, these superb fabrics are miracles of practicality. Their patterns are permanent, their colors are fast. You can tub them and iron them with no more care than you give to any fine fabrics. + Styled in the mode's preferred colorings, including the smart new blues and browns... and unique among moirés for those practical qualities found only in Celanese brand yarn... Celanese moirés are being featured everywhere by stores which stress the distinctive. + *The Miracle of Celanese*, a richly illustrated brochure containing samples of these and other Celanese fabrics, and a copy of our new moiré booklet, will be sent on request. Address Style Bureau, Celanese Corporation of America, 15 East 26th Street, New York, *or* Canadian Celanese, Ltd., Montreal.

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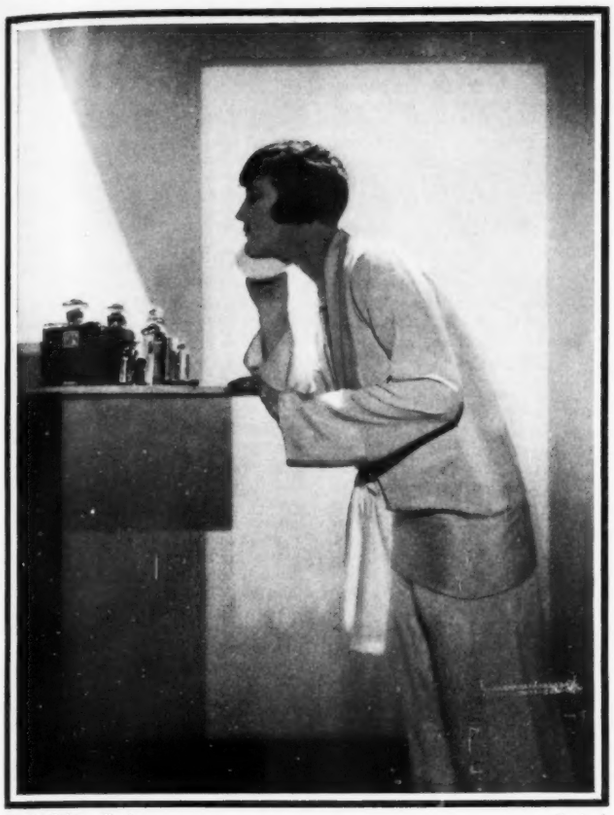
CELANESE

REG. U.S. BRAND PAT. OFF.

FABRICS

SATINS ✦ TAFFETAS ✦ TWILLS ✦ VOILES ✦ NINONS ✦ VELVETS ✦ CREPE MAROCAIN ✦ MOIRÉS



Lucien Lelong, Paris *Scaioni*

Lucien Lelong's perfumes "A," "B," and "C" have been made for the chic woman of the world.

THE COSMETIC URGE

By REBECCA STICKNEY

IT IS amazing to note that famous couturiers can turn their attention to cosmetics and be thoroughly successful. It must be their infallible knowledge of what pleases the smart woman of to-day. Take Lucien Lelong, for example, who created three distinctive perfumes, "A," "B," and "C." Quoting his own interpretations of them: "I would put movement into the taste for scents—as much movement as there is in taste for dress. I would have a changing mode in odors—a fashion that would leave behind perfumes grown out of tune with the times. Parfum A is a brooding odor, suited to an intense temperament. It goes with warm dress materials and dark colors, and is best suited for occasions of formal nature. Parfum B is sophisticated, feminine, and of broad general appeal—the parfum of the typical woman of the world. It goes with smooth, soft dress materials, and bright, strong colors. Parfum C is youthful, dainty, light, delicate, very feminine, and responds to fluffy, light dress materials and fall colors." Monsieur Lelong also advises that the best way to use perfume is to take a brisk rub down after the bath with toilet water, then with an atomizer spray the same perfume over the body before dressing. The heat of the body beneath the clothes diffuses a steady, subtle odor which lasts for an amazingly long time.

Worth's line at Franklin Simon's is beautifully put out. Of course, his perfumes, "Dans la Nuit," and "Vers le Jour," are great favorites, and these two odors may be had in powders, soaps, sachets, and extracts. Twelve tiny cakes of "Dans la Nuit" guest soap, packed in a blue and silver box, make a charming bridge prize, as does a glass star-studded powder globe with a large eider-down puff for a guest's dressing table, or a packet of fragrant dark blue satin sachets to tuck away in one's lingerie and clothes.

Elizabeth Arden has just perfected a brand new treatment which she calls her "Spot Pruf Treatment," for even the loveliest of skins have their off moments. A jar of this marvelously healing "Spot Pruf" cream, which is the basis of the treatment given in her salons, is an indispensable addition to any woman's collection of cosmetics. For a generally unruly skin, this treatment is remarkably corrective. First, the skin is cleansed and glaring deficiencies carefully removed, then the "Spot Pruf" cream is worked in gently and patiently and given plenty of time to nourish and purify the deepest tissues. Patting follows with the "Spot Pruf Lotion," a clear, slightly drying liquid, which is extremely soothing and healing. After a couple of these treatments the most obstinate "spots" vanish.

Made to order for the woman who adores to take long motor trips is Miss Arden's new handbag which contains a tiny kit of her preparations, essential for cleansing and making up, in a separate section of the bag. The main bag is roomy enough for overnight equipment, yet light enough to tuck under the arm like a pocketbook. It is very smart looking and comes in brown, blue, black and red leather, lined with contrasting moire.

Pinaud's three-in-one cream, which made its début in that most attractive green jar, is an outstanding success. It appeals especially to the woman who wants a simple and effective method of keeping her skin thoroughly cleansed, yet well nourished. All she has to do is rub the cream over her face and neck, allow it to penetrate into the pores for a few moments, and then wash it off. "But creams won't wash off," you will say. True of most of them, yet this one does, carrying off whatever oils the skin does not want to absorb, as well as dirt and dust, and leaving the face soft and cool without the slightest trace of grease. This same cream, only much stronger, is being brought out for washing the hands instead of using soap. It should be very popular, as its softening properties counteract the drying effects of soap and hard water, and remove the necessity of using hand lotions. If you are a person who has too little leisure for all these pleasant beautifying processes, such saving of time is not to be overlooked.

simplify that southern shopping

. . . with the new Sommers ensemble

now starring (*as usual*) the Sommers shoe

Supported by a brilliant cast *including*

HAT SCARF BAG

"all of a piece" of silken Labyrinth cloth Zephyr cloth and crepe in orchid, beige, green tan

Confidential

"Every Sommers shoe is designed to make the foot look smaller."

SOMMERS INC.
27 WEST 50th STREET
NEW YORK

MODEL BY

Mangone

NEW YORK

MANGONE MODELS ARE FEATURED BY THE BETTER STORES IN OVER TWO HUNDRED CITIES.

AT THE FEET OF THE ENEMY

(*Concluded from page 63*)

many prominent families in this Border country, had been divided on the issue of Secession. A misguided uncle of hers had actually served with the Northern armies. Of him, though, Mrs. Gayle never spoke. With her it was as though he had not existed. Another uncle was the one whose memory she extolled. For this uncle had been a major in the Orphan Brigade, and wounded at Shiloh and promoted after Stone's River and honorably mentioned in dispatches to Richmond during the Retreat from Atlanta or, as they put it at chapter meetings, the Withdrawal from Atlanta.

But Miss Tessie had no such inky blotch on her ancestral escutcheon. Her U. D. C. membership was based upon the splendid record of a brother, the late John William Tate, who, enlisting as a private, had volunteered for secret service and, being captured within the enemy's lines, had been condemned to death by hanging as a spy, but while awaiting execution had managed to escape from a military prison at Washington and, with his health undermined by earlier privations and by the rigors of his confinement, had died, still in age a mere boy, as he tried to make his way back home. The place where his wasted body found burial was unknown; and since he died before he reached his comrades, even the manner of his escape remained a mystery. All his people knew about it was that he managed to get out of his captivity and that he fell, alone and exhausted and spent and dying, somewhere along the dreary way in the territory occupied by the Federals up in West Virginia. It made a pathetic, moving story as Miss Tessie told it—the agony in the stricken household when first word came that he had been taken and then, quick on that, the word that he'd had a summary trial and had been sentenced to die a shameful death, and then the suspense of the waiting and then finally, by delayed and roundabout sources, the news that having gotten clear of prison and off and away for freedom, he had dropped on a mountain roadside, and as one of the minor, unconsidered tragedies of the war, had been shoveled underground by strange hands.

She, who was only a child then, away back in '63, had idolized this somewhat older brother of hers. She grew up worshipping the image of his remembered youth. She counted him—and rightly so, as you'll agree—as great a hero as any who took a mortal wound in battle. She never married. In her heart this brother's memory took for her the place of a husband, the places of the children she might have borne. So, at seventy-odd, she hated all that was Northern. She hated it because of the cruel, ruthless machinery set in motion to speed Private John William Tate to the gallows and because no answer, no acknowledgment even, had been made to the frantic, hurried appeals for mercy sent to Lincoln at the White House through former friends of her family who, being faithful to the Union, were said to have influence in that quarter; and most of all she hated because hating had come to be a very part of her warp and fiber.

LAST year, as you may remember, Lincoln's Birthday fell on a Sunday and was celebrated—in the sections where they do celebrate Lincoln's Birthday—on Monday. On that Monday, February 13th, Mrs. Gayle had occasion to call on Miss Tessie upon patriotic business connected with an impending meeting of the Daughters. In the librarian's office they told her that Miss Tessie wasn't there, hadn't been there at all this morning, hadn't telephoned either—possibly she was sick or something. Mrs. Gayle was turning away when one of the old negro attendants of the Capitol force who had entered in time to hear the latter end of these remarks, spoke up:

"Nome, I reckin she ain't sick—leastwise I jest now seen her down-stairs on de main floor. I jedge mebbe you'll find her down dere."

"Whereabouts down-stairs, Uncle?" asked Mrs. Gayle.

"Right down below yere in de right-hand rotunder wuz whar I seen her."

"Oh, you must be mistaken," stated Mrs. Gayle. "She never comes in that way. She never would, no matter how big a hurry she might be in."

"Mebbe not, heretofo', lady, but not five minutes ago I seen her comin' in the front do' jest ez I waz startin' up the stair-steps myse'f. I ain't mistooken, lady. Ain't but one Miss Tessie 'round dis yere State House, nome."

So the puzzled Mrs. Gayle went to find her friend. She descended the curving stone treads and, descending, saw how the winter sun, filtering through the skylight in the roof above, made a sort of golden nimbus about the head of the statue and she saw a skimpy little garland of bronzed oak leaves which early that day the surviving members of the local G. A. R.—two feeble old white men and one feeble old black man—had placed at its foot and then, almost touching the oak leaves where with drooped head she clung against the pedestal in a posture which, oddly, might betoken devotion, Mrs. Gayle saw the shape of Miss Tessie.

Had Miss Tessie gone suddenly mad? That was the question which framed itself in Mrs. Gayle's mind as she quickened her pace to a bird-like little scamper.

FILLED with distress and bewilderment, she reached the level and skittered across the marble floor.

"Why, Miss Tessie!" she cried, drawing near. "Why, Miss Tessie, what in the world!"

Miss Tessie raised her white head and Mrs. Gayle saw that while the face of her friend was swollen from weeping it was a face transfigured and glorified by some tremendously uplifting emotion.

She said nothing, though. She handed to Mrs. Gayle a scrap of paper crumpled by close pressure of her hands, and in amazement Mrs. Gayle unfolded it and flattened it out. It was a half page torn from one of yesterday's big city papers—part, evidently, of a Sunday "feature article."

Mrs. Gayle's agile eye caught the page-wide heading: "A New Light on Lincoln's Life for Lincoln's Birthday." Then swiftly she skimmed through the florid introductory paragraphs, sensing that the story dealt with discoveries of interesting and, so it was alleged, previously unpublished documents belonging to a collector of rare manuscripts in the North, and so on, skipping along until at the top of the second column she came to a reproduction in facsimile of a letter, or note. She read it and it read as follows: "Dear Stanton: There is a young Rebel named Johnnie Tate under sentence of hanging for being a spy. Don't hang him. Speed brought me a letter to-day from his old mother down in Kentucky. I understand this boy is mighty sick. If he were turned loose he couldn't do any more damage to the Union and, anyhow, Speed promises me he'd go home, should he live to get there, and behave himself from now on. So since you've been fussing at me for letting so many spies off with their necks unbroken, and some of the newspapers have been jumping on me for being what they call too soft-hearted, I wish, as a personal confidential favor to the writer, you'd keep this particular case out of the official records and instruct somebody whom you can trust with the secret, just to leave the door of this youngster's cell unlocked and the gate ajar the next dark night. I know this is irregular, but everything seems to be irregular these times and if there is any trouble over it, I'll take the responsibility on my own shoulders. Much obliged. (Signed) A. LINCOLN."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gayle understanding. "Oh, Miss Tessie!"

Miss Tessie appeared not to hear her. Miss Tessie was on tiptoe flat against the pedestal, stretching her two arms upwards as though seeking to reach the hem of The Emancipator's garment. She couldn't make it, though. She just could manage to touch with her reverent lips the tip of one huge, ugly, box-toed bronze boot.

The Stately New Home of GUNTHER FURS

ON the site of a former Vanderbilt mansion, where many Gunther patrons have been guests, now rises the stately new home of Gunther Furs. Here, in spacious salons whose soaring Roman columns are lightened by a sprightly suggestion of modern Viennese decor, one may choose the new wraps and scarfs in a setting that befits their elegance. As always, they are designed with the genius that has made "Furs by Gunther" a fashion tradition through five generations.

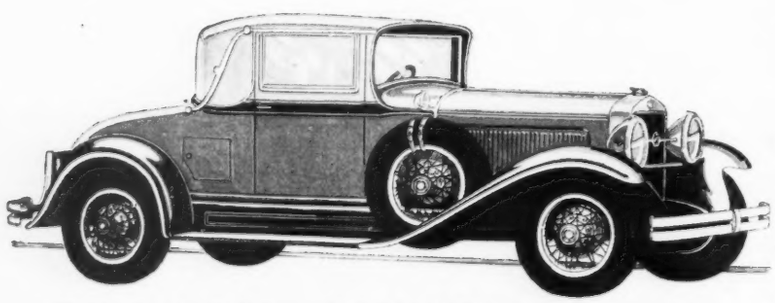
Opens about February Fifteenth

666 FIFTH AVENUE *near* 53RD STREET, NEW YORK

STYLE HAS BEEN SET TO SWIFTER TEMPO

...and none so fleet, so smart, so stalwart as the new Studebakers!

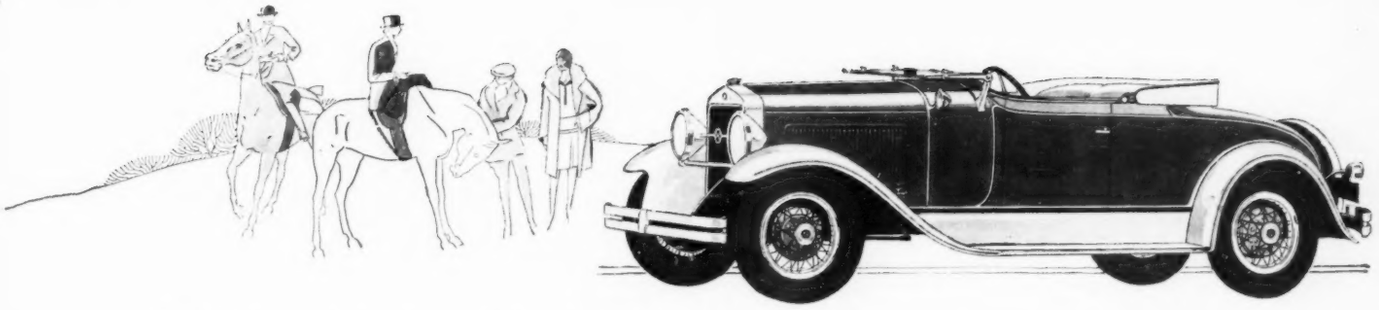
The New President Eight Brougham for Five bespeaks eloquently the velvet road-mastery of its 115-horsepower world-champion chassis. Broadcloth upholstery of French pillow type, with folding center arm rest in rear seat, and adjustable driver's seat. Priced $2350, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.



The New President Eight Convertible Cabriolet for Four splendidly interprets the unmatched performance it provides. Folding top permits this smart closed car to be converted into an open roadster. Dual carburetion. Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1895, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

JUST as a musician weaves the pattern of his theme in rhythmic harmony, so have Studebaker's artists in coachcraft expressed the brilliant spirit of these new champion motor cars.

Fleetness, stamina, and trustworthiness—far beyond what other motor cars have ever proved — are the qualities which enable Studebaker to hold *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. And these are the very attributes interpreted in every virile line and contour of these incomparable new Studebakers!



The New Commander Regal Roadster for Four offers thrilling performance and smart appearance. Available with six-cylinder or straight-eight engine. Ball bearing spring shackles and hydraulic shock absorbers. Priced $1450 or $1595, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

The New Commander Victoria for Four provides companionable transportation with generous roominess. Individual chairs for driver and companion. Lounge seat for two. Non-shatterable windshield. Double-drop frame. Priced $1375 or $1525, at the factory. Equipment, other than standard, extra.

Studebaker's undisputed performance leadership, remarkable riding ease and traditional reliability, are here linked brilliantly with forward styling. Turn to Studebaker for world champion swiftness. Turn to Studebaker for beauty unapproached in Studebaker's four great price ranges. Turn to Studebaker if you would not pay more than you should for less than Studebaker provides.

STUDEBAKER

Builder of Champions

SUNG IN THE STREET

(Continued from page 75)

One sees them at the cafés night after night, regarding the world, solemnly."

"I know," he said thoughtfully, "looking out upon the world with a kind of mirthless courage. My only solution of it is that they know that while their solemnity is rather frightful their mirth in public is even more so. They have to look like that to keep from appearing ridiculous. Fancy an Englishman waving his arms, gesticulating, and roaring with sprightly mirth as the Frenchman may be seen disporting himself—that would be *too* frightful! He could never get away with it. So your Englishman must be ponderous, for he never quite forgets that he must appear to be dignified even if he feels quite the contrary. In England we are expected to do something by middle age, in middle age we get a glimpse of an elderly gentleman, whom people will call by our name, who will be either a silly old thing, or a person of decorum; we know that our experiences will have either lopped off our branches, year by year, like your French trees, or that we will have grown into a decent-sized old oak. We are dogged from first to last by the thought of subsequent old age, we cannot risk appearing ridiculous then. So we forget to be happy while we can; happy and irresponsible; we are afraid."

"Ah," she said, "I have never thought a great deal about old men."

Regarding her from under his brows he admitted to himself that he saw no reason why she should.

"Just because an Englishman has not the facility of speech which is common to every Frenchman, no matter what his origin, you make a grave mistake to under-rate his emotional existence. We are born of a stonier soil; we go to ground with our personal feelings, and we resent impermanence. We resent what we have known and loved passing, like something sung in the street, and going out of our lives forever. We try to perpetuate it. We are slower to feel, if you like, but we are also slower to forget. We haven't your facility for adjusting ourselves to things as they are. . . . I told you I could not make you understand."

Unaware of any inconsistency she stood up and stretched out her arms to the sea.

"Did I ask you to make me understand?" she said. "I do not care to understand. I want to live. . . . I want to love . . . to hate . . . to suffer . . . to be jealous, to be miserable, to be happy! In France we are content to take life day by day; we do not weigh the wine—we drink it. It is the better way."

"It is the better way for Frenchmen," he said. And the sea sighed and the sun dropped behind the horizon, for they both knew that in a week's time, perhaps even sooner, she would have persuaded him that it was the better way for Englishmen as well.

THE streets of Port Vendres are paved with small round cobbles from the beach, and the tiny inland harbor is so narrow that a man may call across it to his neighbor and discuss the price of French or Spanish wine. The smell of wine and ropes and oakum hangs above the sunny streets, and garlic issues from the open doors where dark-eyed children sit prattling to each other in French and Spanish. Nothing moves in Port Vendres for hours at a time except the slow gray dappled Percheron stallions, pacing decorously, one behind the other, with kegs of wine on two-wheeled balanced carts that rumble drowsily up the short hill to the railroad station. Once a week there is a steamer arriving or departing for Algiers. On other days one may see the whole town with but a dog scratching a flea, or a rooster crowing and flapping his wings. Two people may walk along the stone quays out to the harbor's stone-paved entrance, and rounding the point, disappear into the folds of the hills beyond where the vineyards pitch down to the sea, and the sea lifts to the land and falls away again with a sharp sigh like an indrawn breath of frustration, and the amber light runs like old wine over the rocks and tiny beaches.

Here, discovering a peasant in his vineyard with a little house for rent, Eric took life day by day with Germaine who wished to live and not to understand. She, too, of course, had come there to paint, being herself an artist. But nothing that either of them painted was as exquisite as playing at being married. She knew what charmed him and what left him cold, and always she made it her occupation to awaken and to charm, while that thing in him which he had himself described as "a stonier soil" led her on and on with its suggestion of eluding her desire for possession. And in this way a year slipped by, and three months more, and, strangely, one evening when there was a chilly light upon the sea for once, Eric remembered that there would be shooting in Scotland if he were there, and, indeed, if he were not. He held forth upon the "hielands" for a matter of an hour, warming to the subject as retrospection always warms the trusting mind, and the next day when he slipped his kit and palette over his shoulder, she felt too tired to go, and he went off whistling, thinking idly that it was the first time she had let him go alone.

He came back, radiant, having accomplished the best large canvas he had attempted since coming to France; and found a tear-stained and averted face to greet him at the door.

"Good heavens! What's happened to it since its man went painting?" he said, obviously dumfounded.

She flung away from him and rushing to their tiny room, fell face downward on the bed.

"What have I left undone that I ought to have done, or done that I ought not to have done?" he said on his knees beside her.

And getting no answer he sat back looking at her mute with male amazement.

"Oh, you are all such stupid, stupid brutes!" she cried. "Why do we women love you, ever?"

"Can't imagine," he admitted patiently, "but as you sometimes do, what has this brute done to forfeit it?"

"If you ever gave me one real moment of sober reflection, you would know without my telling you."

He cast his mind back over her moods and tenses of the last few days and gained exactly nothing by the process.

And she lay there sobbing quietly for a long time, until he realized that he himself must make some move or the situation, whatever it really was, would go on indefinitely. He got up and lit a pipe, and went to the window where he stood looking out with eyes which saw nothing. So it was ending. As the little wind at home, which sprang up from nowhere and shook from the silver beeches a single leaf presaging a change of season, so now he felt an air, alien to their summer, moving past the reaches of his mind. It had been such a lyric year, brief as a sonnet, and as lovely; the artist in him rebelled against a fifteenth line, less beautiful; the man in him already knew regret for all that had been dear. He stood there very miserable and sorry, waiting for her next move.

But his ability to detach himself from her at such a time only angered and frightened her. You could not reach these Anglo-Saxons with tears or reproaches. A woman was merely an episode, a plaything; the real aim of their lives was not love, but achievement; of the nuances, the inflections of the game of love, of the delicacies and interplay of human associations, they knew nothing; the finer technique of the art of living was lost upon their cruder sensibilities. They insisted upon establishing bulky and easily recognizable codes of procedure and making them traditional, and for these things they died in deserts, contracted fevers under tropical suns, froze, with a jest upon the lips, in Arctic and Antarctic snows. All this she told him with the instinctive choice of diction which women find at the service of their tongues on such occasions.

AT LAST, seeing only his face grown straight-lipped and controlled instead of full of the anger and despair for

(Continued on page 128)

LE LAIT D'ISABEY
PARFUMS ISABEY Originally created for the exclusive use of one of the present Nobility of France
BOTTLED SEALED & PACKAGED IN FRANCE
MON TEIL AMI

ISABEY

Brings to the Smart Americaine the Beauty of the Chic Parisienne

For the modern woman—so active—and so charming—Isabey of Paris has created this marvelous milk-white lotion . . . Le Lait d'Isabey. Beautifier and tonic, soothing lotion and skin-freshener—Le Lait d'Isabey is all of these in one. Greaseless—it cannot break down the lovely contours as heavy creams will; no alcohol—it cannot dry or age the most delicate skin. And it is the perfect powder base—the finishing touch before applying the petal-soft powders of Isabey. This, indeed, is the combination of Parisienne chic — Le Lait d'Isabey and Isabey Face Powder. You will find them on the counters of all the smartest shops—everywhere. ▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

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"Ruona"

The unimpeachable elegance of the Blue Fox Scarf accentuates the classic lines of this recent triumph in Spring Street Tailleurs. Silverdale Suiting is the fabric. A snug-fitting hat of gray French felt and the gleaming severity of a white satin blouse contribute the correct harmony

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CLEVELAND

Milgrim Creations and Hats may also be obtained at the foremost shops in every American city

SUNG IN THE STREET

(Continued from page 126)

which she had been seeking, she burst out:

"Even if you knew that I was going to have a child, it would make no difference! You will be going soon! You will go back to your shooting in Scotland, to your cold women who give themselves only in exchange for what they think so valuable—the foolish dignity and the disgusting security of matrimony."

When she had finished speaking there was silence for a long while, and Eric traveled very many miles away from the exquisite, disheveled wisp of humanity upon the bed. He saw the long shadows on the lawn at The Place; the swans in the late light on the garden pond; his mother in her gray gown, pouring tea; the tennis-court beyond the kitchen-garden; his father with his pointers emerging from the mists of morning; the stable clock would chime in just a moment! Eric Claverly. The Claverlys, of Sussex.

And he said slowly, "Germaine, are you going to have a child?"

She stared at him for some moments and then said suddenly, "Yes."

"Very well," he said.

"What do you mean, 'very well'?" she cried. "I cannot tell what you are thinking now any more than in the beginning."

And her words froze the reply on his lips, so that again he did not answer, and he sat there on the window-ledge, utterly miserable, utterly unable to meet the situation with anything to rectify it.

And into this palpitating silence old Stephan Lerouge walked with a letter. Taking in the scene with a single glance he went away down the sea path, shaking his old head.

"It was from England," he said, "yet he would have been going soon, anyway."

"BUT I tell you you cannot go— you cannot leave me, now, Eric! What is one soldier more or less to a country like yours? There is nothing in this war scare. How can the shooting of a single man throw the whole world into such a conflict as this would be? The situation will be over by the time you arrive in London. It is unthinkable that you should be taken from me just now!"

They had walked down to the cliffs and the moon was rising out of the east like a child's balloon with a broken string.

He took her little cold hands in his own and kissed them in that way she loved.

"Child," he said, "were I to stay with you now, in a month's time you would revile me, and toss your heart to some Frenchman marching away from the village. I must go. It is settled. But I will come back to you. I sha'n't be killed, you'll see!"

She knelt, so that her eyes were on a level with his own, as he sat above her on the grassy slope, and taking him by the ears she said, "Eric, tell me the truth. Is it to me that you would return, or to that little child to come?"

Over his face there passed a look so odd that she could not tell the meaning of it at such a time. He closed his eyes for a moment and when he looked into hers again, his own were serene.

"We must not weigh the wine," he said, using her own words of an earlier meeting, "we must drink it."

She wrung her hands together, for he had released them.

And then he caught her up in his arms and began to comfort and tease her, so that soon she was laughing, too. For the time being they were there on the cliffs with her heart replete again and the immediate present all that he would let her think of. She cried out suddenly, "Eric, it is forever! I shall love you until I die."

He made mock of her, for he was determined to be gay on this last evening.

"Do not blaspheme," he told her, "there is but one woman in any man's life who can claim the right to such a protestation."

"And she?" she asked.

God had given him a rich baritone, and he tilted back his head and sang all three of the verses, for the love of home, and of his people, was strong upon him with the thought of war.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose voice would follow me still,
Mother o' mine.

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine.

"If I were damned of body and soul
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, Mother o' mine."

THEY packed away the trifles and the household goods which they had accumulated in the past fifteen months, and old Stephan Lerouge took them in a cart to the station. They went up to Paris together and there they parted, and the flood tide of the war began to flow between. Soon the high-tension existence, which was forced upon men and women alike, absorbed Germaine's capabilities in all the diverse ways of her essentially diverse nature.

Eric wrote to her with frequence, if not regularity; but as time went on her replies became less fulsome, for she had had, in one of them, to admit that she had never been going to have a child and had merely said so in her rage and her inordinate desire to be sure that he had loved her for herself.

To this letter and several which she wrote him afterward, she received no reply, and this was not altogether to be wondered at, for Eric had already been posted as missing.

Germaine, like many a greater soul, was forced to accept the seasons as they came. And during the war they came in many strange disguises. Three years after the war, she found herself occupied at the moment with one Alfred Destin, whose murals were beginning to attract attention among the wise in art circles. He decided to show her something of her native France; not the tourist places, but the little towns the world had hurried by.

"Wait till you see it," he told her, "a very bijou of a place—a tiny gem. There is an hotel on the quay, and we will have a room on the water-front with a balcony."

THEY went down by omnibus the following week; and of course the place was Port Vendres. Something in her bones told her it would be Port Vendres when she met him at the Gare and he had whispered the name to the ticket agent. Something in her bones told her that he would take her out the cliff path—that it would be the first place they would walk. And all the way out, as she dragged along behind him, she remembered fragments of that other life, bits of conversations, shadows of gestures.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death." One of his English poets had said that. She could not remember who. Always he had had that way of quoting from his English poets. Sometimes it had bored her. But now—"all that" was dead. "All that" was lying underneath the grass, and she was here, alive, eager for life, and just beginning—well—"another season" of her existence. Why not, indeed? Did not the very earth upon which they trod do likewise, triumphant over frustration?

Now they were passing it. That little house of love. The Villa Mirage. Life and death and chance were strange! A tall old woman in a gray gown was sitting quietly in the garden. Someone who had bought the place and lived here for the climate, perhaps.

On the way back after an afternoon of desultory flirtation in which Alfred had accused her of being in the clouds, they had just reached the town when they saw coming toward them on the cobbled street, a tall man in a blue peasant smock. Looking into his face, as he approached, she saw that he was a *mulâtre*. It was as if shod hooves had galloped over that countenance, or irons had burned it to the bone again and yet again.

(Concluded on page 129)

Built to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles

THE new Ford is a remarkably fine car for one that costs so little. It is simple in design, constructed of the finest materials, and built with unusual accuracy.

These are the reasons it performs so wonderfully. These are also the reasons its service requirements are so few and the up-keep cost so low.

An example of the simplicity of Ford manufacturing methods is shown in the engine lubrication system. It is reliable and effective in action, yet so carefully made that it requires practically no service attention. There is, in fact, only one thing for you to do, but that is a very important thing . . . *watch the oil!* Keep enough oil in the oil pan so that the indicator rod never registers below low (L) and change the oil regularly every 500 miles.

If the oil level is allowed to fall below low, the supply becomes insufficient to oil all parts as they should be oiled. The oil also loses its lubrication properties more rapidly because it is used faster.

In addition to having the engine oil changed, you will also find that it pays to have the chassis lubricated every 500 miles. Every 2000 miles the distributor cam should be cleaned and given a light film of vaseline. At 5000 miles, the lubricant in the differential and transmission should be drained, the housings flushed and new lubricant added.

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Detroit, Michigan

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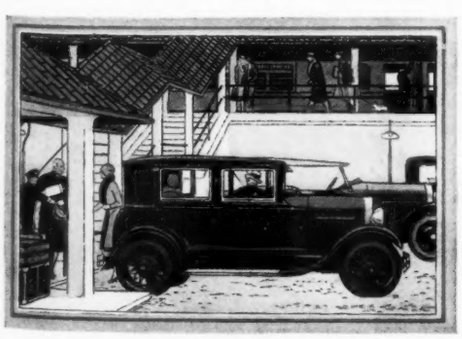
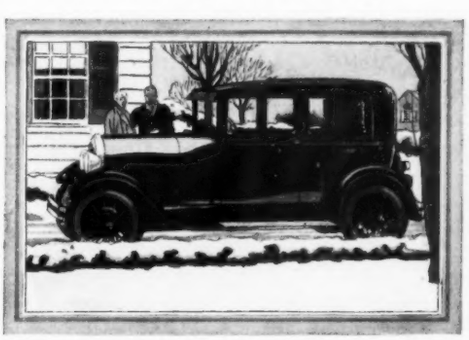


Long, low and fleet are the lines and strikingly beautiful the colors of this new Fordor Sedan. Distinguished, too, by a richness of finish and appointment unusual in a low-price car. Five people can ride in comfort in the new Fordor Sedan because of the wide seats and generous room in both front and rear compartments.



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A definite extra price for a definite extra tobacco-goodness

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CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

DINING DE LUXE

(Concluded from page 79)

What I am really worried about is the wine. The dinner we have ordered cries out for good old Burgundy, perhaps a fine *Romanée Conti*, or a *Richebourg*, or a *Beaujolais*. But there is always the desire for champagne; and if there are a few bottles tucked away somewhere of *Lanson 1911* or *Giesler 1906*, the temptation is strong to desert the French routine. It is almost worth ordering an entrée, a *jambon souffle* or a simple mushroom dish, just for the pleasure of drinking both kinds of wine!

But why worry?

There is no universal rule about the "correct" wine. Gourmets and nations of gourmets have never been able to agree.

WHICH reminds me that we have ordered a very simple—to some, a disappointingly simple—dinner. As I look back over the menu, it seems to be composed mostly of "Don't's." But, as I look back over several years of fairly habitual eating, the secret of dining well seems to be one long series of "Don't's":

Don't order the whole *cuisine*.

Don't order *minnestrone* in Moscow and *borich* in Rome—eat what the Romans eat.

Don't order at the last moment—if you can help it.

Don't order one course at a time—whether you can help it or not.

Don't let everybody "order his own meal"—it's fatal to everybody else's good time.

Don't order "made dishes" in a crowded restaurant—when the *plat du jour* will do as well.

Don't order two hot things at one time and at one serving—no human being can do justice to them both.

Don't order your meal from an ordinary waiter—the *maître d'hôtel's* interest is essential to success.

Don't be afraid to order small courses—a green vegetable, for instance, by itself.

Don't be afraid to order new dishes—after talking them over with the *maître d'hôtel*.

Don't forget to compliment the *maître d'hôtel* if your first course is good—if you do, your next course will be better.

Don't serve "messy" dishes early in the meal—better still, don't serve them at all.

Don't let the wine man open a bottle until you've looked at the label to see if it is the "mark" you ordered.

Don't let the wine man pocket the cork until you've seen and felt it—corks in old wine should be straight, hard, and discolored.

Don't mix colors in wines—unless you are an expert.

Don't serve red wines cold or white wines warm.

Don't serve too many cocktails before the meal—they destroy the taste and the appetite.

Don't serve spirits with the meal, for the same reason.

Don't forget the little things—a cheese service with the soup, a glass of port with the cheese, a small slice of *pâté* or *jambon* with the salad—these things make the dinner.

Don't go against the tradition of the restaurant you are patronizing—*restaurateurs* are human beings—they rebuff rebuffs and appreciate appreciation.

Don't let the waiter crowd your table with useless butter plates and serving dishes—space is essential to the enjoyment of food.

Don't stand for anything that isn't "just right"—it's your due.

Don't forget to tip well when things *are* "just right"—it's the waiter's salary and *his* due.

Don't tip a poor waiter—report him.

Don't tip too much—it doesn't get service and it may get a giggle.

Don't tip in advance—but look as if you were going to.

Don't tip the regular waiter more than ten per cent.—he throws whatever you give him into a general fund and doesn't benefit especially by your generosity.

Don't tip bus-boys—they share in the waiters' fund.

Don't forget the wine man—he is "on his own."

Don't forget the *maître d'hôtel*—he is the god in the culinary machine.

AND don't forget that it is now nine-thirty—and we haven't decided where we are going to dine. But since we are in Paris, and in the Ritz, why don't we stay right where we are? It is just the right hour for the Ritz—or, in a pinch, there might be time for a second cocktail. Half of the people who have reserved their tables for nine-thirty have been accustomed most of their lives to "supper" at six and "bedtime" at nine, but there won't be a dozen diners in their seats when Ollivier welcomes us at the entrance to the sacred corridor.

Ollivier has been the *maître d'hôtel* of kings. Now he is the king of *maîtres d'hôtels*. An autocrat of autocrats. But, unlike Julian at Ciro's, Ollivier is a very gentle autocrat. He persuades one to take the table with the lovely view of the pantry door as if he were doing the greatest favor in the world. He is suave, Ollivier. And to-night, he is generous. He is willing we should sit in the very heart of the Ritziest Ritz. And after he has served us the few simple dishes we have ordered, he will bring us the usual *crêpes Suzette*, the usual *café*, the usual *fine*—and the usual *addition*.

He is a very nice man, Ollivier!

SUNG IN THE STREET

(Concluded from page 128)

"Monsieur," she said, "could you perhaps tell me who has the little house of Stephan Lerouge these days, the Villa Mirage?"

The face before her did not change expression, for that was something which it had lost the power to do. There was a short pause. He stood looking down at her quietly. And then the travesty of a smile passed over the obliterated features.

"Mademoiselle, I am unable to inform you. The people are unknown to me." He stood aside to let her pass. The movement was utterly familiar. Looking back, something in the head-carriage and the swinging stride made her heart turn over.

"Horrible! Oh, horrible!" Alfred was saying. "No wonder you tremble. They say that many men thought dead are still alive, hiding away, seeking the little places of the world where they may live out their lives without burdening their fellows. No woman could endure the pain of having such a visage by her side. It would not be fair to ask it."

Through the sun and silence a voice drifted back to them across the narrow harbor.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill
Mother o' Mine,
I know whose voice would follow me still,
Mother o' Mine.

"If I were damned of body and soul
I know whose prayers would make me
whole——"

The sea and the cliffs caught the voice away to themselves, leaving the tiny town in silence.

"What is it, Germaine? What is the matter? Is the man known to you?"

"The song is known to me," she said. "It is an English song. It seems strange to hear it here—sung in the street."

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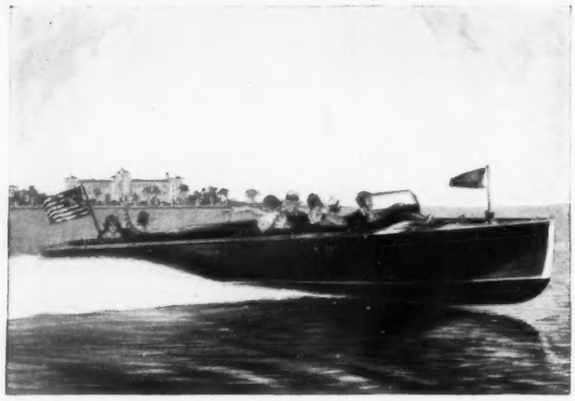

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EXILED

(Continued from page 83)

to work. That necklace of Sylvia's . . . there were too many obligations. And the pace was so fast. You couldn't afford to dawdle. You couldn't afford to let people pass you. He was sorry, he said, he really couldn't.

They shrugged their shoulders. They were sorry, too. They couldn't understand it. They had heard that Englishmen didn't bother about anything but sports.

An Englishman. Dick Vinning smiled. There were times when he found it rather hard to remember that he was an Englishman. It was so far away; so long ago since that September morning when he had waved good-by from the window of a train to the three or four friends who had come to Victoria to see him off.

"Good luck and good-by!" they had shouted. "Mind you're back in time for the cricket!"

He was twenty-three, just down from Oxford, and was setting out on the conventional *wanderjahre* before settling down as a barrister in Lincolns Inn. He had planned a world tour, to last about eight months, that would see him back in England by the beginning of the cricket season. He had booked matches for the first week in May, arranged about the chambers he was to work in, the diggings he was to share. And as a souvenir of those plans, he still kept the unused portion of the ticket that was to have brought him back to them.

FOR it had happened just as it does in books, as it so rarely does in life, on a liner from Honolulu to San Francisco. She was the first thing he had seen when he came on board, a frail wisp of a thing, with a wreath of flowers about her neck, waving farewell to a little knot of friends. There was laughter in her eyes and on her lips. And it was the first time that he had heard the accent of a well-bred American, and just as there is no pitch that can be harsher, there is no pitch that can be more musical: it was pure and rich and sweet, golden-sweet like Château Yquem. "If she were to look at me like that," he thought, "I'd be lost completely." And he did not know if he wanted to be or not. She was marvelous. But Dick Vinning was an indolent and pleasure-loving person. And falling in love with an American six thousand miles out of London would complicate life confoundedly. "I'll leave it to chance," he said; and chance next morning chose to draw them as partners in deck tennis; and there is companionship in sport that is to be made nowhere else. Before the first set was finished they were friends. And long before the time had come for them to acknowledge their congratulations laughingly, Dick Vinning knew he was head over heels in love, for the first time in his life.

"For the last time too, I'm certain," he explained to her two evenings later as they leaned against the taffrail, watching a baby moon wax goldenly. "And I'm going on pestering you till you say 'Yes.' So it would save you an awful lot of trouble if you were to say it now."

She looked him steadily in the eyes. And there was a brooding, self-questioning look behind her smile, and he felt that this frail, irresponsible creature had a most exact idea of what it wanted, and a very shrewd resolve of getting it. And, "How soon are you suggesting that we should get married?" was what she said to him. At that he hesitated.

"It's a terrible thing," he said, "but I don't see how I'm to make enough to marry for at least six years."

She shook her head firmly.

"That won't suit me at all," she said. "I'm much too much in love to wait six years. If that's all that England can give you, you'd better see if America can't do better."

THAT was how it had begun. And Richard Vinning, who had been brought up to believe that there was something mysterious and not quite honorable about trade—it was one of the things one didn't do, or, if one did do, did not discuss—found himself working eight hours a day in a shipping agency. And in not too long a while actually making money at it.

That, more than anything, astonished him. Money, he had always pictured as something you were born with or had to do without. It could be earned, of course, but only by extreme brilliance or by a species of low cunning that gentlemen did not possess. Now, however, he found himself making money with the exercise neither of brilliance nor of cunning, but simply of honest energy. It was very difficult for him to understand. He did not seem to be doing anything in particular. He just sat at a desk and things happened at a tremendous pace; and the commissions on the business that he supervised sprang up.

He tried to explain it to himself, but the only simile he could find was that of going down-hill on a bicycle with the wind behind you. You just hung on and in the end you got there. That was probably how it was. America, a young people with its vast resources, was like some great wind, and all you had to do was to get before that wind, and keep steady in it, keep your head straight and your handle-bars; just cling on, and it would do the work for you. But if you started looking round and dawdling, well, you got knocked over and passed, and it was the end of you.

That, anyhow, was how he explained it to himself. "If I keep steady and hang on, I'll get there."

And so he shook his head when jolly people asked him to take drinks in the middle of the day, and drive out to the golf-links afterward. He couldn't afford to, he told himself, if he was to stay the course. So he contented himself with three sandwiches and a cup of coffee. And within forty minutes he was back again in his offices, and there were a row of telephone messages and a cable from Champerico. Would he buy a coffee crop at such a price, and he rang up a broker and said, "I can let you have so many bags of coffee for so much." And after a pause the broker answered, "You can keep your coffee." So he rang another broker. "I can let you have so many bags of coffee for so much," he said; and after a pause the broker said, "We'll have them." And Dick Vinning sent off a cable to Champerico. And this was business he had brought himself, and the commission on it would be between two and three hundred dollars. It didn't seem quite real. But then nothing seemed altogether real in this amazing country. Still, since that was the way things went. . . .

And he took out from the top drawer of his desk the long list of his obligations; mortgages that would fall due, instalments that must be met, bills that would be presented. And he set one item against another and the list did not seem as formidable as he had fancied. It would not be so very long before the columns balanced. Then, maybe, he'd be able to take things easier. In the meantime, though. . . .

BUT the telephone rang, and the typewriters were tapping; there were figures to be compared, cables to be dispatched, callers to be interviewed. It was six o'clock before he knew it. And then he was out in Market Street again, starting the engine of his car, driving northward up the steep hill toward his home, and there was Sylvia, gay and laughing, bubbling over with the excitement that was the prelude to a new plan.

"Darling," she cried, "I've got the heavenliest idea. We're going to build ourselves a house at Pebble Beach."

He was so amazed that he could not answer. Pebble Beach was a good hundred miles away. What on earth should they be wanting with a house at Pebble Beach?

"It'll be such fun," she was saying. "I don't say that we'd be able to use it much. Not now, at any rate. But later on, for week-ends and things it would be just the thing."

But the price, he objected. You couldn't run up a cheap bungalow at Pebble Beach. There was no need for

(Continued on page 132)

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Water Lily Foundation—makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 2.00

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LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS

EXILED

(*Continued from page 130*)

them to build yet, she continued. The main thing was to get the ground. A real estate man, it appeared, had called that afternoon. "Such a sweet person, darling, so good-looking. Blond and tall with hair that crinkled. An angel, truly."

A real estate man who had pointed out how everyone wanted land along there, now that the oil fields and the films were making the West richer than the East, that Del Monte was going to become the playground of the West, that soon all the best sites would be snapped up. "And it's such a sweet site. We could have such fun there, darling."

In dismay he stared at her. Fun. Did she think about anything except fun? She was like a spoiled baby, who saw a toy in a shop-window and couldn't be happy till she had it. And this was such an absurd, such an expensive toy.

"Darling," she was saying, "we needn't build at once if it would be too expensive. We could just get the land and wait till we had more money."

She explained to him what her plans were for the house: how many rooms there would be; how they'd arrange the garden; what pets they'd have. Patiently, but wearily, he listened to her. Was there no limit, he asked himself, to her irresponsibility? For he knew so exactly how it would turn out. An enormous trouble and inconvenience he would meet the instalments on that property, only to find long before they were in a position to build, that she had lost interest in the house. She was just like a child in a nursery, displaying for a few hours a child's intense concentrated absorption in a new toy, to lose next morning all interest in that toy forever. That was how it would be.

And slowly, gently, persuasively, he began to explain to her the impracticability of her scheme. He did not say it would be impossible for them to buy the land. But it would be difficult, extremely difficult. And there were so many things they could spend their money on more amusingly. One by one he produced his arguments.

But she did not listen. She had been standing at his side, her arm through his, while she had babbled excitedly, but the moment he began to bring forward his objections she turned away, walked over to a sofa, huddled herself, a dejected figure, in its corner, all the vitality and glow gone out of her. Her eyes were lusterless. Her lips were pouted, and on her husband, who knew well these premonitory signals, there descended a depression infinitely denser than that which had settled when Sylvia broached her plan.

"Heavens!" he thought, "she's going to pull her stuff."

AND when she did that . . . oh, but it was just impossible. In his early days of marriage when he had tried to reason with her, he had let her go her limit, and it had been just too much. She would not argue, she would not discuss. She withdrew into herself, was polite, pleasant, but behind barriers. You simply could not get at her. She would agree to everything you said. "Fine," she would say, "splendid." From the outside she would seem the perfect wife. But actually, she was so distant that there was no getting near her. She made life unbearable. She would keep it up just as long as she was denied her way. Twice he had tried to be equally determined, but he had capitulated. Life on those terms was not worth having. Now, when he saw the mood coming, he gave way. It was no good trying to reason with her; she was not, he told himself, a reasonable person.

It was no good arguing about that house. If she wanted it, then she must have it. He stopped speaking, walked over to her, laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Will it make you very happy," he asked, "to have that house?"

In an instant the light and gaiety and charm had returned to her.

"Darling," she said, "so happy."

And her arms were flung round his neck, and her face was lifted, laughing into his; her lips were parted. It was seven years since he had kissed those lips for the first time. There was still only one thing in the world he really wanted.

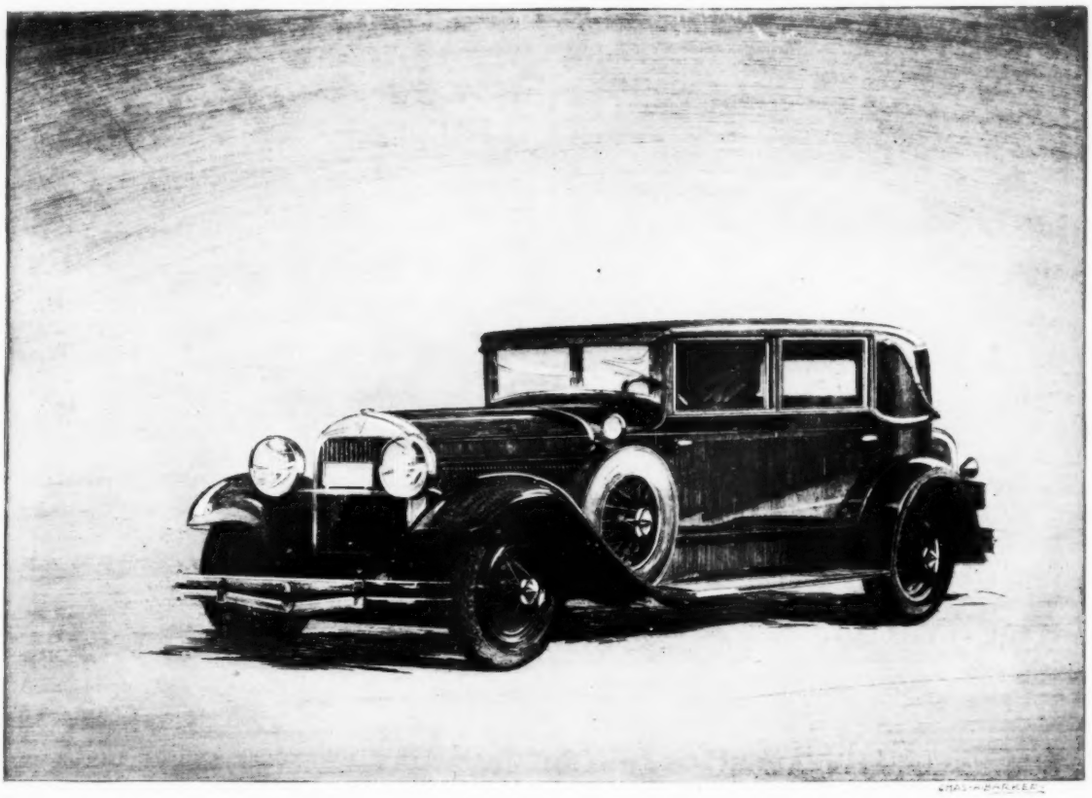
It meant debts, of course; more debts, more obligations, more instaiments. But to his surprise Dick Vinning did not find that the situation worried him particularly. As a boy he had always symbolized debt as an immense burden that hampered you, weighed upon you, prevented you from breathing. That was how debt was presented in sermons and in stories. But actually when the time came he found that you accepted it as part of the fabric of your life. You did not bother about it much. At the office he had not time to. Things went too fast. Going down-hill on a bicycle with the wind behind you is an exciting business; and at home he never had time to think about the office. Sylvia saw to that. She was so busy having a good time herself that everyone who was associated with her could scarcely help having one as well.

HE NEVER had to bother about entertainment. She saw to that all right. For every evening, for every week-end, something was arranged. Bridge, dancing, a theatre, picnicking. He did in truth leave his office behind him the moment he stepped into his car at six o'clock. In ten minutes he would be home, and there would be Sylvia, fresh and radiant and laughing. She would throw her arms round his neck and kiss him and, "Darling," she would say, "get out of those hot things quickly. Your bath's on, your Tuxedo's ready, the Fresham's are calling for us in half an hour." And while he changed she would mix a cocktail and chatter about all that she had been doing during the day; whom she'd lunched with, whom she'd had tea with, the frock she'd bought at Mangin's, the Chinese porcelain she had coveted at Gump's. By the time he would be ready, the car would be at the door. And that would be the last he would see of Sylvia. She would lose herself in the crowd, abandoned utterly to this business of having a good time. She would be laughing and chatting with other people, taking them aside to confide secrets to them. If it was a dinner party she would be sitting at the other side of the table. If it was a dance she would be surrounded by young men. She was always surrounded by young men, whom she called "Darling," and held hands with and kissed occasionally. Her "beaux" she called them.

"Darling, you aren't jealous? You aren't so silly as to be jealous. I must have my beaux. I'd feel old if I didn't. Me, with my three babies and all my wrinkles. And, darling, you wouldn't want me to feel old."

She was amazing, he told himself. One would never stand for it in an English woman, but then in an English woman it would mean something different. You couldn't judge them by the same standard. The American woman: what were you to make of her? Was she anything but a spoiled child? Had she a single idea in that pretty head of hers beyond the having of a good time; the good time to which, by the mere fact of being a woman, she considered herself, without any effort on her part, to be entitled? What was she? The product of a world in which men had been too busy to bother about their women, had not had time to make comrades and associates of them, had taken the easier course of turning them into goddesses. Was that it? Did Sylvia see in marriage anything but a stepping-off place for enjoyment? Had she any conception of how much this good time of hers was costing him in work and strain and effort? And would she regard it as any part of her duty as a wife to have any such conception? Would she? But then, what would it matter if she would? Did anything matter as long as they loved each other and were together? For however much fun these parties were, and they invariably were good fun, for if the Californian does not understand the art

(*Continued on page 134*)



The Greater HUDSON in 14 Distinguished Body Types

COMMANDING beauty and richness distinguish each of the 14 body types available on the Greater Hudson.

The five-passenger Club Sedan here illustrated suggests the smartness that marks these new offerings. In every detail of finish and fittings they express the utmost in comfort and luxury.

Never in Hudson history have we presented such beautiful bodies. Never such value. Never such price advantage. And those who know motor leadership say that speaks for the entire industry.

To the wider number of models presented a further variety of personal choice is provided in two chassis lengths of identical quality.

On the standard chassis nine models are offered — the Coach, Standard Sedan, Coupe, Roadster, Phaeton, Town Sedan, Convertible Coupe, Landau Sedan and Victoria, ranging from $1095 to $1500 at factory. On the long chassis there are five models — the 4-passenger Sport Phaeton, the 7-passenger Phaeton, the 5-passenger Club Sedan, the 7-passenger Sedan and the 7-passenger Limousine, with a price range from $1850 to $2100 at factory.

92 DEVELOPED HORSE POWER — ABOVE 80 MILES AN HOUR

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By ANN FRANKLIN

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Each preparation, made of the finest materials procurable, is encased in a manner not only to grace the boudoir table, but to make it the most delightful to use. Each crême comes in a genuine pottery jar to preserve its exquisite texture and freshness, each lotion in a bottle of clear crystal. To see these new preparations and to use them, is to be instantly captured by their supreme fineness.

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EXILED

(Continued from page 132)

having a good time then there is no one in the world that does, the best moment was always at the end when the last good-by had been said, and he and Sylvia were alone together in the car, and she would snuggle up against him, her head upon his shoulder, and "Kiss me," she would whisper.

They would always kiss the moment they were alone. Sometimes it was a drowsy comfortable kiss, the kind of kiss with which you tuck a child up for the night. And it was as a child that he would think of her, a child that was tired suddenly of its play. But often it would not be at all that kind of kiss. There would be a fever in her voice and upon her lips, and her fingers would clench tightly on his coat, as though all the evening they had been hungry to be clenched there, and the ten minutes' drive home would seem an exasperating eternity of time.

He was terribly happy with her.

Not that there were not moments of self-questioning. Had there not been, it would not have been a human marriage. In the history of every marriage there is one moment when the whole edifice appears to rock.

TO Dick Vinning that moment came in his thirty-seventh year, in the sound across a dinner table of an English voice; a voice that was low and a little blurred, a little rushed, a little indistinct; a voice that was not particularly musical, but that pronounced its "a's" as though an "h" followed them, and in the sound of that voice came with a sense of overpowering nostalgia the memory of everything he had abandoned fifteen years back. He remembered London, and its quiet squares, and the buses going down Piccadilly, the curve of Regent Street, and Whitehall as you saw it from St. James's Park, a medley of minarets, in the lilac of a November dusk. And he remembered the English countryside; the honeysuckled hedges, and the Sussex downs, green and brown with the slow sun going over them, and the windmills and the grazing sheep; the wealth and softness of those colored counties.

"And am I never," he thought, "to see any of it again?" And he looked across the table toward the voice, toward a calm, oval face, its head coiled round in a helmet of brown hair; to brown eyes that were soft and kindly, below a high, clear forehead; to lips that were full and smiling and unrouged; to cheeks colored slightly by air and sun, that had never known more than powder. She was everything that Sylvia was not. "That must be a very sweet person," Vinning thought.

DIRECTLY after dinner he went across to her. There seemed no need between them for the conventionalities of conversation.

"You're English," he said. "It made me homesick to hear you talk."

"And doesn't it make you more homesick," she answered, "to know that in a month from now I'll be in London?"

In two days' time she would be returning by Panama. She was at Cambridge, she told him, reading history, and had been left some money by an aunt—not much, too little to invest—that she had thought she'd spend in traveling. So she had come out here. She had had a wonderful time. "I love America," she said.

But he did not want to talk about America. He wanted to talk of England, to hear pronounced, in accents so long unfamiliar, the names he had not heard for fifteen years. Did she know the west country, he asked. Yes, she had been born in Paulton. Then she knew Bath. But, of course. And the Wiltshire villages. Lacock and Corsham with its Almshouse, and Pickwick with its yellow houses. And Sussex. Did she know Sussex?

Yes, she knew Sussex; slightly but not well; she had stayed at Ditchling. Then she should know Westmiston. Why, of course. That deep sunken road below the church, was there anything lovelier than that in springtime? And Fittleworth; she had spent a week-end there once.

So eagerly did they talk together that he did not realize that all the other guests had gone, and that Sylvia was left alone talking with their hostess. He was reluctant to say good-by.

"Look here," he said, "you've only two more days here and I imagine that they are pretty well filled up. But if you're looking for anyone to show you round San Francisco, I'll be very glad to."

She looked him steadily in the eyes.

"That's very nice of you," she said. "I'll be very grateful. To-morrow afternoon. It'll be fun seeing San Francisco."

NOT that they saw a great deal of San Francisco, though they drove for two hours through its climbing streets northward and along its cliffs to the Golden Gate; though they had tea at the little restaurant that looks out over the clustering piers, and the shipping and the ferry-boats paddling their way across to Oakland. It was of themselves they talked, of themselves that they were thinking, of themselves and England; the England she was returning to, the England he was exiled from. And it was to one heavy with homesickness that at length, leaning across the table, her eyes looking softly into his, a soft voice said:

"Surely you must miss it terribly. You don't belong here. Life must be very exciting, and very new. But is it worth it, do you think, all this frantic hurry about getting on in the world, about getting rich? We live such a little while. Do you think it's worth it?"

And she quoted to him; how

"She bade him take life easy as the grass grows in the weirs
But he was young and foolish and now was full of tears."

"Do you think it's really worth it?" she repeated.

And he thought of England: of how leisured and gracious life was there; gentle and quiet-skied. He recalled the peace of it, and the beauty. And, "What am I doing here?" he thought. "In this foreign country: working myself to death to satisfy the caprices of a wife who has no object in life other than the having of a good time. What do I matter to her, really? I'm just the provider. Anyone else would do just as well. I am a stranger among strangers here."

And the appeal of the soft-voiced woman at his side was very strong. And that soft voice and quiet, oval face seemed to symbolize everything that was most truly English, everything that he was exiled from. And his emotion was so fierce that he could hardly speak.

"I think," he said, "that I shall go mad if I never go home again."

She smiled sadly.

"And is it so very necessary," she asked, "for you to stay here?"

There was little doubt of that which she was offering him. To-morrow evening her boat would sail. She was free; he could be. And there was upon him a heavy longing: if only he could go! If only he could win back to that lost tranquillity. But even as he longed, he knew the impracticability of that longing. How could he be free? He, who was bound hand and foot by bills and obligations. Sylvia might not really need him. He might be the provider for her, the meal-ticket man, that, and nothing else. And yet . . . he shrugged his shoulders. Practically, it was just impossible. He probably wouldn't be able to lay his hand on a thousand dollars. He was bound hand and foot by debts. He could not go without leaving an intolerable mess behind him. It was no use dreaming.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You'll never know," he said, "quite what it'll mean to me to-morrow evening when I watch the *Logaric* sail."

HIMSELF he never quite knew what it had meant. There was a mist before his eyes, and his ears were deafened. And it was in a mist that he drove

(Continued on page 136)

Vivacious, graceful, feminine to her finger-tips is the bride who finds her personality expressed in the Louis XIV Pattern by Towle. Here delicate ornament, exquisitely feminine in its design, chooses precious Sterling as its medium for expressing the modern girl's love of adorned simplicity.

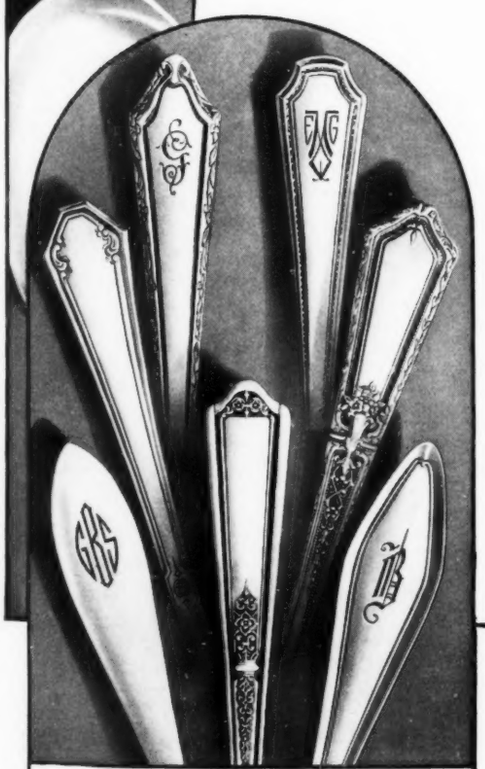
TOWLE

Sterling Silver Exclusively

Louis XIV Pattern by Towle

Gown from Altman

This distinguished Louis XIV tea and coffee set, made to match the flat silver, is one of the most admired of Towle silver services.



(*left to right, upper four*) Lady Mary, Virginia Carvel, Lady Constance, D'Orleans.
(*lower three*) La Fayette, Seville, Mary Chilton.

Your Sterling Pattern must express YOU

There is a certain group of modern, beauty-loving girls who, the finer jewelry shops tell us, prefer the Louis XIV Pattern in Towle Sterling to *any other Solid Silver pattern!*

These girls like simplicity in their home surroundings but their taste is too lively for *plainness*. Do you share their feeling? Then this Louis XIV pattern probably expresses you, too.

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It is quite possible that you may not find your own personality expressed in the Louis XIV pattern but in one of the seven other lovely Towle solid silver patterns shown at left.

The point is: What expresses you *belongs* to you. Imagine these patterns on the tables of the various brides you know. Don't you feel instantly that certain designs belong to certain girls?

Of course, all these Towle patterns are wrought into the precious solid metal with confident artistry and exquisite craftsmanship. You will find Towle Sterling displayed in the finer jewelry shops throughout the country. Ask your own jeweler what it will mean to *you* to have silver with such an illustrious heritage.

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More exquisite than ever, smarter in every detail, lovelier in every line—are the spring offerings in Bien Jolie Foundations. And there are models exactly right for wear under your new frocks and ensembles—awaiting your selection at all good stores

Send for illustrations of the newest Bien Jolie models

BENJAMIN & JOHNES
Department B, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York

Loveliness in Every Line

FOR SALE IN LONDON BY MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

EXILED

(*Continued from page 134*)

back up the steep hill toward his house. And from his doorstep he looked down upon the city. In the harbor the ferry-boats were tooting, their lights moving backward and forward like a swarm of fireflies. And England was six thousand miles away. "What am I doing here?" he thought. And there, threading its way among the fireflies was the large lit shadow of the *Logaric*, and, "It's taking a part of me away with it," he thought. And his heart was lead.

Sylvia was not in the drawing-room when he got back; she was up-stairs, the maid told him, and as he came into her bedroom she turned eagerly from before her mirror.

"Darling, I feel all restless to-night," she cried. "Let's go some place."

Her eyes were shining and her lips were parted in excitement. "I wonder what she would say," he thought, "if she knew how close I had been to never coming back to-night." But, "Hurry, darling," she was urging him; and there was nothing for him to do but to take his bath, and long before he had tied his tie, she was shouting through the door to him. "Dicky, dear, if you knew how warm your cocktail's getting."

He had no time to indulge his sorrows. He was rushed down the hill toward the town, and they had parked their car and walked along Union Square to the St. Joseph. And there was a table booked in the corner, and they had hidden their bottle of bootleg whisky on the couch; and Sylvia was excitedly running her eyes along the menu.

"Darlingest, let's have all the most expensive things," she cried. "I feel so gay to-night."

Their dinner began with caviare, and ended with a foies gras savory, and things like plovers' eggs and truffles weaved their way between.

"If only this had been Chinatown, we could have had shark-fins soup," she sighed.

Vinning laughed. It was so like her, that. That regret at not being able to get a thing both ways. She was still, in her thirties, as she had been in her teens, the harassed child fretful because it had not enough hands to play with all its toys at the same time. But as always she was the ideal companion; gay and affectionate and witty. Never had he known her more merrily kittenish.

"Isn't it fun being just ourselves?" she said. "When did we go out together last? Do you think we've had a meal together once in the last six months?"

He laughed, and supposed they hadn't.

"Which makes it all the jollier," she said. "We appreciate each other more like this."

And for the first time for many months all her gaiety and liveliness were displayed for him alone. She did not, as usual, spend half her time waving to acquaintances across the room. And when one of her beaux came across the room and asked her if she would dance with him, she shook her head. No, she was with her Poppa to-night, she said. And they danced over half the dances, as they had when they had been engaged; and her eyes were bright and her laughter silvery; and Vinning forgot his homesickness, and the lights of San Francisco shining faintlier to the decks of the *Logaric*. England was far away, and England was his home, but were he there would he not be more homesick for Sylvia's laughter than ever he could be here for the green fields and the leisured ways? And one of his arms as they drove home was tight about her shoulders. But as they paused in the hall on their return it was wistfully that she looked up at him.

"IT'S been a happy evening, hasn't it?" she said.

"Very," he answered her.

"If you only knew," she sighed, "how terribly happy you make me. If only I could make you one-half as happy as you make me. No, no, don't interrupt. I'm so seldom serious, that you must let me be really serious when I am. And, darling, you do realize, don't you . . . I may seem just a flibberty-gibbet running round among my beaux, and that it's just the crowd round me that I want, but, darling, if it wasn't for you . . . darling, you do know, don't you, that nobody could take your place?"

Her arms were about his neck, and the *Logaric* might well be a million miles away.

AND the years went by, swift and pleasant, without life altering very much for Vinning. There were new problems, of course: problems of children and education and careers. But at root it remained unaltered. The days devoted unremittingly to work, the nights, as ever, to that having of a good time; with the same framework of debts and obligations. Every year he made more money, and every year he spent more. He never had any spare balance at the bank. When his eldest daughter married he had to sell out the property they had bought at Pebble Beach, the property on which they had never built, but whose value had been quadrupled. Sylvia was sad to see it go. "We could have built such a sweet house on it," she said. It had been bought at hazard and sold at hazard, but the whim had brought them several thousand dollars. And Dick Vinning shook his head. Did she realize anything, he wondered, of the realities of life?

And the years passed and their sons went out into life, and they were alone again, he and Sylvia, though now in a much larger house, with the old life going on, the work, the bills, the parties. And they were growing old. His hair was white and thinner. And she was a little plump, and there were pouches below her eyes, and wrinkles about her mouth. But she was still the most vital figure at any party. There was still the crowd of beaux to "darling" and hold hands with, and still the best moment of every party was at the end when they were alone together in the car; when she snuggled her face against his shoulder. And though they were close on sixty it was not always, by any means, that it was the tired child that whispered, "Kiss me."

He was still terribly happy with her. But the pace had begun to tell on Vinning. There were odd moments of dizziness; of forgetfulness; when nothing seemed to be quite there; when the world around him seemed to be unreal; moments that ultimately sent him to the doctor.

It was a long and thorough examination, and at the end of it the doctor shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Vinning, but you've got to quit. You've got to retire from work."

"What's wrong?"

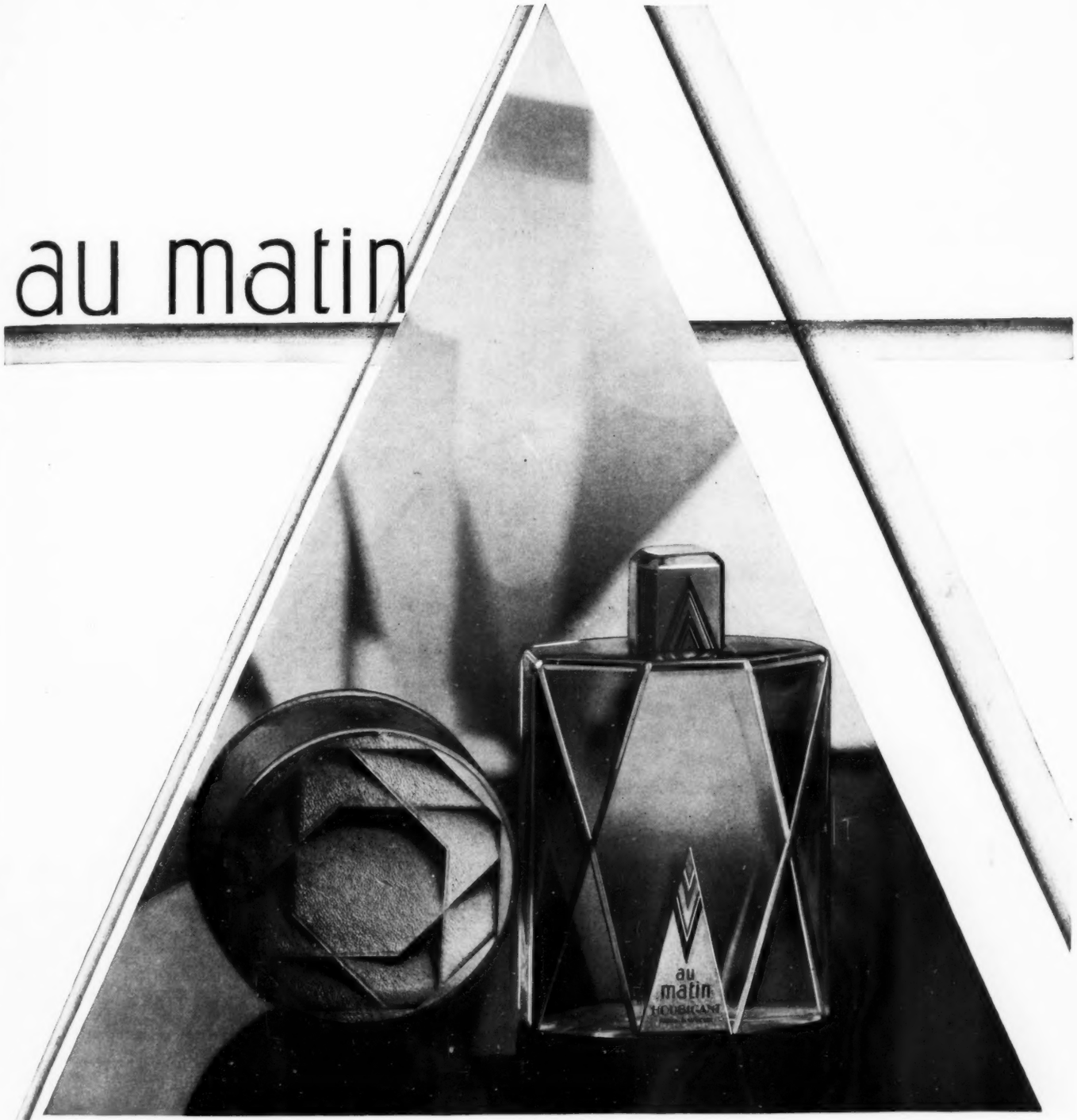
"Not much, not yet. But if you go on working as you do now I wouldn't guarantee you twelve months more."

"So that's that," he thought, as he walked away from the doctor's consulting-room. He was finished. The end had come to this incessancy of work. So that was that. He had had close on forty years of it, and there was not much to show for it. His children were well settled, but for himself and Sylvia there would not be a great deal left. There might have been, there should have been. But there had been so much extravagance. By no means all of their investments had turned out well. And now that he was retiring, he would have to surrender a good many of them, at a heavy loss. There would be precious little left for himself and Sylvia.

Well, and it had been her fault, he told himself. It was she who had forced him into these speculations. She who had been extravagant, with her insistence on a good time. And as he drove his car homeward, he smiled ironically over the dramatic fitness of this curtain to their marriage. It was right that he should be able to say to her now, "I'm sorry, my dear, but you wanted it both ways, and that's something that can't be had. You set a harder pace than I could keep. We'll have to amble along, I'm afraid, these last few miles." That was how he felt as he drove homeward. But the moment he saw Sylvia that spirit of partial revenge completely left him. And he was ashamed, horribly, that he should ever have felt like that. It had been

(*Concluded on page 138*)

au matin



. . . fragrance of flowers at dawn . . . . finds rendezvous in a parfum and poudre that are the achievement moderne of Houbigant and the notable vogue in Paris.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

·confessions of a half-time wife .....

... "Men make me *furious*! John wanted me to take bridge lessons from that new teacher, but I couldn't, because they came at the same hour as my beauty treatments. He said I was such a face-slave that I was nothing but a half-time wife! Imagine it, Nadine, when we were giving a dinner that very night, and he'd have been the first to notice it if I hadn't looked my best.

"You don't *take* beauty treatments?... You do it all *yourself*? ... And only yesterday I told John nobody would believe you and I went to school together, you look so much younger!

"You never use anything but Nina Geranium Cream?... Two minutes at night and two in the morning? ... You just rub it in and hop into bed—and pat some more on in the morning and rub it off and put on your make-up? ... Nadine, it's just too marvelous! ...That lovely, smooth, clear skin —no lines—none of that terrible flabby look I'm always fighting—no circles under your eyes—not even a shiny nose!...

"It's only 3.50 a jar, and yours lasts 6 months?... Why, Nadine, I can *pay* for those bridge lessons as well as have time to take them! When I tell John, he'll send you an orchid a day till you die, or would you rather have your window boxes kept in geraniums... They must be your favorite flower!"

nina geranium cream

COUPON

If you want to save time on your face —and save your face at the same time —ask your local Department Store for Nina Geranium Cream. If you don't find it, send three-fifty to Produits Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Ave., New York. If you want advice, ask Miss Nina Nestor, at the same address. H

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EXILED

(*Concluded from page 136*)

uncourtly, it had been malicious. Sylvia had been so sweet to him. She had made so gay, so friendly a thing out of their life together. It was he that had failed her. He ought to have been able to have kept life facile and ample for her to the end. He had failed. And it was humbly, like some one making a confession, that he went across to her.

"My sweet," he said, "I'm afraid that I've bad news for you."

He told her.

AS HE talked she drew her fingers slowly, caressingly, through his hair. And when he had finished, she bent forward and rested her cheek on his.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's my fault. I should not have let you work so hard."

They moved him, those few simple words, more than anything she had ever said to him. It had never occurred to him that she could care for him in that way, for his own sake.

"My dear," he said, "I wanted to. I wanted you to be happy. I wanted you to have a good time."

She smiled wryly.

"Did you think that was all I wanted—just having a good time?"

He looked up at her, puzzled.

"Well, my dear, I don't . . . I mean . . ."

"You did. Ah, I see you did. Well, . . . why shouldn't you have? I gave you every reason for thinking it; but if you knew. . . ." She paused. Then more quietly, more slowly: "Darling, I wanted a good time, of course I did. Who doesn't? I'm gay. I'm lively. I like having people round me. It's the atmosphere I need, it's the atmosphere I'm most myself in; but if you knew just how much of a sideshow it all was really." And again she hesitated as though at all costs she must choose the right words to explain her meaning. "You see, my sweet, I knew you, and I knew America. I knew that in America one's got to be one of two things: a failure or a success. And I wanted you to be a success; for both our sakes, for our children's sakes. And I knew, because I loved you well enough to understand you, just how easy it would be for you to fail here. You're lazy, you know. And you'd have found it terribly easy to have wasted your afternoons on golf and gin. And if you had, I knew just how you'd go under. So I resolved to save you at any cost from that. So I said to myself, 'He's honorable. If he's incurred obligations, he'll see them through. If I can so tie him up with bills that he must work, then he will work.' So I encouraged you to be extravagant. I forced you into all those complications. It wasn't just for the sake of having a good time. I wanted that, of course. But it wasn't only that. And that good time: it was for your sake as much as mine, every bit as much as mine, I wanted it. I wasn't going to let you be worried about the office when you were at home.

"No, no, darling, don't interrupt. I know what you are going to say. Was all that necessary? Couldn't we have been happy without all that, just ourselves together? My sweet, of course we could. If I could have been certain of you, that's to say. But I couldn't be. I loved you so much. I was afraid of losing you. And I knew that a time would come; oh, no, it wasn't another woman I was frightened of; I could hold my own against another woman, though it would be in the shape of another woman that I guessed the hit would come. It was England I was jealous of. You were an exile here. And by wondering how I should feel if I had to leave America, I knew just what that must mean to you. I knew that a time would come when the longing to go back would be greater than your love for me; as it was, darling, wasn't it? Oh, yes, I know, just for a little it was. I had to be prepared against that time. And how better could I be prepared than by making it impossible for you to go; by making your life so involved here that you'd have to stay? 'He's an honorable man,' I said. 'Whatever he might be tempted to do, he would never leave a mess behind him.' I was right, my dear."

And her eyes were smiling, and very fond.

For a few minutes he could not trust himself to speak. To think that all these years she had been that!

"My dear," he whispered, "I don't know what to say. Only that . . . well, I don't feel that I've failed you so badly after all; that you won't be quite so wretched leading a quiet life with me."

She laughed. "I'd never be anything but happy with you, but there's no need for it to be quite as quiet as all that. I've been prepared for most things. I've been prepared for your retiring as well."

In an evening of many surprises this was the most complete.

"Prepared; but, Sylvia, how can you be?"

"I've a good many dollars put away!"

She had never had more than a bare allowance of her own. Saved, how could she have? "I don't understand," he said.

She smiled.

"Have you forgotten all that jewelry?" she said.

"Why, you're not going to sell that; and besides, you've given the greater part of it away; what's left wouldn't bring you much. You can never get more than a quarter of what you pay, if that."

"For real jewelry, my dear."

There was an enigmatic smile upon her lips. Never in his life had he felt more blank. "I don't understand," he said.

"No? Well, suppose, then, that you were a jeweler and some one came to you and said, 'I want a fifteen-dollar imitation necklace, but if you'll make out a bill charging five thousand dollars, I'll give you a hundred dollars for that dud.' What would you say?"

HE GASPED. So that was how it had been done; and she must have saved. . . . Oh, but he had no idea how much he had spent on jewelry for her during their forty years of marriage. Enough, anyhow, to free the last fifteen years of his life of any worry.

And there at her breast was gleaming an immense brooch that he had believed to be sapphire, and round her neck were the heavy strings that he had believed to be pearls, and on her fingers and at her wrists were glittering the white stones that he had taken for diamonds.

"And they are all sham!" he gasped.

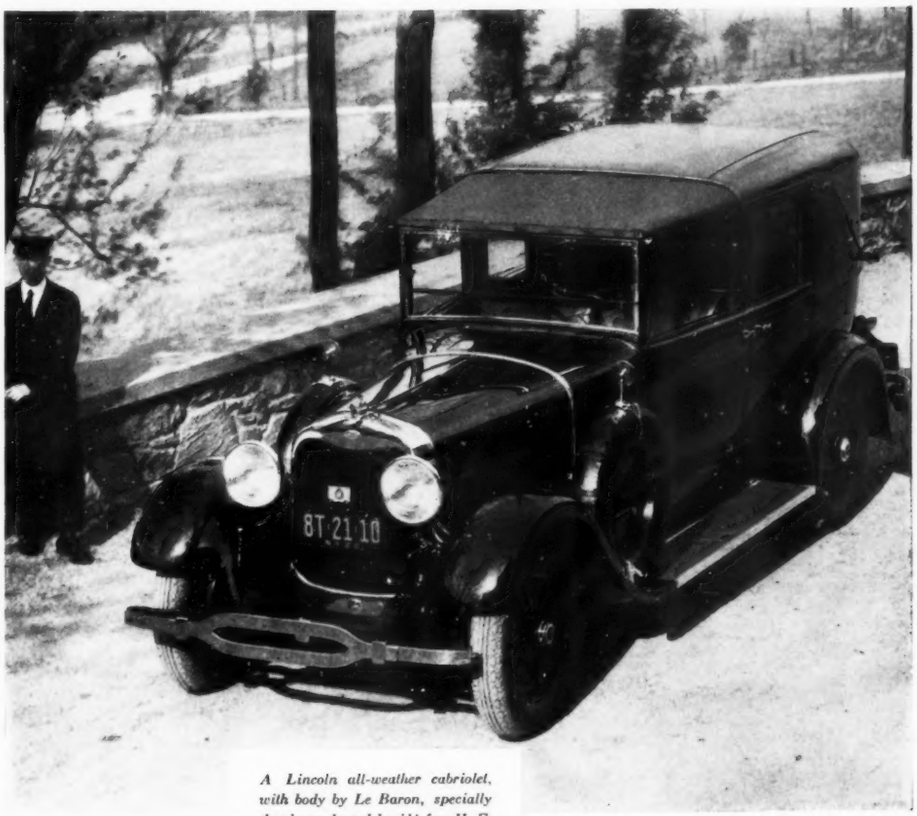
Her lips were smiling; and suddenly that smile was against his lips, and about his neck the jangled bracelets were pressed tightly, and, "Darling," she was sobbing, "I'm the one thing you've got in your arms that's real."

GOD

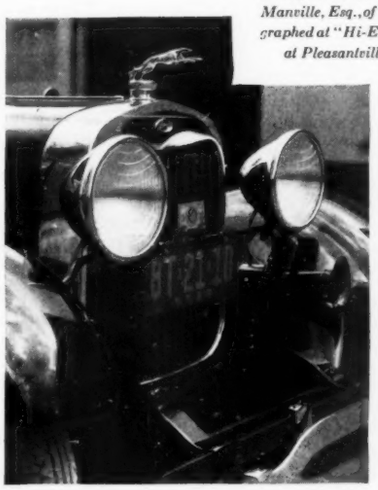
THERE'S grandeur in the buildings
That tower up so high,
There's wonder in the engines
That skim across the sky,
There's terror in the trumpet
That mourns for what it kills—
But, oh, the beauty of the mist
That hangs upon the hills!

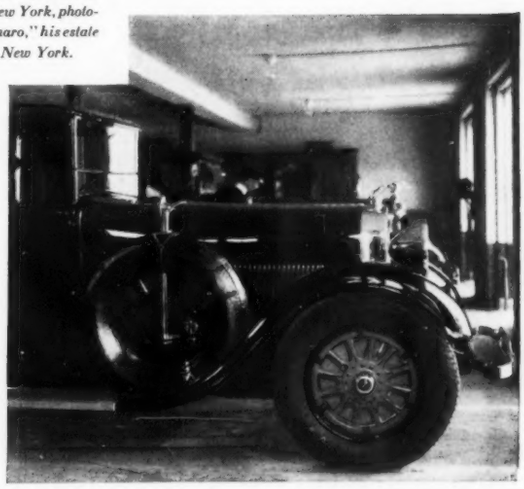
Kathleen Millay

BENEATH ITS OUTWARD BEAUTY IS UNFAILING POWER AND STRENGTH



A Lincoln all-weather cabriolet, with body by Le Baron, specially designed and built for H. E. Manville, Esq., of New York, photographed at "Hi-Esmaro," his estate at Pleasantville, New York.



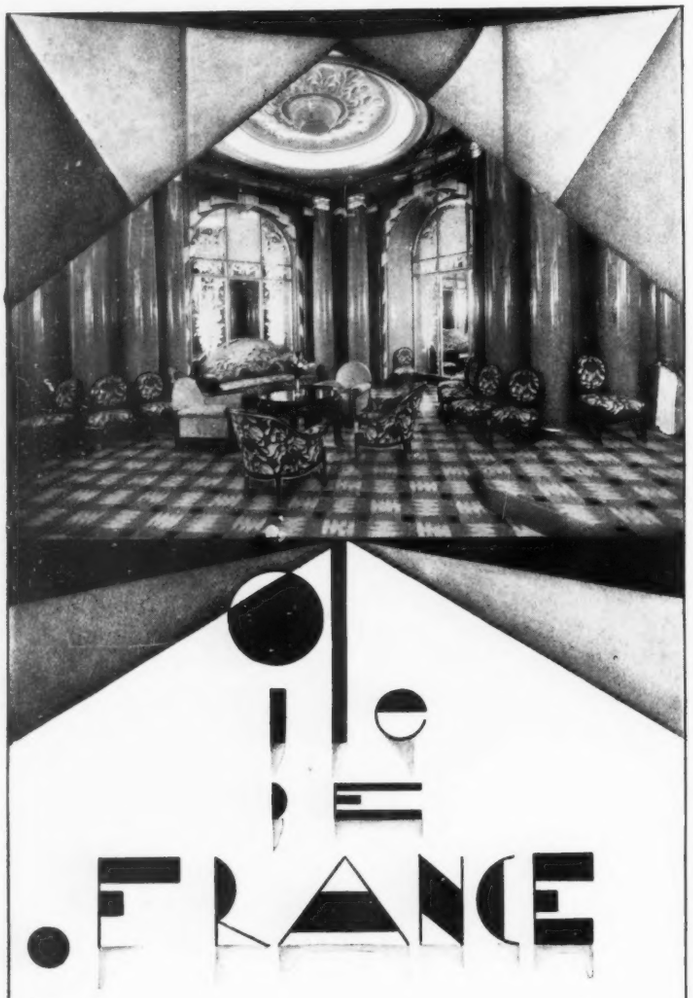


You can take your Lincoln abroad with you and feel proud to drive it down the Champs Elysées . . . you can go anywhere in London's West End, and see nothing smarter . . . you can tour day after day in it, and ride in perfect comfort. . . . For here is a car designed by the most famous coachmakers . . . Le Baron, Locke, Dietrich, Judkins, Willoughby, Brunn. (There are no yearly models. The Lincoln that you buy today will not be out of date tomorrow. Like all fine things, it grows old gracefully.) . . . A car so finely constructed that you do not even have to break it in. A car that has the timeless beauty of things in perfect taste. . . . In a word, an automobile so quietly distinguished that you will never cease to congratulate yourself upon your own good judgment in selecting it.

The Lincoln Motor Company, a division of the Ford Motor Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

"AS NEARLY PERFECT A MOTOR CAR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO PRODUCE"

THE LINCOLN



Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe . . . kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. ∽ Palaces, chateaux, gardens. ∽ The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette. ∽ What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been? . . . and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat . . . with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard. ∽ Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth . . . then Le Havre, a covered pier . . . three hours . . . *Paris itself!*

Mediterranean Cruises by the "France", Feb. 7th and March 14th

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(Continued from page 61)

We are shown a new kind of reversible tweed, the juxtaposition of both sides, dark and light, giving originality to even a quite conservative suit. Next, a new sort of stockinette, woven to match the tweed it would be combined with, is brought out for our benefit, and thirdly, a waterproofed covert coating stuff, of which shooting suits are made.

An attractive golfing outfit, in shades of brown, is now being presented. The texture used for this garment is a woolen fabric, much softer than tweed, the armholes being quite a feature, meant to expand when a full swing is taken. The jumper is of stockinette, and the skirt of a tartan-like checked material.

Ulic lines many of his shooting jackets with fur. "Anything to keep out the dampness on a rainy day, when out with the guns," he says; adding, "English country life makes the designing of warm and serviceable garments a feature of English dressmaking."

Here came an unexpected interruption from Barbara who says she is tired of hearing this continual reference to "our English climate."

"No one but foreigners complain of it. We never do. Though we may suffer, we consider it bad form to be constantly grumbling about it. We bear it, so why not others?"

Having had her say, she complimented Mr. Ulic on the excellence of a shiny black leather coat cut on the slenderest of lines with a Scottish shawl material as a lining, identical in quality to the one used by peasant women in Scotland, for shawls over their heads.

Here is the description of some of Ulic's afternoon and evening clothes:

A Quaker-like black satin afternoon gown. The close-fitting bodice being buttoned all the way down from neck to waist. The costume is finished off by a white cambric collar and cuffs. A model only suitable for the *extremely* young.

A heavy white satin gown spotted all over with gold polka-dots, the flat sash in the middle of the back having long ends reaching to the ground.

I was much impressed by Ulic's beautiful chiffon clothes. Innumerable layers of this sheer material, used in sufficient quantity, make the usual crêpe de Chine slip unnecessary.

A DRESSMAKER I've heard much about and was anxious to visit is Isobel in Regent Street. Barbara agreed to take me there. "Let's go now," I said; "I am impatient to see her clothes."

What follows is part of what Madame Isobel said to me during my visit:

She assured me, to start with, that having never in her life been inside a French dressmaking establishment she had never seen a Paris collection.

"I am much too busy with my own," she says, "besides, I never buy Paris models. I always create my own. Yes, my clients are wonderful; they spend thousands of pounds a year in my establishment alone. Of course, most profitable, but hardly satisfactory. Quantity is apt to create confusion. Fewer gowns and completed by the right hat, coat and accessories are conducive to far better results.

"Yes, England is undoubtedly the homeland of tweed. A material so far not sufficiently exploited over here. I know Paris is by way of transforming what England considers merely fit for the country into something sufficiently dressy for town wear. However, no English woman not versed in Continental ways thinks herself well-dressed in tweeds except in the country, while any French woman with dress instinct just knows what kind of a dressy hat, scarf or bit of jewelry to wear, in order to transform her tweed costume into something more elegant than velvet. Mind, I call this dress instinct, not fashion knowledge."

"What kind of evening dresses do you find particularly suitable for England?"

"There is but one way of being smart in 1929," says Madame Isobel. "Only one line being fashionable at a time. It is the same in Paris, London, or New York."

We were now shown a series of beautiful evening dresses. Noticeable are the close-fitting bodices of most models which are entirely beltless. Madame Isobel explains this to be the renovated Princess line. She seems to have made a careful study of the modern silhouette and given it her own individual touch. Two noticeable models are: one of ruby velvet with many points, front and back, reaching to the floor, and a mauve lace gown with taffeta incrustations. Evidently typical Isobel successes.

I had been told furs were a specialty of the house. "Personally," Madame Isobel says, "I always wear my ermine as a lining, but, so far, in England, this is still termed reckless extravagance. Therefore, please notice the exquisite quality of these spotless ermine wraps, of my silver-gray squirrel coat, and of this gorgeous red velvet wrap, trimmed with finest silver fox."

On my taking leave, Madame Isobel exclaims, "Give my best love to Paris. Oh, to live in an atmosphere of fashion, with the air one breathes imbued with dress knowledge and understanding. The French word *chic* is hardly as popular in England as it should be. Few grasp its meaning. Some women still consider chic to be a doubtful asset—something a good woman has to avoid. Indeed, it has been a great pleasure to chat with you, Baron de Meyer."

"Let it be *au revoir*."

NORMAN HARTNELL, Barbara tells me, is a name at present much to the fore in the London dressmaking world. He is, she says, a young man with much sartorial talent, getting on splendidly. He designs all his own clothes himself, and though his present is entirely assured, he has a brilliant future before him. Alas! when we called at his pale blue *Maison de Couture*, in Bruton Street, we found him absent.

"Mr. Hartnell has gone abroad, he is at present decorating his new establishment in Paris," the saleslady told us. "As a matter of fact we are opening our Paris branch next month.

"Would you, in Mr. Hartnell's absence, care to see some of our new clothes? We don't go in for country clothes at all. Yes, principally, Mr. Hartnell prefers designing evening dresses, though we make day gowns as well."

Here is a description of the few we were shown: A street costume consisting of a red and blue Tartan skirt, combined with a short black velvet jacket and gold buttons.

A very full-skirted pink net gown, the very tight-fitting pink lace bodice shimmering with gold and rhinestones. this, the mannequin tells us, being the replica of the one made for Lily Elsie for her new play.

A black lace gown over pink, with a very full underskirt of net. The bodice part close-fitting (decidedly a London fashion), with long lace sleeves, the entire waist being very lightly embroidered in rhinestones, shading to steel and jet.

I promise to call again and meet Mr. Hartnell on his return from Paris.

ON OUR way to Reville's in Hanover Square, I tell Barbara of my visit to this establishment some years ago.

"Still going strong," she says.

A most enterprising firm. Fancy an establishment giving satisfaction to so exalted a personage as Queen Mary, while on the other hand specializing in astounding costumes for famous movie stars in both England and America.

On reaching the house, Mr. Symonds greets us most affably. He gives instructions for his most noteworthy models to be presented to us.

Some of the stage gowns take my breath away. They are not only full of imaginative qualities, but have an excellent line.

"What do you call this type of gown, Mr. Symonds?" I ask. "An indoor dress for stageland," is his reply, "designed in view of photographic values" (how thrilling for me), adding, that to design for successful rendering by the camera is quite a study in itself. I heartily agree with him.

(Continued on page 142)

Smooth Out the Lines of Age *and* Strain

From the Very First Application Of the Amazing New CHARLES OF THE RITZ Home Method, Youthful Skin Smoothness and Beauty Begin to Return.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ, *head of the* CHARLES OF THE RITZ *salons at the Ritz-Carlton, Plaza and other New York hotels.*

Now Give Yourself at Home CHARLES' Secret Youth-Bringing Treatments

THE thousands of beautiful and fashionable women who daily go to the exclusive CHARLES OF THE RITZ beauty salons have no fear of ageing lines, sagging skin, coarse pores and other ruinous disfigurements. Because for all of these discouraging marks CHARLES has evolved his unique preparations and treatments which work seeming wonders. With amazing speed they act to bring back to your skin the fresh soft smoothness and loveliness of a young girl's.

Now for the first time CHARLES' secret preparations are obtainable at leading department stores and druggists. Surprisingly they are not expensive.

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Purchase just one of CHARLES' unique creams or lotions and try it. You will be amazed at the almost instant difference in your skin. It is but a promise of the wonderful improvement CHARLES can bring.

Also send for CHARLES' fascinating Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*. Simply mail the Request Slip below. If you wish special information, check the slip for CHARLES' personal advice. Send today.

CHARLES OF THE RITZ *Advises for Home Use*

For Ageing Lines

ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM RITZ—Excellent for dry, shriveled, crepy skin and all lines..... $2.

For Sagging Skin, Pouches

ASTRINGENT RITZ—To firm and smooth flabby, sagging skin, drooping chin, puffiness..... $2.

For Large Coarse Pores

PORE PASTE RITZ—Acts to quickly reduce, refine and smooth coarse, rough pores.....$1.50

For Sallow Muddy Skin

BLEACH CREAM RITZ—Helps keep skin beautifully white and soft. Prevents blackheads.....$2.50

Note: If unable to obtain at store, order direct. Address Charles of the Ritz, Suite 118G, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York.

Charles of the Ritz

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CHARLES OF THE RITZ, Suite 118G, Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City

Please send me your Beauty Book, *The Four Secrets of Youthful Beauty*, and advise treatment for ☐ Thin brittle hair, ☐ Dandruff, ☐ Face lines, ☐ Pouches, ☐ Skin eruptions, ☐ Enlarged pores, ☐ Dry skin, ☐ Oily skin, ☐ Red, rough hands

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Charles of the Ritz

CHARLES' Home Treatment To End Coarse Pores

CHARLES OF THE RITZ has perfected a marvelous treatment which quickly acts to bring flower-petal smoothness to the skin. You can now give yourself this treatment at home at small cost. Here it is:

At night or before the bath cleanse skin thoroughly with *Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz*. Remove cream and wash with *Skin Tonic Ritz*. Then pat face with pad saturated with *Skin Tonic Ritz*. Finally apply *Pore Paste Ritz*, and keep on during the bath or over night. After bath or in morning wash with *Skin Tonic Ritz* and then pat briskly with it.

The necessary preparations cost only $4.25 and quickly bring satiny smoothness. *Lemon Cleansing Cream Ritz*, $1.25. *Skin Tonic Ritz*, $1.50. *Pore Paste Ritz*, $1.50. Get them today.

The new CHARLES OF THE RITZ preparations, the exact same preparations used in his salon treatments, include beauty aids for the proper care of hair, eyes, complexion and hands. CHARLES also offers the most exquisite make-up accessories—powder, rouge, jewel-like compacts, lipstick, nail preparations. Ask for them at your favorite shop. If they are out, order direct. Also mail Request Slip for CHARLES' Beauty Book.

"A Garment is no finer than its Fabric"

The Spring Coat

will boast novelty of fabric and color

Haas Brothers' coat woolens are new in weave—rich in color—with that marvelous softness of texture that distinguishes all their weaves.

Featuring RIPPLEVEL—a cashmere cloth smartly flecked with white . . . In pastels, bright and subdued shades.

Produced by

Haas Brothers

Fabrics Corporation

Fifth Avenue, New York

RIPPLEVEL COAT BY BRUCK-WEISS

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(*Continued from page 140*)

Alas! I am quite unable to give my readers an adequate description of the stunning creations we are shown.

To start with, there appeared a gown with an enormously full white net skirt, both short and very long, the waist part held in its place by a garland of taffeta flowers in pastel shades carried up around the neck, the head apparently incased by the same flowers. Both garland and neckpiece were made in one.

Next, we are shown a red and gold brocade gown, the skirt part formed by a short frilled petticoat of gold tissue entirely covered in the front by a square piece of brocade, one corner of which is fastened under the chin, the other end reaching to the floor, leaving the two other ends hanging limply on each side.

Beautiful is a lavender georgette tea-gown, "a Greek peplum," leaving one shoulder bare! It is embroidered with a large sheaf of wheat ears in sparkling rhinestones, which covers the front part of the garment.

Barbara asks Mr. Symonds for the two evening wraps she had recently ordered in this establishment. Being quite finished she slips them on for my benefit. One of them is of lustrous white satin with a low-hanging cape attached, lined with mushroom brown velvet and profusely trimmed with blue fox.

The other is of sapphire blue velvet encircled with bands of sapphire blue fur. They suit her admirably.

"I call these the most beautiful wraps I've seen in London," Barbara exclaims.

THE name "Hayward" of Bond Street has a most aristocratic sound for any one familiar with London during the past twenty-five years. It conjures up visions of all the smartest and most elegant women in England.

Madame Hayward, when I called, told me that what she did not design herself, she imported from Paris.

"I am, myself, or one of my daughters is, at all seasons of the year to be found worshipping at the shrine of fashion."

The fact is, Mesdames Hayward are eminently Parisian, in both their taste and point of view.

"What on earth am I to show you, Baron de Meyer? You tell me. You don't wish to see anything bearing the stamp of Paris," Madame Hayward says to me. "Yet most of my clothes are Paris clothes, with exceptions, of course.

"Yes, I am quite aware metal brocade is very popular in England, yet, for some reason or other, none of my clients seems to care for it. I sell very little brocade; I use it merely for indoor gowns and dinner frocks of the kind worn at home. Nor do my clients care for taffeta. In fact, for nothing which does not cling to the figure."

"What else do they dislike? It interests me to see the difference which exists between Paris and London."

"They don't care for pyjamas, for one thing, even though they are aware that the more elaborate kind is worn in Paris. The fact is, unless women spend much of their time abroad and are familiar with what's being worn, they don't readily accept new styles. The true Britisher is very conservative, afraid of anything too novel or unusual."

"What have you to say about tweeds and jerseys, Madame Hayward? When I say jersey, I, of course, mean stockinette, as you call it in England."

"That we sell it continually. Of course, tweed happens to be our national fabric, quite a feature of our British industry. The newest departure in treating this texture makes it as soft as kasha. Such softness is the result of silken threads being woven into the fabric. It takes all harshness out of the tweed, just as velvet and brocade have lost their old-fashioned stiffness. I combine a great deal of leather with tweed, leather being another British specialty. Of course, leather garments are only suitable for country wear. I often line my tweed coats with leather and my leather coats with tweed. Such coats are extremely popular for shooting parties.

"Let me show you one of my latest creations, designed to be worn at a country house-party next week."

The costume which is being presented is of a hand-woven tweed (homespun), a tan heather mixture; the skirt side-plaited, the top part of beige stockinette incrusted with bands of homespun. Above it is worn a short tan-colored coat of shaven lamb, lined with the same tweed as the skirt. A scarlet knitted muffler, almost the size of a shawl, lends much gaiety and brightness to this most serviceable outfit.

NEXT day Barbara had to keep several appointments elsewhere. I, therefore, for once start out by myself.

"Madame Dove, if you please."

"My name is Hart. Dove is merely the name of the firm."

"What is your specialty, may I ask?"

"Everything."

"Then show me your most typically British clothes."

"And why do you expect to find our clothes so different from those abroad?"

"Because of your climate and your mode of life. As a matter of fact, on the Continent we imagine all Englishwomen, when not dressed in tweeds, to be picturesque in flowing chiffon tea gowns."

"Indeed! And is that what you expected to find in London?"

"Why, of course. It might have been a delightful contrast after seeing nothing but Paris sports clothes suitable for 'indoor' sports only. The fact is the English tea gown is entirely out of date on the Continent. A thing of the past."

"Why, so it is over here," says Mrs. Hart. "A tea gown nowadays is merely an attractive frock for the tea hour to play bridge in—pyjamas being relegated to the boudoir, and merely brought out in summer for the beach."

Mrs. Hart tells me she, of course, designs all her own models. In fact, says she has no idea of what is worn in Paris.

"Strange to say, none of my clients seem to care. I adore creating garments for women who are as devoted to color as I am."

"Shall I give you the 'Dove' formula for designing a tea gown? (I should remember to say 'cocktail-gown,' it sounds so much more up to date). To start with I make a sleeveless brocade slip, short in skirt but fairly high in the neck. For this slip, or gown, if you prefer, I combine an elaborate, sometimes fantastic-looking, coat of velvet, brocade, or, if you prefer, of an embroidered texture. For winter, I trim it with fur. Agatha, show us 'Tiger.'"

Agatha appears in a short olive-green velvet coat lined with gold and decorated with leopard skins. Beneath it she wears a green and gold brocade gown, exaggeratedly short, length being given by many low-hanging tassels.

"'Pharaoh's daughter' next, if you please," Mrs. Hart calls out.

A young woman appears in a metal brocade striped garment—blue, pink and yellow, with an Egyptian looking drapery hanging down in front, held up by a large topaz ornament.

"Gowns," Mrs. Hart says, "for women wishing to look particularly feminine and alluring." She calls them "The Enchantress Gowns."

In spite of having repeatedly been told how unpopular pyjamas are in England, I cannot see how any woman manages to resist a pair of pyjamas composed of thousands of tiny pink and yellow chiffon frills and worn with a long chiffon coat to match.

"It might possibly be worn in summer," Mrs. Hart says, "for no woman in such flimsy attire could possibly appear in a country house during the winter without being frozen to death."

I NEXT find my way to "Enos" in Mount Street. I am much impressed by their magnificent premises, which might almost be termed palatial.

Miss Enos receives me in person. A most courteous lady, who tells me she buys a number of models in Paris, but merely because part of her clientele refuses to wear anything else. Most of her

(*Concluded on page 145*)

Stay Here

The finest suites in Europe, ranging in size from an entrance hall, a reception room, a bedroom, a bathroom and a kitchenette to an apartment containing a large reception hall, two large entertaining rooms, five bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms and a kitchenette. Suites are furnished or unfurnished. Those now available unfurnished cost from £490 a year.

Furnished suites cost from 2 guineas a day. Single bedrooms with private bathroom from one guinea. These prices are absolutely inclusive.

The service, food and wines of Grosvenor House are perfect. It is ideal for banquets and public or private dances of any size.

Early this year Grosvenor House Club, the finest sports club in the world, will be opened under the Presidency of Lord Wodehouse. It will include a swimming bath, five squash courts, one specially reserved for ladies, Turkish baths and a great ice rink.

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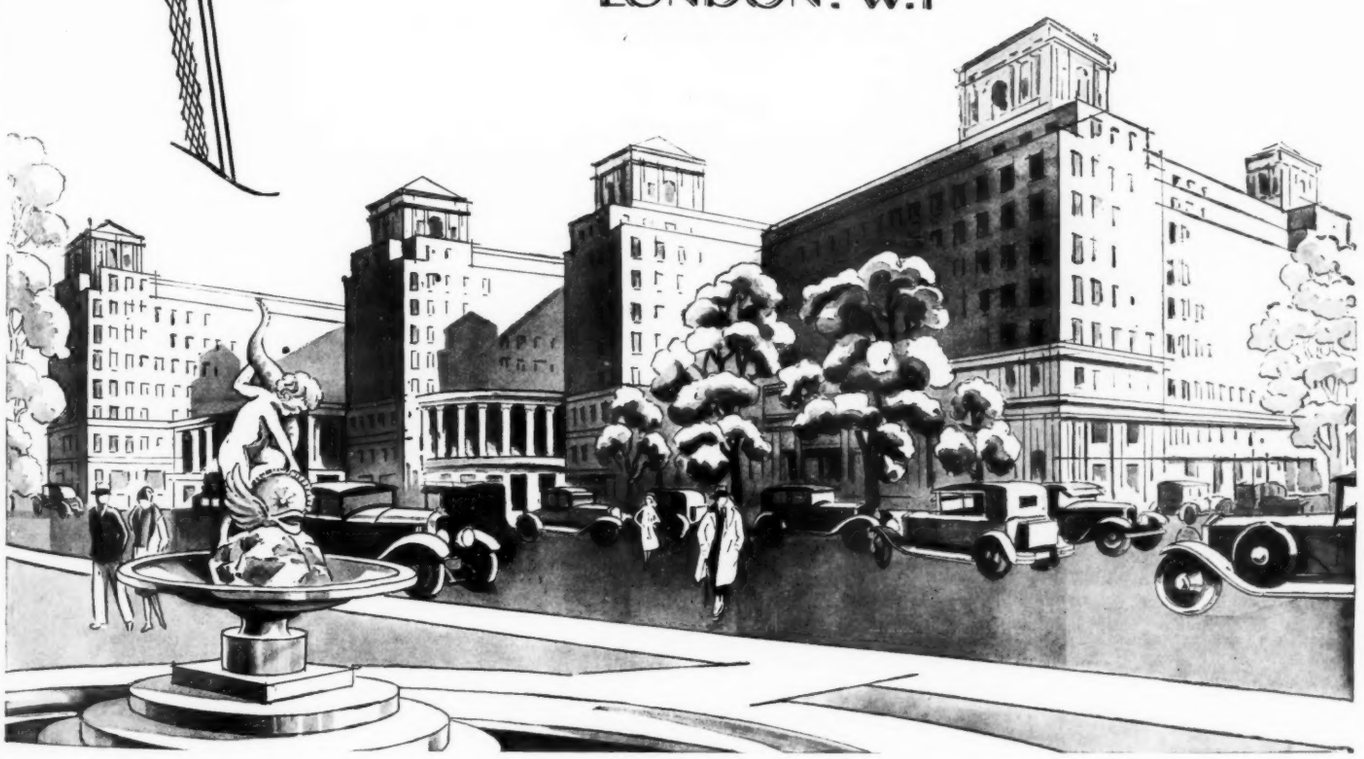

Rub Cold Cream off *not in*

To Avoid Skin Blemishes

COLD cream can menace beauty unless you rub it off, instead of mistakenly rubbing it further into the pores.

The oil in face cream gathers dirt, powder and rouge. Very often by the wrong method of removing cream you send half of these poisonous accumulations back under the skin. There they form blackheads, pimples, all sorts of skin irritations.

How to Keep Skin Lovely

These must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to have and to keep a lovely complexion.

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Here's a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it *off*, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up, that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores.

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YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

(Continued from page 80)

Broadway in a state of dread lest they should suddenly find themselves bankrupt.

In London, I learn from the latest reports, the situation is the same, so that in this respect there is no difference between your theatre and ours. In May, 1928, a whole series of calamities befell the English theatre. Play after play was produced, ran for three or four nights, and was withdrawn; and nearly all of these plays ought never to have been produced at all. They were of an incredible fatuity. They caused persons of average intelligence to feel that managers and producers had become demented. One actor-manager, now deceased, produced two plays in succession which achieved a run of one week between them. They were so stupid that they had to be seen to be believed, and even then one felt doubtful that there could really be so much stupidity in the world.

THE theatre everywhere, in America as in Europe, is suffering terribly from the effects of the war. Some twenty millions of people died as a result of it, and those millions were mainly composed of men and women who would now be of an age at which they would be in control of the mind and destiny of the world. If corn be cut before it is ripe, people will go hungry in the following winter. We killed the youth of the world in four murderous years, and to-day all of us, Americans and Europeans, are suffering from mental and spiritual hunger because the people who should be making our bread and preparing our food are in their graves. We must subsist as best we can on the substitutes that are prepared for us by ignorant and incompetent cooks until such times as we can rear up a better batch of people. Thus far, then, the differences between the American and the English theatres are less than the identities.

The stage in America is suffering from the debility of Europe almost as heavily as is Europe itself, for the American theatre still largely draws its drama from Europe. The Theatre Guild of New York has produced fifty-eight plays, of which twelve were written by American authors! The Civic Repertory Theatre, the other organization in New York which seriously attempts to follow a consistent policy, has produced two plays by Americans out of at least thirteen pieces which have been performed in three years. I have no information about the activities of the other theatres in New York, but it is evident that, except in musical comedy, America still owes much to Europe in drama, and therefore if Europe suffers, America suffers with her. In the war for culture, culture was the first casualty: it remains in the sick-ward and some pessimists assert that it has been mortally wounded.

In minor details, the differences between the American and the English theatre are striking. I found the New York stage infested by plays in which loose speech was mistaken for free speech. "Jarnegan," was a notable example of this sort of play. So was "The Front Page." Neither of these plays would be permitted on the London stage without the excision of the greater part of the dialogue. If the Lord Chamberlain were to license them, the general public would probably boo them off the stage. There is here no question of prudery, but one of taste. The English people do not consider that it is either clever or funny to repeat in the presence of well-bred people of both sexes and all ages the language of the gutter. They consider, too, that it is a small boy's notion of realism to insist on the inessentials of life as if they were supremely important. The oaths of an illiterate coal-heaver and the foul speech of boozy reporters may be, and no doubt are, faithfully reported by the authors of some of the plays current in New York, but what of it? Mere fidelity to inessential fact is not realism in any important sense, and I am obliged to believe that some of our authors were more eager to include the oaths and the dirty dialogue in their plays than they were to interpret human lives.

There is no substance in this assertion that since people do this or that and say this or that, therefore the author must be allowed to use such acts and words in his play so that he may be faithful to actual existence. There is an immense amount of activity in life which we prefer not to reproduce in works of art, not only because they are unpleasant, but because they have no relevance to anything that is significant. It is true that people do and say these things, but it is not true that they are illuminated by them. We are no nearer to knowing or understanding people because we see these actions or hear these words. Vulgar people have habits which, though not immoral, are tasteless. A dull-witted realist would say that the vulgarity of such people can only be properly portrayed by the reproduction of such habits. To which we may retort that this is the statement of a man without any imagination and, that if the assertion be true, then we prefer not to be made acquainted with the people. Will any author defend the proposal that a man shall come on to the stage and perform certain organic functions in full view of the audience? These functions are among the commonest actions of mankind, performed regularly and several times by everybody every day, and, in accordance with the doctrines of the dismal realists, no representation of human life can be complete or faithful which does not include them. A demented German dramatist, Wedekind, has included a functional scene in one of his daft plays, but I doubt if anybody, not qualified for the madhouse, will attempt to imitate him.

It is in their attitude toward such matters as these that I detect the greatest difference between the English and the American authors. The first have some reticence: the second have none; and the first are reticent, not because they are squeamish, but because they know that there is no need to say everything, while the second are unreticent, not because they are bold and brave in their language and without prudishness, but because they have not learned the value of reserve and silence. The man who blurts out everything often tells less than the man who keeps back some of his information. The American author seems not to be able to distinguish between facts which are significant and relevant and facts which are not. When Cromwell insisted that his portrait should include the wart on his nose, he attached an importance to a mere wartiness which does not belong to it and reduced himself to the level of an excrescence. One has to be discreet in deciding this question of "strong" language in plays. In certain pieces, for example "What Price Glory?", what we may call trench language is relevant and significant, and to forbid it there would be to rob the play of its veracity. It is because of this danger that I am opposed to censorships in principle, although censorships in practice are sometimes inevitable. A people trained in taste or with a natural sense of taste can soon decide these matters for themselves.

THE American author is readier, I think, than the English author to experiment with the stage and readier too, to take risks and to examine unexplored regions. He may not have much judgment or taste, but he has courage and resource, and these, perhaps, are more important, since the first two can, with luck and application, be acquired. He has a greater sense of unrestrained and uncultured life than his English comrade, but he has almost no sense of the language and life of highly civilized people. That is why he so conspicuously fails to achieve fine comedy, although he is immensely successful in achieving farce and low comedy. He has humor and rough-and-tumble fun and a most attractive homeliness of waggish speech, but he has little or no wit, little or no sense of satire, and is nearly destitute of any delicacy. The number of American authors who can write what is called drawing-room comedy can be counted on the fingers of one hand without using all the fingers.

(Concluded on page 145)

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THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT SOCIETY

By DR. JOSEPH COLLINS

MODERN woman may be a mirror of the times, but modern society woman is a mirror with a convex surface. The image that she reflects is grotesque. The average woman of fashion is a cyclone of energy, a whirlpool of pleasure, a vacuum of sense. Her determination seems to be either to get out of her own house or to fill it when she is there with persons who live elsewhere. She is apparently heedless of the morrow, thoughtless of yesterday. Absorbed by the present and what it entails of obligations and engagements, she gives herself to it with abandon. Should she do in a spirit of self-sacrifice a tithe of what she does for vanity she would make a heroine of herself, and no reward would be too great.

The history of society has come down chiefly from diarists and novelists. The society woman has always been a source of envy to her social inferiors, of incentive to her equals, of interest to her observers. The trends of the period are reflected in her. She has wielded the wand that has changed the destinies of kingdoms and empires time and again. She has ruled monarchs and influenced generals. She has given the *ton* to fashions, furnishings and fancies. By a frown she has smothered budding geniuses, by a smile she has made them.

Two hundred years ago, she was the reigning though uncrowned queen of Europe. Reputations were gained and lost at the foot of her chaise-longue. Ideas and ideals were embodied in poems written for her. The words she adopted became part of the academic language; those she rejected fell into disuse.

Her power over her contemporaries was mostly due to her alert intelligence and stimulating curiosity. She was an active member of the artistic and intellectual life of her time. Taste, tact and a trained sense of touch, constantly shaping but never breaking, were essential to her success. When she passed on, she left a real achievement of higher civilization, prettier manners, improved refinement. Poets and musicians, writers and thinkers blossomed in the train of her perfumed life.

Fifty years ago the woman of society was wan and pale, tired and melancholy, and she mixed comparative idleness with an aristocratic measure of languor. These, with some blue blood and much riches, at least in this country, were her main social assets. She had not discovered the necessity of displaying endless efforts or developed a passion for turning in circles and landing nowhere.

Her daughter and granddaughter are making up for her waste of time. Their capacity for going somewhere and doing something at all hours is amazing. The contagion has spread the world over, but nowhere is it so apparent as it is here.

THE casual observer of the activities of the so-called "social set" wonders and passes on. The student of conduct interested in behavior and in its effects upon the individual and the race ponders and meditates.

And of the questions that come into his mind, two are vital to the understanding of the modern society woman:

How does she stand the pace? What does she get out of it?

Not only does she stand the pace, but she seems to thrive and prosper under the strain. Figures show that there are more widows than widowers in the world, and observation of even a limited circle of American society reveals many more of the former than of the latter. This would seem eloquent of the benefits to be derived from being an orthodox follower of the fashionable set. But it applies, of course, to the generation now in its decline—women who took infinitely more pains with their health and observed more carefully the fundamental laws of common sense and of wise living, with an eye to the calendar and a keen desire for delayed obituaries, than their successors do. Husbands, then, were the active members of social life, from the standpoint of energy-expenditure. Should the number of widows exceed that of widowers in the generation that is now in flower, it will be due to Prohibition rather than to inhibition.

There are many reasons why the modern society woman keeps abreast of the race and does not lag behind, save on rare occasions.

It may be harsh to say it, but there is no doubt that to-day most of the energy expended by women who are actively and constantly "in the thick of it" is of a physical nature. The successful society lady neither needs nor expends much mentality. It will, of course, be said that it takes much thought and not a little talent to be able to become and remain a shining light in any social set. But in this country most of the work consists in following an acknowledged leader as closely as possible, allowing no one to interfere with the rank one occupies in the procession. It is eminently true of America, where half-measures are despised and deep thinking abhorred, save by a handful of scholars; their names rarely penetrate the social set.

IN ENGLAND, by way of contrast, most of the social life has a definite and important political color. In France, intellect has not entirely given way to jazzy frolics and ejaculatory conversation, and in Italy, the emotional element holds out despite the constant importation of American society manners. Here, the social set serves no constructive purpose; empty gossip, spicy scandal, trite trivialities, form the basis of our social intercourse. Let any one attempt the introduction of a subject that calls for thought, logic, or reasoning, and a sudden chill, a turn of the head, a raising of the eyebrows, a look of boredom will discourage the most energetic militant. Vapidity is the key-note of the social set at its worst.

Characterization takes the place of comment; censure that of discussion. The liveliest interest is displayed in "hands" or "shots," but preferential tariff or mental hygiene is met with a yawn or an ejaculation.

"Have you been to Epstein's Exhibition yet?" "No, but I must go. I hear his 'Unknown Soldier' is marvelous."

"Yes, I think it is too, but I don't like his 'Bacchante' at all."

"You know, I thought Epstein was English."

"Well, isn't he?"

"No, he is an American."

"I'll go to his Exhibition just the same."

Let any one attempt to contrast Epstein with Rodin, or to discuss the symbolism of modern plastic art and he would be given the cold shoulder and the wide berth simultaneously.

Mental exertion and social activity may not be antipodal, but no one doing intellectual work could go the pace set by society. Mind or body, possibly both, would give way.

American children of the upper class are brought up with infinite hygienic care. Rushed to mild and temperate climates so that neither frost nor heat can affect their enjoyment of life, made to eat only the sort of food approved by doctors and proved by chemical tests, wrapped in cotton wool at the slightest approach of any disturbing factor, whether of a material or moral nature, they grow up in an atmosphere of bodily perfection which no other children have the world over. At eighteen, they are let loose, as it were. Late parties, sometimes two or three in one night, blind following of fashions that are in constant clash with common sense, lack of all moderation in eating, drinking, smoking, uncontrolled freedom in sleeping and waking hours are only part of the change that comes suddenly to the young society women of America. Perhaps the solid foundation of health that has been implanted into them in their early years helps them resist the strain and exhaustion that follow in the wake of "coming out," but more likely the main reason for the physical preservation of these women is their awareness that pleasure will end with the first signs of age, with the first irremediable prostration, with the realization that art and medicine are no longer successful in restoring what time and thoughtlessness accomplish.

One must be attractive in order to succeed in the social whirl, and one must be in good health; thus one takes some precautions, not visible to those for whom it is done, but of which the beauty specialists of the world hold the secret. It would serve little purpose, should they tell us of their success in warding off wrinkles and effacing sagging lines, of how they keep the bloom of youth on middle-aged cheeks and the sparkle of adolescence in fading eyes. It would merely destroy some of the gossamer threads that surround the legend of youth and charm of society belles to whom no special grace of heaven has been vouchsafed. They hold out because of sheer desire to do so, helped by all the resources of art and carried through by an overwhelming amount of bodily comforts. There is no service a society woman does not receive, no exertion she must make if she does not choose. She is denied no measure that makes for increased comfort. If she should overdo physically, some magician in the guise of masseur, osteopath, or gymnast will take away all pernicious effects. Noises are muffled, voices modulated, tempers restrained, foods prepared and duties adjusted to fit into the scheme of the life led by the modern society woman. Only her husband jars her. She stands that because he is a great social asset. All these help her hold a pace that would be fatal to any one confronted with the cares and distresses of life to-day.

Her nervous system is constantly stimulated and therefore always a step in advance of the demand that will be made upon it. And the demands are of such an unemotional nature that it does not wear out as rapidly as it might otherwise do. Another element of preservation is to be found in the fact that society women, to-day, are contraceptive experts. Child-bearing is antipathetic to present-day social activity, and quite incompatible with any degree of social supremacy, even though the rearing of children is given over to hirelings. Though it often improves "that schoolgirl complexion" it usually injures that schoolboy figure which is so prized!

THESE reasons may serve to explain the amazing energy, relentless activity, astonishing power of endurance which the modern woman, in the whirl of social life, displays to the world at large. But they scarcely explain what she, as an individual, as a collaborator of nature's scheme, as a soul, indeed, derives from it all that makes her keen to keep it up, desolate when she has to leave it, inconsolable when circumstance forces her out of it.

The answer is easy: it nourishes her vanity.

To see her name occasionally on the front page of the newspapers, and frequently in the society columns; to see her portrait heading or separating the contents of fashionable magazines; to know that the echo of the noise made by her bathing costume at the Lido or at Deauville is heard at home; to feel that a rival has been drenched with green and soused with depression by the brilliancy of her ball or the beauty of her garden-party, are as nourishing to her as fish is to a cat, and cod-liver to a rhachitic.

Vanity is the force that pushes the woman of society on to further efforts, keeps her in the race, makes her find pleasure in it, unable to forego it. And who is more flattered, adulated, catered to, waited upon and admired by her own world than she is?

And if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, what can be said for vanity-ticklers of the countless women who do not belong to the social set and yet ape its ways, manners, customs, speech and fashions?

Ease, comfort, luxury, popularity—all that makes in her mind for a high degree of civilization—are hers for the sheer wishing. She finds, in her life, the sensual joy of being beautiful and admired and she has the physical assurance of her mirror that nothing good and joyful can be denied her as long as she retains her grace. This satisfaction of the senses is sometimes the only one she is apt to get in her endless whirl of stimulations. And to that she clings.

Some may believe that in this carrying-on of activities, the society woman is following a tradition that has been set by an early ancestor of whom she is proud, whose name stands for wealth and achievement, but the chances are that it is a small factor in the reasons why she keeps up the pace. Just as good an explanation may be found in the thought that her education has seldom fitted her for a thorough and searching knowledge of any one particular subject. A coat of glossy veneer is passed with a silk brush over whatever original endowment of intelligence she brings with her at birth, and satisfies her that she is getting a goodly portion of the world's cream.

AND perhaps the last and most unanswerable objection to her getting out of her set is "Where shall she go?" She belongs nowhere else. Few who have tried it have been fully successful, save those whose intelligence refused to see the beginning and the end of all worlds in a few years of social amenities, in an endless pouring of gossip into avid ears, in the vague reading of a popular novel, in a constant going somewhere else, never finding pleasure or thrills in moderate activity or prolonged station in any one place.

Now and then one woman leaves it and lives a life useful to herself and others. She has learned the ropes of publicity and she uses them to lasso some straying cause, to support some sinking venture; she identifies herself with an activity the purpose of which is welfare and enlightenment: to nourish ideals and starve prejudice.

The majority, however, stay in so long that they become effectively immobilized, emotionally stereotyped, intellectually rigid, like physicians who stay too long attached to hospitals for the insane. There is no place for them to go—not even home.

Marriages of society are no longer made in heaven; it is doubtful whether they ever were. They are frequently made between two cocktails by fond parents and with an eye to the exchequer if it is a man whose marriage is under consideration, with two eyes to the pedigree if it is the girl. That fair exchange between the aristocracy of Europe and the plutocracy of America of a name against a dot has at least the advantage that neither participant can claim, with any degree of justice, that he or she has been swindled. Whether happiness will flow from the deal—let alone prosperity or even a measure of harmony or of contentment—that is a secondary consideration.

We are tremendously concerned with the spiritual welfare and physical betterment of the lower classes. The upper classes need our attention too. We should have a Settlement House on Lenox Hill, and the workers should confine their uplift narrowly to residents of that section. The work would be harder than in Henry Street, and may be not so profitable, but should the uplifters succeed in rescuing and reforming one notorious social leader, they should feel that they had been adequately rewarded. Society ladies follow a leader much more slavishly and unerringly than sheep. This social service might drive many of them not only into a field of usefulness but into an arena which would permit self-expression and the development and display of standards of good taste upon which the future and spiritual prosperity of this country depends.

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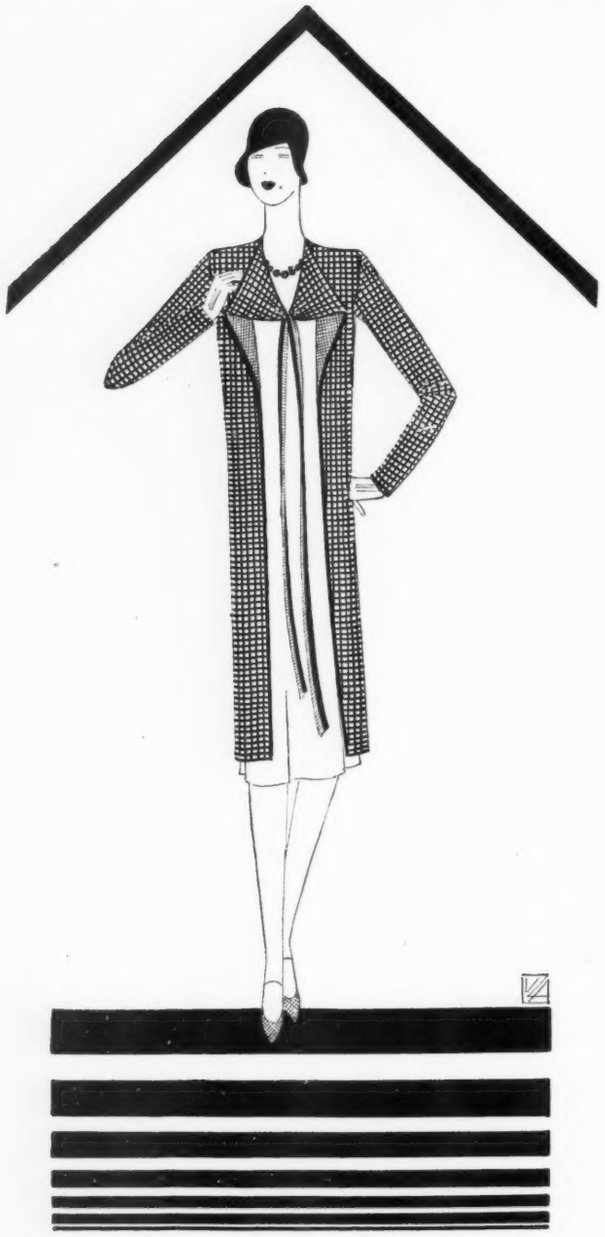

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YOUR THEATRE AND OURS

(Concluded from page 144)

There are various explanations of this fact. Cultivated conversation is rarely heard in America, where what is called "wise cracking" takes its place. In New York especially, the restless habits of the people make conversation for its own sake difficult, if not impossible. Movement is preferred to sedentary occupations, and conversation is largely the recreation of people who have learned to sit still for long periods. The American business man, notoriously a dull fellow—every European who encounters him remarks on his dulness—spends too much of his time in his office or on the golf course for him to become a good conversationalist. He submerges himself in his affairs and cannot find any time in which to develop his graces, with the result that he is made mum when he comes into company or is reduced to playing infantile games. His women, starved of conversation at home, stew their minds in lectures and repeat sentences from books, none of which have been passed through any process of consideration in their own thoughts, and so conversation with them becomes a series of blank assertions, which have a paralyzing effect on general talk, for general talk must be easy, quick, resilient, with plenty of give and take in it.

If these are the facts of actual life, how can the dramatist hope to become skilful in the invention of comedies when he has no sources to tap. The author represents in the novel or on the stage the life with which he is familiar. But he also represents the life with which his audience is familiar. Of what use will it be for an author to put a play on a stage about a life which is incomprehensible to the people in the theatre? The American author does not write social comedies, full of polished dialogue, because the life which would be represented in such comedies scarcely exists in America. When it is as common in the United States as it is in Europe, the authors will portray it. We get the kind of play that we deserve. Our authors reproduce what they see. And since life in America is largely concerned with physical sensation, with action that is seldom considered, and with unregulated and undisciplined emotions, the dramatists are compelled to give their audiences plays which correspond in some sort, even if it be an exaggerated sort, with what they see around them. That they too frequently over-emphasize the facts is no more than if a man, who has lost his delicacy of palate, should seek to recover his taste with the help of strong pickles.

Finally, I must note a very remarkable difference between your drama and ours, which is that plays in America are frequently written in collaboration, whereas plays in England are nearly always individual efforts. The American habit seems to me to be the negation of art, for a play, if it has any merit at all, owes its merit to the individual vision displayed in it. The moment that a work of art becomes a communal affair, it ceases to be a work of art. Committees cannot compose poems or paint pictures or make music. Neither can they write plays. Yet a very large number of the plays that are performed in America are written in collaboration, that is to say, in committee.

It is inevitable, in these circumstances, that the plays should be topical in their character, a mere dramatization of news paragraphs, mostly criminal reports, from the daily press. A live drama, a healthy and important drama, a drama with powers that will not easily perish, cannot be written by more than one person. The drama of the moment may be written by several persons, but it lives for a moment. To-day, millions will see it. To-morrow, millions will have forgotten it. But the word of one lonely man will be remembered forever. There is too much common and joint opinion in the American theatre. There is not enough of the inner vision of a single mind. The English drama at present is under a cloud, but that cloud is no bigger than a man's hand. The American drama is under a cloud, but that cloud is as big as the American continent.

ENGLISH CHIC IS INDIVIDUAL

(Concluded from page 142)

clothes, however, are designed by herself and, of course, made in England. As a matter of fact, Englishwomen know just what they wish to wear, or rather what they don't care for. They have a horror of what is extreme.

"You surprise me, Miss Enos. What you tell me just shows how mistaken we are abroad. The fact is, we are made to believe that anything in the way of standardized fashions is unpopular in England—individuality being wanted at all cost."

"Oh, dear, no. I am only just getting my clients used to the longer and fuller skirts. Anything flaring on *robe de style* lines remains in my closets unsold."

"Won't you, Miss Enos, give me your point of view on the subject of tweeds?"

"Very willingly. I might start by telling you that Enos is quite a pioneer and has many 'tweed innovations' to the good. Our unlined tweed coats, for instance, as well as some of our other inventions have been most successfully developed by French dressmaking houses during the last few years, and our fur-lined country coats are quite a specialty."

Some of the fur linings I am shown are treated in quite an unusual way: narrow bands of fur alternating with the tweed lining—producing striped effects.

"Most suitable for autumn wear," says Miss Enos, "for what you in Paris call *demie saison*."

"Let me show you this shooting outfit composed of a pair of 'plus fours' in a beautiful heather mixture to be worn with a belted coat, reaching almost to the knees."

With this costume the mannequin presents in rapid succession a wide shooting cape and a heavy topcoat of the identical tweed, all of it part of a complete outfit for the moors.

"And how about evening clothes, Miss Enos? Is chiffon as popular in London as it is in Paris?"

"I personally never wear anything else, but most of my clients prefer brocade and velvet. There seems an inbred love of splendid textures in this country. Paris fashion dictates do not seem to influence a certain class of Englishwoman at all. Chiffon is a material, which, so far, means nothing to the majority of them.

"You will have noticed by now that tweed and brocades undoubtedly are the two most popular fabrics in England. Tweed for the day and brocade for evening wear."

"Won't you, before I go, show us some of your tea gowns, Miss Enos? I've heard them spoken of very highly."

"Our particular specialty is the 'smoking suit,' not the tea gown. Most comfortable to wear after a day's hunting—and for country life in general. They are never elaborate, being in some cases almost tailored, in style. For instance, plain ruby velvet for a coat and skirt to be worn with a red crêpe de Chine jumper is delightful and looks comfortable.

"Printed velveteens, too, are perfect for smoking suits, though I, of course, design many of these costumes in brocade, always, of course, adding the short 'smoking' jacket for warmth. At times, when the gown is of chiffon, the coatee is made of a heavier texture, in which case the gown without a coat can almost be worn for dinner and even to dance in informally."

Such "smoking suits" are quite an "Enos" specialty!

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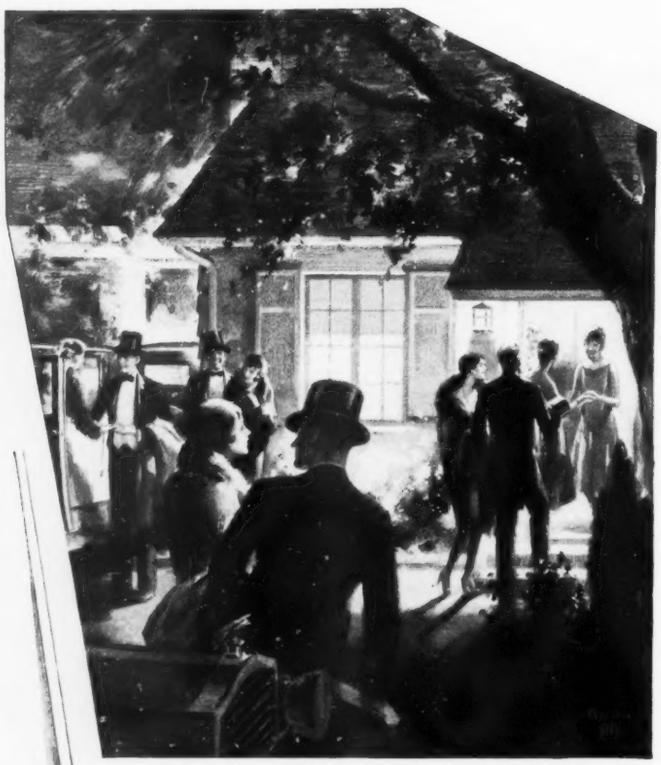

THERE are those who follow Fashion, and those whom Fashion follows. The discerning ones who set social standards have decreed that only *genuine* engraved stationery and forms are correct. Makeshifts and substitutes lack the essential character and charm. To make certain of *genuine engraving*, be sure the identifying symbol shown below is affixed to the material you buy.

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PARIS FABRICS

(*Continued from page 69*)

a very heavy type of crêpe marocain, woven with a small broché design this year and printed in many different designs, especially in small oblong dots, placed close together all over the surface in several shades of the same color. There is a chiffon printed in the same design to go with it. "Flamenga" also appears in a cross-hatched plaid, with plain cross-hatched material to go with it.

Bianchini also has a little silk, like that used for men's shirts, which Patou has christened "crêpe gigolo," designed for sports frocks. Another new fabric at this house is a linen weave, called "gyptian," made with a twisted silk thread, quite heavy in weight, which falls in lovely folds. This comes in plain and printed. Bianchini is also weaving the classic fabrics with small satiny designs, to brighten them. "Crêpe muette" is a chiffon woven with a big satiny spot and printed over all. "Pekin muette" is a chiffon with a wide satin stripe or border. His special thin silk, called "jiponne," is this year woven with a shiny line making a tiny plaid, and then printed.

AT DUCHARNE'S, there is a good silk gabardine, printed in sports designs, especially in checks, in this crisper class of silk. Surah is also printed in sports designs, mostly checks, some small plaids. There is a new very supple ottoman with various printed designs. "Mousseline brochée" is a chiffon woven with a very large dull silk spot. "Crêpe broché" is a crêpe de Chine with a small satin dot, or a satin coffee grain. "Crêpe bouclette" is a rough-surfaced silk crêpe, largely used by Jane Régny, heavier in appearance than crêpe de Chine. This is also used as a base for small designs or zigzags in gold. "Toile de Neuville" is a sort of heavy georgette, which comes in dots, checks, and a series of stripes and plaids. This is said to have been largely bought by the couture.

The question of plain or printed fabrics is engaging a good deal of attention at the present time. The silk houses have prepared an enormous choice of prints, especially chiffons and crêpes de Chine. Ducharne shows ninety-five different designs on chiffon alone. Out of a collection of two hundred and fifty novelties Bianchini shows a hundred different chiffon designs. The crêpes de Chine are almost as numerous, and all materials, even lamés, are printed at all the houses. Undoubtedly we shall wear prints this spring and summer. The leaders among the couture are using them, and as soon as warm weather sets in, women cannot resist them. Just the same, I have a feeling that it will be very smart to dress in plain colors this year, seeking variety and individuality in unusual color combinations, rather than in unusual designs. This began at Biarritz last autumn. You remember my reporting it, and how well it looked.

When we come to the actual designs themselves, the situation shapes up like this: Chiffon designs are quite large; many are what might be called a "large medium" size, some are enormous. This is because chiffon is used in draped models in gathered panels, in fulness that breaks up the pattern and keeps it from looking unwieldy. The newest looking crêpes, on the contrary, are absolutely tiny in design. Some of the chiffons show these tiny designs also, especially at Bianchini's. There are stars, dots, squares, checks, separate leaves, tiny blossoms, petals, et cetera, among these new minute designs. Some of the crêpe patterns are a little larger.

Very new is the design from Ducharne illustrated in the model designed for us by Lelong on page 65. This is in black and white, the design filled in with spatter work in tiny black dots in a new way. A tendency to cover the surface closely with the pattern is typical of this year's prints. In all the houses we find many leaf patterns, also, of course, many flowers, especially roses and poppies, butterflies, fruits, especially cherries, et cetera. Also rather large designs in which the pattern is made up of small conventional elements; for example, a Persian palm pattern, the palm filled in with rings, on a background of small uneven squares. There are also many confetti effects in many colors, taking the place of the too-popular polka-dot. I could go on enumerating the patterns indefinitely, for all the silk houses maintain large schools of design, and their variety is infinite.

PRINTED satins play a fairly important rôle in the collections, and they are being used to some extent by the designers, many in the confetti prints, or in small floral designs. As I said, above all, fabrics serve as a base for printing. The printed taffetas are again important, especially at Bianchini's and Coudurier's. They are always printed on the warp, giving a charming blurred effect to the design. One of the most striking from Bianchini is illustrated by Luza in the handsome evening gown from Redfern on page 66. This shows a fern design in cerise on pale gray. Quantities of leaf designs appear in taffetas. Molyneux is using one from Coudurier, in his favorite color combination of beige, dark red, and black, in oval leaves on a black ground, with a red bar here and there.

Satins are important, and a continued vogue is expected for them. Satin suits promise to be good for formal wear, satin evening gowns hold their own, and satin evening wraps will be numerous. Bianchini has two new heavy satins, "fulgasatin," like the familiar "lunasol" but in thinner weight for gowns; and "gervisia," which he finds better than his lunasol of last year.

The lamés are naturally less numerous in a summer collection. But the idea last year, to print them with the same design as a chiffon, for summer evening ensembles, is developed further this year. Taffeta is another material that appears with the same design as chiffon and with the same intention.

I particularly like the printed chiffons with an added broché design in silver or gold. I do not understand why the great designers do not make more use of them, for some of the effects are exquisite, and they replace the heavier silk and metal lamés most advantageously in the summer evening mode. Perhaps they will come into their own this year. At Coudurier's, there is a marvelous new moire, lacquered with gold, which Molyneux has used for a splendid evening gown. One side of it is plain brown faille, the other is in pure gold with water-mark taking the form of a rose.

As to color, the silk houses are all showing a very novel combination of shades that might be called "autumnal." This combination is illustrated, in the model from Molyneux on page 67, done in a printed chiffon from Coudurier, in orange, tan, yellow, white and black. Gay, brilliant combinations, often on black grounds, are found everywhere. Then there are the pastel combinations, Marie Laurencin arrangements of pink, blue and white, illustrated charmingly in the Lelong model in modernistic printed chiffon drawn by Luza on page 65. Vionnet is said to be much interested in the pastel flowery chiffons.

THE individual opinions of the three silk houses, about color, are as follows: Bianchini finds that the couture is interested in reds. After this, slate blues, greens, and yellows. In addition to the three color combinations mentioned above, he has many black-and-white combinations, and many in parchment with black or navy blue. Some two-color combinations, but many more in four or five colors, some extremely subtle, such as a small shell design in beige, blue, rose and white. Coudurier likes the brownish tones and shows many rather neutral combinations in chiffon, as well as crêpes, beige and black, for example, with a mere dash of color, often red. He finds a special interest in yellows. Ducharne is interested in a new yellow-green, which he calls "sauterelle" or grasshopper. He also shows the autumn combinations, pastel combinations, and combinations in

(*Concluded on page 148*)

From Vienna

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BEAUTIFUL BEDS AND BEAUTYREST MATTRESSES ORDERED FROM AMERICA

BY THE *Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld*

THE COUNTESS COLLOREDO MANNSFELD, FORMERLY NORA ISELIN—of the famous New York family, and now a member of two old and illustrious Austrian families. The Countess herself furnished her charming Viennese villa—delightfully located in the midst of an old apple orchard—with Colloredo and Mannsfeld heirlooms, but sent to America for her superlatively comfortable Simmons Beds and Mattresses.

THE BEDROOM of the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld furnished with precious family heirlooms in Austrian marquetry—a lovely setting for twin Simmons Beds No. 1581 and damask covered Beautyrests in Venetian blue! The walls are painted blue green, hung with French prints. The blue green beds, whose graceful lines and exquisite coloring delight the Countess, are spread with hand-made filet over pink.

TWIN Simmons Beds and gorgeous damask covered Beautyrests have recently crossed the ocean to equip another home with superlative American comfort and beauty! For the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld (née Nora Iselin of New York) has just ordered them sent abroad for her Viennese home.

Luxurious comfort, deep, relaxing sleep—and now new beauty in covers of handsome damask in two French patterns and six lovely colors!

As the Countess Colloredo Mannsfeld says, "I am especially pleased with the damask covering on the beautiful Simmons Mattresses and Box Springs—it harmonizes so nicely with the decorative scheme of the room."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds $10.00 to $60.00, No. 1581 $32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

THE NEW BEAUTYREST MATTRESS—and Ace Box Spring—covered in matching damask!—Venetian blue, seafoam green, and beige in the medallion pattern, or lilac, rose and pale blue in the all-over design of delicate leaves. The Beautyrest has a center of hundreds of fine small coils, each cloth encased, to insure independence of action and marvelous buoyancy. The new Ace Box Spring, resilient and long wearing, has the same taped edges and a smart stitched border to match the fluted sides of the Beautyrest.

Already, 625,487 Beautyrests in American homes*

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GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
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WholeHam 6 to 10 Pounds Bakes in 60 Minutes
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HORMEL
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HAM
Half Size 3 to 5 Pounds Bakes in 30 Minutes

Part of a set of six Queen Anne chairs in walnut, retaining their original upholstery of contemporary needlepoint. Ackermann Galleries.

THE FUNCTION OF NEEDLEPOINT IN THE MODERN HOME

(*Concluded from page 84*)

From Charles II. to George II. runs the creative age of old needlepoint as a furniture covering.

On these pages have been assembled some of the finer examples of needlepoint now on the American market. They have been photographed against the type of background with which they are most in sympathy. Academically speaking, they should be used to-day only against a full-bodied, sumptuous setting, into which they are of the greatest value for introducing rich color and movement. Against the pale hues, the austere calm, and calculated formalism of an Adam or Directoire setting they are as much out of place as the Sistine frescoes would be in a business office.

As part of an intelligent appreciation of the classic period of needlepoint has come a present-day desire to do the same things with wools, silks, and canvas as were done two centuries ago. The creation of modern needlepoint requires eyesight and patience; with these, and adequate patterns to follow, it is possible to produce as satisfactory pieces as those which survive from the days of Queen Anne. The only difference—but an important one—lies in the lack of the mellowing effect of two hundred years upon the colors; that time alone can give.

Harper's Bazar initiates with this issue a department designed to consider the appropriate use of decorative units in the modern house. If any of its readers have interiors in the general English baroque feeling which they think would be enriched by examples of fine needlepoint in this article of the types illustrated, they are invited to correspond with the Department of Interior Decoration of Harper's Bazar, 572 Madison Avenue, New York City.

PARIS FABRICS

(*Concluded from page 146*)

rich tones, for example, red, blue, dark green and cream. Often he blends his colors with gray, in his own distinctive way, giving a very soft effect.

Molyneux has just shown a small Riviera collection in which many of the new fabrics are used in interesting ways. The most interesting of all is a jacket and frock of brown and white small-flowered crêpe de Chine. The coat is short, with a very important shawl collar and cuffs of beaver, and the frock has a plain straight bodice and a skirt in narrow straight panels, cut off square at the ends and hanging from the hips, longer in the back than in the front. His collection shows many printed chiffons in soft flowing evening frocks, often with bolero backs, and skirts that are long either in the back or at one side, toward the back. There are many brown tones, one plain brown, rather dark, chiffon evening frock; many sports things in gray-browns, and very gray beiges; some bright warm reds; navy; black and white; one midnight blue Chantilly lace evening gown.

On page 71 there is a charming drawing by Martin of the golden evening gown that Vionnet has made for Madame Agnès. She is one of the women who believes firmly in the revival of the sleeved evening gown, especially for hotel and resort wear. With this golden gown, she wears, to the theater, a turban of crocheted gold mesh, and special jewelry of gold and turquoise beads. At the opening night of the "little season" of the Diaghileff ballet, I saw and admired a most effective evening gown, with a long tight bodice and long tight sleeves of black jet, with transparent black tulle skirt, very long in the back. On the opposite page from the Vionnet gown, Martin has drawn a gown in black jet and tulle from Lanvin, which gives the long-sleeved effect by means of a jacket of jet with tulle "weepers" from the elbows. There is undoubtedly a feeling for the long-sleeved evening gown, newer than the little evening jacket, but giving something of the same effect. It is rare at present, but very sophisticated and extremely smart.

On pages 72 and 73, you will see some of the new bags that the specialty shops have prepared for their clients. They speak for themselves, but I have a word to add about bags in general. Some of the newest are showing "handles," of metal chains, or cords of flexible metal. Cartier has a large square bag in black antelope with two link chains in gold metal, one on each side. He also has a new system for closing a bag; this is a bar of some semi-precious material, which is run through straps on one side, and pulled up to the top when the bag is carried. I will illustrate it for you in the next number. The bar is of tortoise-shell on a brown antelope bag, of coral on fine white calf-skin for evening, and of cut crystal on black antelope for afternoon. His envelopes of black antelope with exquisite jeweled fastenings to match the rest of one's ornaments are in the most perfect taste. One marvel of a bag in black antelope is mounted in black enamel on silver, and for a fastening it has a clasp of black enamel studded with diamonds. The top of this clasp lifts up to show a tiny oblong watch. To take the watch out for winding, one presses one of the diamond studs; an extraordinary bit of mechanism. For a daytime bag, the fashion of using the fabric of the costume is growing, especially in tweeds; while the ensemble idea of bag, hat, scarf, belt, and even shoes, is more general than ever.

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 87)

O'Reilly, went off down the deck with him.

"Your daughter," O'Reilly stated to Mrs. Cass-Evans in the simplest possible manner, "is very beautiful."

He stood there for a moment, staring after Greta, fumbling his hat in his great brown hands. Alexander thought that he appeared puzzled about something. . . .

Once she had established his position in her own private chart of the social scale, Mrs. Cass-Evans was inclined to unbend toward Ramon O'Reilly. She found him interesting. To her he was one of those individuals occasionally encountered during travels who, equipped with more than the usual amount of local knowledge, serve usefully as a guidebook. There was a certain routine to the daily comedy. O'Reilly would join her and Greta. Five minutes later, invariably, Charles Winbridge would appear; would hurriedly take Greta away for a walk. And then came the inevitable afternoon when Greta upset the usual scheme of things by flatly refusing to accept Charles's invitation for a walk. "I'm tired," she murmured. Charles strode off, furious, leaving O'Reilly in the chair beside Greta.

"Now tell us something about Natividad," she suggested.

O'Reilly shrugged his shoulders. Watching him, as he sat there, he conveyed to Greta the impression of a curious racial blending. Latin in his mannerisms, that frequent shrug of the shoulders, his swift, nervous movements, his almost too careful selection of English words, his punctiliousness in the matter of meetings and partings, there was nevertheless something comfortably familiar and unforeign beneath his picturesque exterior. Something solid and steady, which the Anglo-Saxon in her hailed with confidence. It was most recognizable in his calm, unwavering glance as he spoke to her. A great and honest simplicity was there. A complete absence of the strutting, masculine vanity against which his spectacular appearance put her on guard. . . . And when he spoke he conveyed a quiet and definite sureness in his judgment of men.

"ABOUT Natividad?" he echoed. "What is there, really, that I can tell you? A little town. A seaport of narrow streets and old Spanish houses. Full of color for the tourist, and with a scarred history which you can trace by scrambling up and down the walls of the Fortaleza. English at sunrise. Spanish at sunset. That was the history of Natividad for many bloody years. Now it is poverty-stricken and falling to decay. There are a few proud old Spanish families left, a good many *mestizos*—half-castes—and swarms of Indians and blacks. A poor, sad little place ruled by a puppet of a president. . . ." A kind of misty sadness had crept into his eyes while he spoke.

"Perhaps I bore you . . . but, you see, the misfortunes of these people reach your heart when you live among them, as I have done, for fifteen years. They starve, they suffer, they die, waiting pathetically for a millennium, for the rising, perhaps, of a new Simon Bolivar. . . . But you, who land among us for only a few hours, will see only the blue and yellow houses, the pink cathedral towers, the tinkling mules and goats in the cobbled streets, and you will go on your way saying, 'How quaint, how picturesque. . . .' While to the others who know, it is all so sad—so unutterably sad. . . ."

"But a young man like you," Mrs. Cass-Evans said musingly—she was not above flattery—"a man like you, with American blood in you. Couldn't you do so much more elsewhere? You could use your energy, your intelligence in the North, where such things are appreciated at their true value."

He shook his head.

"So often have I been told that! But I am tied down to these people by my mother's blood, and by my love for them. If you could only see them. They are so helpless, so unable to better themselves. Picturesque, happy Calagua, the steamship circulars say. *Dios!* What a joke. . . . In my small way I try to get them some sort of justice, and sometimes when I work the wires skilfully enough Washington helps me. A shipload of food, perhaps. . . . Nobody else wants the task. I have been Acting-Consul for five months now, while they try to find someone to fill my former superior's post. Yes, I love these people as if they were my children. And all the time I know that our enemies, a military clique, are anxious to rise and crush out the last hopes of the wretched populace. Toward spiritual, moral, and physical starvation; that is where Calagua is heading. . . . You see, my task is there. I would never be happy away."

"It's a noble work," Greta said softly. He looked at her with a swift, shining gratitude, as if she had given him some great reward. And presently, bowing in his precise and courteous way, he left them.

THE first change that came upon Greta was the manifestation of a new and subtle independence. After the ship left Colon she began rising at an early hour, breakfasting in the saloon before the others, planning her own days for herself. She gave every appearance of being extremely busy, about what Alexander could not imagine, since there was so little to be busy about aboard the ship. He noticed that instead of sitting by the hour beside Mrs. Cass-Evans throughout those long, hot, idle days, she would be content to pass her mother's deck chair two or three times during a morning or an afternoon, pausing to say a few words to her. Mrs. Cass-Evans obviously didn't suspect anything. . . . Greta knew a number of people on board; was interested in the deck games, the organizing of a fancy-dress dance, and was constantly being consulted by anxious, fussy ladies.

It was wholly by accident that May and Alexander discovered the true cause of her absences. They had wandered astern one morning to the after-deck, an elevated and sun-baked little platform not at all popular with the passengers on account of its isolation, its clutter of ship's tackle, and its complete absence of any shelter from the tropic glare. And here, amid a tangle of life-boats and ventilators and skylights, they stumbled upon Greta and Ramon O'Reilly, seated side by side upon a spread rug, engaged in earnest, subdued conversation. He was telling her something about his past life, some incident of his boyhood. And Greta was gazing at him with wide, earnest eyes, as if everything he said was of the most tremendous and vital importance. . . . They crept away, May and Alexander, without a word.

That state of affairs continued. And still Mrs. Cass-Evans suspected nothing. Greta timed her entrances and exits judiciously, and was never away too long. But, of course, it couldn't go on. And Charles, naturally enough, was the one who created the explosion.

IT HAPPENED upon the afternoon before they were due in Natividad. It had been another of those scorching, lifeless days. The ship had slowed down, for some reason or other, to less than ten knots and the last vestige of breeze had died away. There had been an outbreak of fever among the crew and one poor fellow had died. One could see the news, actually see it, traveling down the deck from mouth to mouth, saddening the row of limp, inert figures. An immense lassitude had enveloped them all. Now and then upon the stillness, the monotony, someone's voice would rise irritably like a little exclamation point. . . . Charles passed by, on the promenade deck, about five o'clock, red and infuriated, walking fast—far too fast in that deadly heat.

"Charles!" Mrs. Cass-Evans called after him. "Please find Greta for me. I want her to fetch something from my cabin."

Charles swung round and cried out miserably: "But I can't find her! I can't find her. I've been searching for her nearly an hour."

(Continued on page 152)

Lovely pearls that gleam and glisten are yours to possess when cloudy film is removed from lovely teeth

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HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 150*)

May at once offered to find her.

"Come along," she said to Alexander, "we'll give Charles a rest. You and I will have a look for her."

But Charles insisted upon going with them. May didn't go straight up to the after-deck. She led them forward first, then turned on her tracks and went to her real objective. They found Greta and O'Reilly there, exactly where they had expected to find them. And they looked extremely happy together, as two people might appear who had found each other after searching for years and years. That is the impression they gave Alexander. O'Reilly jumped up, saluted them cheerfully. But they had not reckoned upon Charles. After an hour's search in that lifeless heat he was no longer a reasonable being; had worked himself into a reckless state of mind. Ignoring O'Reilly, he said:

"Greta, I want to see you—alone."

She looked up at him meekly enough.

"Won't it do later, Charles? I'm so comfortable here."

"No. I want you immediately."

With a little shrug of her shoulders, she scrambled obediently to her feet. Even in that unrelenting, nerve-fraying heat she remained sweet, and cool, and composed.

Charles, turning to O'Reilly, said acidly: "We would all consider it a great favor, Mr. O'Reilly, if you would cease playing hide-and-seek on board this ship with Miss Cass-Evans."

Alexander, and May, stood there speechless. Greta murmured an amazed: "Charles! . . . " But there was no stopping him now. Greta's cheerful obedience had gone to his head. The wine of authority. He added pompously: "I'd like to see you, O'Reilly, in the smoking-room at seven o'clock—to make matters clear between us."

An expression of the gravest concern came over O'Reilly's features. Like a black cloud over sunlight. He stiffened to a frigid formality far more ominous than Charles' effervescent irritation. He said: "Very well, sir. I shall be there. Your remarks most certainly require an explanation."

Charles put his arm through Greta's, and led her away. Alexander, with May, followed in silence. The whole incident had seemed to him both childish and shameful. It left a bad taste. . . . He felt, somehow, that he had lost a certain amount of faith in the reasonableness of human behavior. It couldn't, he knew, possibly have happened in northern latitudes, and he consoled himself with the thought that the heat had been responsible.

"Charles," he said, "you mustn't get into a row with this man."

"Please leave that to me," Charles snapped.

As soon as they were out of O'Reilly's sight Greta disengaged her arm from Charles. "You might as well know," she said, "that I'm thoroughly sick of your behavior."

He stopped short; stared at her.

"What do you mean, Greta?"

"I mean," she told him deliberately, "that I'm tired of being spied upon by you. As a lover, Charles Winbridge, you're utterly tactless. One would think that I hadn't a right to speak to anyone but you."

May, tugging at Alexander's sleeve, hurried him along out of ear-shot. "It's the beginning of the end," she said contentedly. But Alexander didn't smile. Recalling the look on O'Reilly's face when Charles had rebuked him, a wave of depression seized him. The matter wasn't going to be cleared up as easily as all that. He remained on deck alone, after May had gone below, witnessing the setting of that malignant, flaming sun with considerable relief. Yet no respite came with the darkness. Only the ceaseless whirring of electric fans. . . .

AT SEVEN o'clock he strolled into the smoking-room; found Charles in a corner, with several empty tumblers before him. He nodded morosely, drawing away on the sofa as Alexander sat down. And then O'Reilly entered the room; came over to them.

"Well?" he said to Charles Winbridge, and stood there. He remained calm and self-possessed. There was even a hint of amusement upon his features, as if—Alexander analyzed it—he had thought over the whole business as a sensible man, and had realized how absurd it all was. It occurred to Alexander that here was Charles' opportunity to banish the affair gracefully, to offer the man a drink, and tacitly to signify that hostilities were at an end. But O'Reilly's very appearance seemed to infuriate him. Incredulously, Alexander heard him say with a shaking voice:

"I asked you here to find out what in the devil you mean by hiding all over the ship with Miss Cass-Evans, day after day, causing endless worry to her mother and her friends?"

"You are speaking with the authority of these ladies?" O'Reilly asked.

"My own wishes are quite sufficient in this case."

"Pardon," said O'Reilly, bristling. "But I do not like your tone."

"And I don't like yours!" Charles said, loudly. The third Baccardi had had its effect by now. "Nor do I like anything else about you. You were not asked, so far as I remember, to join our party; and your attentions in one direction——"

O'Reilly raised his hand.

"At least we may keep this matter to ourselves. I must ask you a question which you force upon me by your remarks. You speak as if you had some authority to control Miss Cass-Evans' doings. What is that authority?"

Charles jumped up from the sofa.

"That," he cried, "is a piece of impertinence!"

"It is not. I demand an answer."

"I shall not answer. And what is more, I insist that from now on you spare us your company——"

Here Alexander intervened.

"Charles," he begged, "Charles—" It was unbelievable. The whole scene was fantastic; a dream. He had a curiously detached sense of seeing himself standing there among them, trying to stem that stupid tide of increasing, unreasoning anger. All around them the fans whirred their remorseless and irritating song. The atmosphere of the room was suddenly stifling. Charles thrust him aside, bellowed: "And, sir, if I do see you——"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

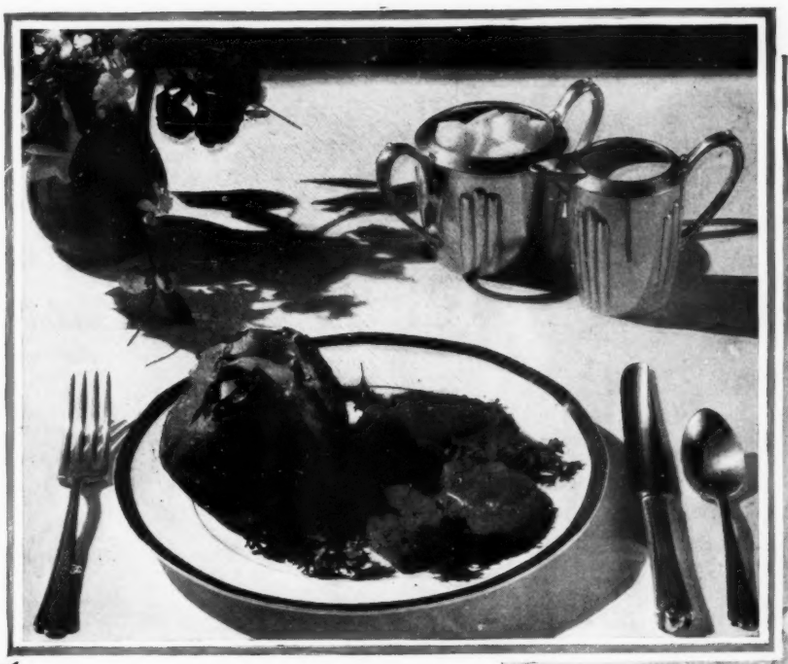
The Assistant Purser of the ship, flaxen-headed, very young and very serious, was in their midst. The pale little bantam of a smoking-room steward stood behind him; arms folded, a battalion of strength in reserve. Their peculiar British reasonableness, their composure, expressionless yet subtly suggestive of a latent force which could be produced the instant an emergency required it, slowly penetrated Charles Winbridge's mind. He sat down, muttering thickly. O'Reilly without a word, but with a single expressive and eloquent shrug of his shoulders, walked away. An anticlimax, if ever there was one, but Alexander thanked God for it. Like most rows it had been witless and inconclusive. Suddenly he hated the heat, that starry tropical sky, everlastingly spectacular, and longed for the sanity, the coolness of the North. . . . And equally suddenly it dawned on him with the impact of a great discovery that for the first time men had actually quarreled over Greta.

Out on deck he found O'Reilly staring at the sea.

"The little fool," he whispered shakily. On the ship's rail his great hand opened and closed spasmodically. "I have seen men down here silenced for less than that. But I must remember. I must remember. . . . You are all so different, so unsensitive. You don't feel things. You don't understand how one can be hurt. . . . But that is our peculiar Latin privilege, isn't it?—to love or to hate until it shakes one to the very core. . . .

IT WAS Charles Winbridge who proposed the excursion inland which ended in disaster. Over the luncheon table at Natividad's only hotel, the

(*Continued on page 154*)



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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

HIGH WALLS

(*Continued from page 152*)

Ingleterra, he explained that the Monastery of Santa Cruz was one of the oldest edifices in the Western hemisphere. This fact was beginning to weigh upon his conscience as a traveler. Moreover, he had been talking to the hotel proprietor, who had a car for hire. They would be back in Natividad, he insisted, fully an hour before the *Orinoco* was due to sail that evening. The Monastery was a refuge for the holy upon a lonely crag at the foothills of the Andes. It was the kind of thing ignored by the average tourist, but Charles felt that he and his friends, being on a plane of intellect above the rest, couldn't afford to miss it or the satisfaction that a visit to it would forever afterwards occasion in their minds.

The Cass-Evanses, May Tenby, and Alexander weren't enthusiastic. Perspiring, wielding their palm-leaf fans in the blessed coolness of the *Ingleterra's* patio, they frowned upon the idea. Already, most of the ship's passengers, having tramped all the morning in an obedient procession through the House of the Inquisition, the Cathedral, the home of Pedro Claver; having climbed to the dizzy turrets of a fortress to view Drake's bronze cannon, were now straggling limply toward the harbor, where the ship's tender awaited them.

It had been, as May said, a hard morning. Early, very early, they had been awakened by the rattle of the anchor chains as the *Orinoco* came to rest a half-mile from the Calagua shore. From the promenade deck the passengers had gazed upon Natividad, a bright heap of pastel fragments crumbling to dust in a limelight glare. Houses, saffron, azure, lavender, apple-green, huddled about an old rose-tinted cathedral whose twin belfries were penciled as delicately as a crayon drawing against that vivid morning sky. Fortress walls, gray and crenellated and moss-grown, belting the city above the creamy surf-line of a green sea. . . .

BUT going ashore, they discovered a town of the dead. All life, all human existence, was in a state of suspended animation. Natividad had been made for the poet, the artist, to look upon from afar. There are cities like that. . . . Paintings not to be approached too closely. Beneath the slopes and angles of those red-tiled roofs, the crazy eaves of those crumbling pastel houses shuttered and barricaded against the eternal enemy of heat, the streets were but dim, cobbled canyons, deserted but for an occasional herd of goats tinkling through the drowsy noon. And yet, in spite of the incessant devitalizing heat, the crumbling decay, there was an inescapable dignity about the place, a traditional austerity not to be lightly ignored. . . . The women who stared from balconies, their dark eyes shaded against that eternal sun by raised hands, were serious and unsmiling. A pride of race, pitiful yet noble, survived the squalor and decay. Even the cathedral chimes, throbbing through the heated noon upon invisible wires, chanted an air of imponderable sadness, a melancholy suggestion of vanished glory. . . .

Throughout the morning's sightseeing, Greta remained silent. Her farewell to Ramon O'Reilly had been hurried and inadequate, a swift handshake in the turmoil of the first tender's departure for the shore. Later Alexander found her on the promenade deck watching the tender as it bobbed over the green harbor, at a solitary figure, hat in hand, standing in the stern. . . . Alexander tried to cheer her up by remarking that all steamer friendships were like that—an extraordinary daily intimacy unlike anything ashore, and suddenly cut short when the voyage was over. He reminded her that these friendships ended as quickly as they began, and that they had the pleasant asset of passing quickly into the background of memories.

But Greta only looked at him with a dreamy expression in her eyes.

"This isn't over, Toddy," she said. "I know it, as sure as I'm standing here. Some day Ramon and I are going to meet again. Somewhere. We were both—absolutely certain. . . . That is why parting wasn't so very hard."

How, he wondered, could he reply adequately to such a statement? It was beyond his ken. He considered himself a sensible, practical man. And yet there was a conviction in her tone—based on nothing, as far as he could see—which impressed him. It banished the ordinary reasonings of common sense. He bowed in the face of some incomprehensible force, something illogical, psychic perhaps, but strangely convincing. He actually believed her.

Now, at last, in the patio of the hotel after luncheon, listening to Charles' arguments in favor of his excursion, she showed signs of gaiety.

"If we don't go," she told the others, "and let him see his old Monastery, I'm sure we'll never hear the end of it. And I really think it is time that Charles had some say in our plans."

He gave her a grateful look. Several times during that morning she had been especially pleasant to him, as if to make amends for his sufferings on the ship caused by O'Reilly. In a high state of elation he went off to find the car.

Twenty minutes later he returned with a paintless vehicle, manned by a sullen half-caste smoking a tiny cigar. It was two o'clock when they rumbled through the town gateway and emerged to the sunlight of the open country. Ahead of the car a blinding white road stretched over a desert to a distant line of mocha-colored hills.

RATTLING over that scorching, cactus-strewn waste, on the way back to Natividad, the accident occurred. They were, one and all, weary, half-asleep, wedged together in a state of utter discomfort and misery. Charles was being punished with a grim silence. The Monastery had been a failure, its charm and importance—everyone now realized—grossly exaggerated by the hotel-keeper with his Latin eloquence and a 1912 touring-car which needed employment.

They passed through a straggling native village of adobe huts thatched with straw. There were tiny truck gardens of plantains and bananas, a dilapidated wall half-hidden in a cascade of flaming hibiscus. Ahead of them a barrel-shaped water cart drawn by nodding oxen monopolized the road. The klaxon squawked, and as the car swerved to pass the cart a cur ran yapping in front of its wheels. The chauffeur, leaping out of a trance, lost his head. The car went crashing into the hibiscus-splashed wall; stopped with a shudder in a roadside gully.

The passengers disentangled themselves, unhurt. But the radiator of the car was a sorry heap of twisted metal; the left front wheel splintered. For a moment they were, all of them, slightly dazed. And then Alexander looked at his watch, remarking in the midst of a complete and dreadful silence: "Only thirty-five minutes until sailing time. We'd better telephone at once to Natividad for another car."

A crowd of nondescript, ragged *mestizos*, naked little black boys with round, shiny bellies, collected to stare at them amiably. Charles proceeded to engage the chauffeur in fluent and voluble Spanish; and presently the two of them went down the road in the direction of the adobe huts they had recently passed. For fifteen minutes the others sat in torrid heat until they returned, with the information that there was neither telephone nor telegraph in the village.

Mrs. Cass-Evans, angry and impressive, arose from her seat in the tonneau and for some obscure reason addressed the chauffeur in a furious torrent of French.

The latter, murmuring: "*No entiendo, no entiendo*," shook his head. And added, with a sudden, proud effort: "They shall look for us—mebbe."

They all turned to gaze hopefully down the road; but it was deserted, all the way to the horizon, where the cathedral towers of Natividad were dimly discernible, black against the burning gold of the afternoon sky. The chauffeur muttered something in Spanish to Charles.

(*Continued on page 156*)

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HIGH WALLS

(Continued from page 154)

"He says," Charles translated, "that it wouldn't have happened if May hadn't screamed."

That was the last straw. May shook her fist in the chauffeur's frightened countenance, then turned to Alexander.

"I'm going to walk to Natividad," she announced briskly. But Mrs. Cass-Evans cried: "Don't be a fool, May! It's about ten miles."

"*Nueve kilometros*," the chauffeur corrected helpfully. He then sat down on the running-board; lighted a *cigarillo*. The very complacency of the act infuriated Mrs. Cass-Evans.

"What are we going to do?" she shouted at him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"They shall come for us . . . mebbe," he repeated gently.

May Tenby twirled the hand klaxon as if she expected help to appear miraculously at the summons. The crowd of *mestizos* edged closer, stared, smiled: broke into a perfect tornado of laughter. They slapped one another's backs. They roared. The white lady twirling the little tin horn. Could anything be so funny. . . ? And then Greta voiced the terrible thing which they had all been thinking.

"They wouldn't sail away without us—would they?"

"Certainly not," said Charles, because he was responsible for their being there.

THE minutes dragged on. Flies came in sticky droning swarms. The *mestizos* continued to stare. Little girls darted up to touch Mrs. Cass-Evans, as if to ascertain whether she were real . . . and then slid back into the crowd, giggling. The sun, touching the horizon now, gained a vengeful, last-moment intensity.

A wagon drawn by a pair of red-tasseled mules, heaped with green sugar-cane, came creeping past, headed in the direction of the coast. May stood up in the car, shouting, waving her arms. "Natividad! . . . *Expresso* . . . Take us!" Beating her breast. Pointing to each of them in turn. The wagon halted. The ancient toothless muleteer grinned. The chauffeur went ambling over to him, to embark upon a prolonged and polite conversation.

Ten minutes later, seated on a green mound of sugar-cane, they started toward Natividad.

"Listen!"

Alexander held up his hand. Away off in the distance they heard a prolonged, familiar echo, a faint wail upon the dusk. They stared at one another haplessly. Greta was the first to recover herself, to accept the situation. Calmly she asked Charles: "When is the next ship due?"

"There's a fruit ship due," he told her, "in two weeks. The last one passed us in the harbor on her way out this morning."

Silence again. And then, suddenly, Greta's lovely laugh broke upon them, to make life bearable once more. She pointed to Charles, hatless yet still immaculate in his white flannels, sitting up straight and stiff as a soldier upon the very pinnacle of that mound of sugar-cane clutching his heavy malacca walking-stick, his body swaying gently to the slow gait of the mules.

"Oh, Charles," she said, "please, please don't still try to be dignified. . . ."

Her voice was full of elation, of gaiety. She was leaning slightly forward, gazing toward the distant church towers of Natividad. And, somehow, then and there Alexander knew definitely that she would never marry Charles Winbridge.

WHEN they came creaking into Natividad at sundown, Mrs. Cass-Evans insisted upon descending from the wagon a quarter of a mile from the *Ingleterra*. It was the only hotel in the town she explained, and added with dignity: "We would create a most unfavorable impression arriving in this fashion. . . ." Alexander looked in vain for a smile from her as she said it; but their respective senses of humor did not run upon parallel lines. Charles Winbridge agreed promptly to the suggestion, and came tobogganing down from his green mound to join her. May, Greta, and Alexander followed. They paid the muleteer and headed toward the hotel.

The *Ingleterra* was a long, low, two-story edifice of blue plaster with a profusion of balconies, an arcade facing Natividad's principal street, the Calle Bolivar. Entering the hall of colored tiles they came upon the Italian proprietor, bowing, smiling, expressing a delightful and wholly insincere regret that they had missed the steamer. Mrs. Cass-Evans was furious.

"You knew where we were," she said. "You should have held the last tender." Somehow it conjured up in Alexander's mind a fantastic picture of that little brown man holding desperately onto a hawser. He smiled; May giggled. They were crushed by a furious glance. . . . Greta, examining a slip of paper that the proprietor had handed to her, was suddenly all smiles, all gaiety. May handed the card to Alexander. It was from Ramon O'Reilly: "I have heard of your misfortune. I am sorry—and yet selfishly glad. If there is anything I can do, please call upon me. . . ."

Charles Winbridge, leaning over Greta's shoulder, said:

"That proves that he is utterly useless—if he knew about our trouble and couldn't do anything."

"I quite agree with you, Charles," Mrs. Cass-Evans put in.

The proprietor explained hastily that Señor O'Reilly had only called at the hotel, heard of their predicament, after the *Orinoco* had sailed.

"Anyway," Mrs. Cass-Evans said, "I can see nothing to be gained by continuing your shipboard acquaintance, Greta. The man's card is probably here in the hope of a dinner invitation or something of the sort."

"Oh, Mother, how absurd . . . ."

But she was already out of earshot, on her way up the curving, ornate staircase of imitation marble, to inspect the rooms. The others followed her in a straggling, forlorn procession. Pop-eyed ebony servants flattened themselves against corridor walls, staring at them as they passed. They were shown to strange, bare little blue bedrooms in various parts of the house. Alexander's room was in the annex, a low, single-story structure at the rear of the hotel. It contained a tin washstand, flowery china, a bumpy bed with broken springs. On the side facing the patio there was no wall whatever—only a balustrade, and a pair of iron shutters to be drawn at night. It gave him a strangely insecure feeling, that three-walled room, nakedly exposed to the world at one end. . . . As they were all without baggage of any kind May and Greta almost immediately set forth upon a shopping expedition, accompanied by the proprietor.

LATER in the soft blue twilight of the patio Alexander found Mrs. Cass-Evans and Charles seated in rattan chairs. It was quiet there, and agreeably cool.

"Two weeks," she was saying as he joined them. "*Two* weeks in this place! What a situation!"

"It might be worse," Alexander suggested, glancing round the patio. At least it was clean, orderly. A fountain plashed refreshingly upon the stillness, and a macaw, performing acrobatics upon his horizontal bar, ruffled his scarlet plumage and made gentle, throaty noises. . . .

A great stillness had crept over Natividad at the day's end. The cocoa palms, rising upon their smooth, polished columns were now motionless, like clusters of black feathers, against the darkening blue of the sky. A few remote, timid stars had appeared. A herd of goats passed down the Calle Bolivar with a swift, soft patter, a silvery jingling of bells. . . . New York, their friends, their former modes of existence, were all at once unutterably far away; no more than memories of some earlier incarnation. . . .

(To be continued)

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Double-breasted backless waistcoat from Banks, Inc.

A YEAR ago I called attention to indications of the return of the tailcoat for all formal evening affairs. This year the intimations have become certainties, for the wearing of the tailcoat is practically obligatory for evening functions where women are present. The dinner jacket will, of course, be worn for informal affairs, but its indiscriminate use of the past several seasons is definitely ended. During the season at Newport, the tailcoat was the precept, and now in town, it is worn practically to the exclusion of the dinner jacket.

There has been no great change in the cut of the full dress suit, the outstanding features being the long and decided waistline with well cutaway skirts, and the front cut with a soft roll, allowing plentiful display of the shirt. On the dinner jacket, one button is used, and the coat may be worn closed or open. There has been some talk for the past season or two of double-breasted dinner jackets. It is possible that this type may be worn abroad, or even in Havana or Palm Beach, because it is worn without a waistcoat, and, therefore is much cooler in warm weather. In town, however, the double-breasted jacket has not been taken up by the better dressed men.

Although the silk top-hat is the correct one to wear with formal evening clothes, many well-groomed men prefer an opera or "crush" hat for the theatre and other places where a top-hat may not receive the best of care in the checkroom. With a dinner jacket, one may wear a black Homburg, a derby or an opera hat, the last being the most popular this winter. The hat must be black, however, for, whether tailcoat or dinner jacket is worn, tradition demands strict adherence to black and white.

A question that is constantly being asked is whether it is correct to wear a white waistcoat with a dinner jacket. One cannot doubt the popularity of white linen, but, as the dinner jacket is meant only for informal wear, its details should be in keeping, and the white waistcoat should be reserved for more formal evening clothes. The proper waistcoat to wear with dinner dress, as well as the bow tie, should be of the same material as that which faces the lapels of the jacket.

The newest waistcoats are made with larger vest openings, exposing more shirt front. Both double-breasted and single-breasted are worn, but the double-breasted with the V opening is the most popular. A very smart waistcoat from Banks, Inc., shown in the accompanying sketch, is of white piqué, with half ball buttons of the same material.

Shirts are of plain linen or honey-comb piqué. There is much to be said in favor of the new cow's-heel cuffs, as the sharply rounded corners keep them from protruding too far beyond the sleeves.

The new ties are longer and narrower than they were last season, some being so long that the ends protrude a full inch beyond either wing of one's collar. The bold wing collar is still the most worn, but at several smart affairs lately I noticed a number of men wearing plain band and poke collars with broad ties of the type that were popular some fifty years ago.

With strictly formal attire, white buckskin slip-on or button gloves are worn, and at many of the large dances this winter I noticed many men wearing gloves while dancing—a custom that is to be commended. If one carries a stick in the evening, it should be a straight one of either malacca or ebony. The curved handle or "Prince of Wales crook" is no longer carried with dress clothes.

Several overcoats for formal wear are offered for the selection of the man who wishes to be correctly dressed. The cape coat is again being worn by some smart men, as are the Paletot and Inverness. The Chesterfield in both single and double-breasted is, however, the most popular.

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